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PILATE AND HEROD:

A TALE

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

IN THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND.

"And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves." St. Luke xxiii. 12.

"Full many an eve, and many a morn,
The holy lamps have blazed and died;
The floor by knees of sinners worn,
The mystic altar's golden horn,
Age after age have witness borne
To faith that on a lingering Saviour cried."

Lyra Apostolica.

BY REV. HARVEY STANLEY,

RECTOR OF THE HOLY TRINITY, MD.

VOL. I.

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466

JAMES G. STANLEY, ESQ.,

OF NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR HIS HIGH ATTAINMENTS,

AN EXPRESSION OF THE DEEPEST REGARD FOR THE RARE QUALITIES,

WHICH ADORN HIS CHARACTER AS A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN,

AND

A MEMORIAL OF DUTIFUL AFFECTION,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY HIS SON,

THE AUTHOR.

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PILATE AND HEROD:

A Tale of the Church of England,

IN THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND.

(9)

PREFACE.

The last nine years the writer has resided in the Diocese of Maryland; and five of which he had a parochial cure, which embraced within its bounds "the ancient city of St. Mary's." His attention therefore has very naturally been directed to the history of this portion of the Church, and especially of the cure under his charge.

Walking almost daily over the crumbling bricks of the old metropolis, and holding divine Service every other Lord's Day, within ten feet of the hallowed spot where stood the first Church of England in the province, it was often on his mind to gather together such records of the too fleeting past, as would shed light on memorials and places so interesting.*

* The present edifice, Poplar Hill Church, stands almost on the site where stood the first Church of England in the province of Maryland. It is in Poplar Hill and St. Georges Hundred, little more than a mile direct from the head of St. George's river, and about a mile and a half from the Potomac river. In the chancel of the former church was a horizontal slab, still in good preservation, to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Leigh Massey, which reads as follows:

The bricks he found lying amidst the ruins of the state house in St. Mary's, preached to him sermons, as did the stones in Avon's brook, to its immortal bard. For this state house was for more than a century consecrated to the worship of God; and if these ruins could speak but a tithe of the good things which have sounded forth within its walls—each fragment that there lies crumbling, like an ocean shell, would tell of the place whence it came.*

"Near this place Lyes Inter'd the Rev.d Mr. Leigh Massey. He was Educated at Oxford, Rector of this Parish, the darling of his Flock, and Beloved by all who knew him. He dyed January 10, 173¾: aged 29."

In the aisle, as the pavement from the front door to the altar is improperly termed, of said ancient church, is still to be seen another horizontal slab, which is to the memory of a child, Joseph Holt, who died 1701. This is perhaps the oldest tombstone in Maryland. There is, however, in St. Mary's churchyard, in which stood the old state house, a cedar head-post over a child, dated 1717. The cedar is in good preservation, though some persons, from the rage of antiquity, have cut off pieces from it as memorials.

* The state house was cruciform. It faced the west bank of St. Mary's river, and from the pit we should judge that it was sixty feet north and south, and forty-five east and west. The building, I have been told, was well adapted to the purposes of divine worship, and much more so than the tobacco house looking building which was erected in its place. The cracks in the walls, which was pleaded as the excuse for its demolition, *might* have been remedied. I would not, however, hastily or unjustly condemn. By reference to the journal of the Upper House of Assembly, St. Mary's, 10th May, 1682, page 418; (quoted in Annals of Annapolis, p. 54, note *,) in 1682 the state house will be seen to have been in a "ruinous condition,"

The quiet and rural grave-yard of Poplar Hill in the same cure, also spoke to the writer of many a faithful man of God, who there had fallen with his harness on: while the struggle which the Church of England had to maintain in St. Mary's county with the Church of Rome, and which it had throughout the province of Maryland with dissent in every form, during the early part of the last century, (and of which history speaks clearly, and particularly, a project which was attempted in the Maryland Assembly, to make tho clergy of the establishment amenable to a court of lay inquisitors) all

and to have been so unskilfully built, that in a short time thereafter, "if not speedily repaired, it must inevitably fall to the ground:"—and that measures were then taken for its "new covering, and making such necessary repairs thereof." How far the new covering and repairs went and sufficed, I know not. By a bare majority of the vestry of William and Mary parish, A. D. 1829, the proposition to pull it down was carried: and it is a singular fact that the Rev. H. N. Hotchkiss, who is said to have displaced the first bricks, died a few days thereafter, and sleeps at the north-west angle of the pit without a stone to mark the spot. From this fact, however, I see nothing to be inferred either for or against Mr. Hotchkiss. Coincidences prove nothing, and no further authorize inferences than as they may be sustained by other circumstances, compelling us to give them a particular interpretation. The present church of St. Mary's, or, as it was afterwards consecrated, Trinity church, to gratify an anti-Roman mania, was erected during the rectorship of the Rev. R. H. B. Mitchell; but by whom designed I am not informed. The designer could not have expected that the building would render him as immortal as St. Paul's, London, did Sir Christopher Wren.

seemed to complete in a great measure what was wanting, to make these memorials and places tell a tale not devoid of interest or instruction.

But, in carrying out this plan, and especially in touching on the prominent points of difference between the Church of England and the See of Rome, as they were presented in the place and time he is considering, the writer has aimed higher than to narrate hair-breadth escapes, extravagant adventures, the billing of lovers, or the servile copying of meagre historical documents. He hopes he has accomplished his object without losing sight of a very important rule in all writing that is meant for circulation, "tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux." The name or title of the book the reader will find justified by the story. The inference from the title however, that a harsh imputation is meant to be cast on the Romanist and Dissenting bodies, by comparing them to Pilate and Herod, the writer disclaims. He has no love for Rome, and was not trained in dissent from the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church. What more is designed the work now submitted will sufficiently declare.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT RIDE—LETTERS FROM PARSON GORDON.

"Weird dweller in the past, thy wand hath power,
Enchantress memory! to wake the tones
Of other years, to clothe the mouldering bones
With beauty, and renew the faded flower:
To crown with auburn locks the hoary head,
To fill the silent chamber with the faces
Of buried love, and call affection's dead
From earth's deep cells, and ocean's secret places."

BLACKWOOD.

A FEW mouldering bricks and broken tiles, and a square pit, which is grown over with briars and bushes, mark the baronial seat of the lords proprietary of Baltimore.* But with "the Castle" has not also passed away the memory of the Calverts. It will long live in a noble city, and in the different counties which have been named after several members of the family, and after the barony with which George Calvert was honoured. This memory will live in the productions of more than one chronicler, and writer of pleasing fiction, who have blazoned forth the deeds of this noble house. And the members of the Church of Rome show no disposition to let it die by their frequent allusions to the first founders of Maryland.

* It is much to be regretted that no drawing is extant either of the State House or Castle.

The latter stood on the plain of St. Mary's, at the head of St. John's creek, and, as the creek ran up further than it does now, a view from the Castle may have presented the beautiful sheet of water, that washed two sides of the ancient city. "The Castle" fronted almost due west, and from the pit it appears to have been forty feet north and south, by forty feet east and west; which may have been a large building for that day in a wilderness; but, except by comparison with the Lilliputian story and half, and gable fronting buildings in the little metropolis, it hardly deserved the high sounding name of "The Castle." Still it is a crying shame that no effort has been made to preserve the little which remained of it,—that the bricks of the old wall have been nearly all carted away and spread upon the field about it, to make wheat and corn grow; and that even the tiles and their fragments, which were laid on the floor in the cellar, have shared the same fate. The spirit of agriculture, rightly directed, would advise all rubbish and trash to be hauled out and spread on the farm; but is it not rather a Gothic fervor, than an enlightened agricultural enterprise, that would pull down walls consecrated by historic associations, for the little manure contained in the bricks and mortar?

We turn however to a less known, but not less honourable theme.

Near the cemetery of the Calverts,* on the bank overlooking the beautiful river or bay of St. Mary's, lie the ruins of the old "Stadt House" in this ancient borough, and they may be said to be also the ruins of the old Church. For the same building was for more than a century hallowed, and but for injudicious zeal might perhaps still be hallowed by the worship of Almighty God. And in the same parish of William and Mary, (inthe grave-yard of Poplar Hill church) without even a stone or wooden head piece to mark their "couch of lowly sleep," lie many of the early rectors of this, the first parish in Maryland. The Rev. Mr. Leigh Massey, who died soon after he entered in charge, alone comes down to us with a grave-yard testimony. The veracious marble reports of him rather than of the others, as "the darling of his flock, and beloved by all who knew him."

It was a dark night in January. A small house with two chambers on the ground floor, and a passage between, and an attic high enough to admit of a poet's room, perhaps, stood on the banks of a creek, now known as Smith's creek, in the lower part of St. Mary's county. A light streamed forth from it through the small windows on the exterior, and with the light came out the voice of one within, as if engaged in the act of praying. A man on horseback closely muffled up was riding slowly by on the public road, that ran within twenty feet of the front door. The light and noise within seemed to have arrested his attention, and riding near, so as to hear distinctly what was passing within, he paused some minutes.

* The Calvert-vault is still distinguishable, and, if the Romanists had in truth but a very small part of the veneration they proclaim so often for the Baltimore or Calvert family, it is very surprising that they have not placed on the summit of this vault an appropriate marble, or a monument of some kind, both to designate the spot, and testify their regard for the Calverts. The vault is about fifteen feet of the north-west angle of the church of St. Mary's. About thirty or more years ago, (for I write from memory of a vestry-record which I saw but once, and from a verbal explanation or statement made to me by a then vestryman of the parish, the late Richard Thomas, Esq., of St. Mary's, a worthy man, unhappily deceased) some young men, while under the influence of liquor, broke into this vault, forced open a leaden coffin, and discovered the corpse of a lady, who was supposed to be Lady Anne Calvert, adorned with trinkets, gold, and such a dress as denoted her rank. In a very short time, on exposure to the air, natural as seemed the corpse, it fell together, and became a mass of dust and bones.

"Wo to me!" said the voice within, "if I preach not the Gospel. But iniquity aboundeth, and prelacy hath made a covenant with the sons of Belial. Wo to me! if I preach not,—yea, cry aloud and spare not; for while the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. But my voice is feeble, my hands are tied—Truth is gagged—and the godly can but pray that the Lord of Sabaoth would come to the rescue." And this part of the prayer was followed by a groan, which seemed to come from the caverns of despair. "Yet why should I hold my peace? Why should I not gather the lambs that here are scattered as sheep having no shepherd? What to me is the law's power, and man's interference, and the letting and hindering of the children of the wicked one? Satan may be on his seat, and the idol dresses of the whore of Babylon, and the soul-slaying devices of this world may be in him who here ministereth; but what care I? Lord, thou canst lift up the fallen hands, and stay the feeble knees. Thou canst bless him who would hunt out on the dark mountains the poor souls who are here perishing; crying for bread, and finding only the mess of Esau; or the husks of hoggish feeding which a law church can give. Bless the anxious souls of this little household, with the sincere milk of the word; for they love thee with the perfectest love, and not with the deceivableness of those who can only worship in the dull and lifeless words of a book, that popery christened, and prelacy has adopted as its child."

"I can and will hear no more," said the man on horseback, and he rode quickly away, and the voice of the man in prayer soon ceased to be heard by him.

"Oh fanaticism!" said the horseman, as he rode along fast as the darkness would allow him, "what a perverter of the truth art thou! This poor man is doubtless a stray puritan, or non-conformist, that has found his way in my parish; and, being among a puritan family, for all of the Doolittle's are, though members of the church—puritans—he must needs exercise his supposed gifts among them; and can not draw nigh to God, even in leading the prayers of a family, without showing his malignancy to the Apostolic church of England. Little thought he," added the horseman, speaking mentally, "that the unworthy pastor he spoke of, (and unworthy, Lord, thou knowest I acknowledge

myself to be);" and here the speaker halted his horse, and bowing his head upon his breast, seemed to feel what he said, "overheard him."

The horseman then hurried on, his horse's hoofs clanging on the hard and, occasionally, flinty and gravelly road. He passed up and down hills, and then ascended one which enabled him to see the lights of the little city of St. Mary's, toward which he was fast journeying. He was now on the plain of St. Mary's, and house after house of the different citizens, that stood on the main street through which he hurried, passed in review. On reaching the plain he observed a number of persons coming out of a house to the right, that stood on an elevation a little back from the street. The horseman slackened his pace, to notice, it would appear, the persons who were in the street, as well as the starlight allowed him; and while so doing he buttoned his coat closely about his face.

"Mr. Hunter has had a secret conference to-night," muttered the horseman to himself, as he resumed his travel, "with a few of his Roman congregation, and abettors. A fanatic preacher is circulating at one end of my charge, and both corrupting my flock, and invoking against me all the hard things that fanaticism can think of; and a Jesuit priest holds a conclave in the midst of my parish; and warily, and perhaps fatally, plots to the detriment alike of pastor and people; if He, who hath promised to be with the ministers of the Apostolic succession to the end of the world, doth not bless my ministry and service."

The horseman now halted an instant before the outer gate of the castle, formerly the residence of my lord of Baltimore, and appeared to be undecided whether to ride in, or keep on. "My daughter is alone," said he, soliloquizing, "unless Julia be with her; for Robin is out doubtless on a hunt, and I may be wanted by poor Adaratha; who, I fear, is fast passing towards that world where divisions, heresies, factions, strife, and every evil work, are not known. I will push on therefore." And so saying, after throwing another glance at the castle, whose many lighted windows indicated that numerous guests were sharing the hospitalities of its occupant, the horseman resumed his route. He now reached the creek that separates St. Mary's from the country to the north, and guiding his horse cautiously he forded it with some difficulty. Except a house to the right near the

creek, the horseman for nearly eight miles saw no vestige of a habitation, being the whole time in a dense deep forest. He next came to the head of St. Mary's river, known now as the Great Mills. Here were a few wigwams, and, as he drew near, a number of cur dogs, barking, most furiously assaulted him. Some Indians then came forward, and recognizing the horseman, they muttered their "how do," and "good bye," as he hastily accosted them; passing on without stopping. He again plunged into a deep forest, ascended a steep hill, and by a circuitous and well trodden path, pursued his way in an almost due Southern direction. After riding about six miles he came to an enclosure, in which he passed, and in a few minutes his horse halted before a house of a story and a half; from a lower room of which, to the left, could just be discerned a light. The horseman quickly dismounted, and knocked at the door.

"Who are you?" asked firmly a female voice within.

"My daughter unbar the door. I am very cold," said the horseman. An exclamation of joyful surprise was now heard. The door was instantly opened, and parson Gordon, the horseman mentioned, was locked in his daughter's embrace.

A few days after this night-ride, parson Gordon wrote the following letters to Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ's Church, Oxford.*

* Dr. Aldrich distinguished himself by his controversial writings in the reign of King James II. Bishop Burnet says, he "examined all the points of popery with a solidity of judgment, a clearness of arguing, a depth of learning, and a vivacity of writing, far beyond any thing that had before that time appeared in our language." His architectural reputation was deservedly high. The Church of All Saints, Oxford, and the Chapel of Trinity College, were designed by him; and also the improvement of Christ Church College. "As Dean of Christ Church, he behaved in the most exemplary manner," (says Dr. Hook, in his Ecclesiastical Biography,) "zealously promoting learning, religion, and virtue, in the college over which he presided." Like his predecessor, Bishop Fell, he published every year "a piece of some ancient Greek author." He wrote also a work on logic, "*Artis Logicæ Compendium*," which is said to show a thorough mastery over all the forms of Aristotelian logic, and still to be used in the University of Oxford. Much of the cathedral music is his composition; is the author of twenty anthems, and of the popular catch:

"Hark! the bonny Christ's Church bells!"

To Dr. Aldrich the following humourous epigram is attributed—"*Causæ Bibendi:*"

"Si bene quid memini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi,
Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis, atque futura,
Aut vini bonitas, aut quaelibet altera causa."

He died at the Deanery of Christ Church, December 14, 1710.

"After many delays, your letter, my worthy dean, and respected friend, reached me in the course of this month. And I will redeem my promise to sketch to you our colonial history; so far as it is connected with the church, and the extension of the Gospel. I do this with the more pleasure, as my former letters, I fear, may have been rather too much in one strain: attempts to make music by an unskilful performer on one cord. I could not help it. The cares which were the burden of my song, gave a peculiar tone to my meditations; and our thoughts will travel down, and find their expression in the performances of our pen.

"You told me, I think, when I was with you enjoying your hospitality in Oxford, that you were acquainted with some members of the Calvert family, of Kipling, in Yorkshire, and had seen Cecil Calvert, the son of George, the first baron of Baltimore; while your letters evince an interest in the colony he founded. I believe, I mentioned to you that two Jesuit priests, Andrew White and John Altham, came to St. Mary's with two hundred gentlemen and their retainers, with Leonard Calvert; and that unfortunately no clergyman of the church of England accompanied them, so as to give it a fair start with the intruding see of Rome. True to their church and order, these Jesuit priests, aided by others who soon followed from the College of Douay, established four missions: one at St. Mary's, where the colonists landed; the second at Mattapany, which is near the mouth of a noble river, the Patuxent; the third on Kent Island, which is well up Chesapeake Bay, and where there had been a previous settlement of puritans; and the fourth among the Piscataway Indians. Thus, during the first ten years, you behold a few hundred colonists, who were dropt, as it were, in the midst of a wilderness, that was separated thousands of miles from the civilized world, most of whom were Romanists, and worshipped at the stations mentioned under priests of the Jesuit order; while the few members of the church of England having no pastor, either attended Divine service at the Roman stations or did not attend any place of public worship. Thus favored, Rome availed herself of a majority in the province to have passed at the second Legislature, which met in the third year *ab urbe condita*, an act for settling the glebe; which the proprietary could safely do, as the charter authorized all modes of faith. But this act gave the Roman station at St. Mary's

a landed endowment before the like had been given to the church of England. And Lord Baltimore further signalized the early legislation of the province by effecting the passage of a bill, that: "Holy church, within this province, shall have and enjoy her rights, liberties, and franchises, wholly and without blemish." Rome, as you well know, with an effrontery *sui generis*, assumes to be holy church exclusively, and Roman law-makers by the term referred to Rome only; though the Church of England, in all her formularies, and even in the Magna Charta, is known as holy church. This act, therefore, speaking of the rights, liberties, and franchises of the Church of Rome only, like the act which endowed a Roman glebe, seems to prove, if the proprietary was tolerant, his toleration particularly, and I may say solely, benefitted those of his own creed. As to what was meant by franchises, except for the sake of euphony, it is hard to resolve. Sanctuaries or asylums, such as are enjoyed by the churches and monasteries in Spain and Italy, you know no religious body can have within the jurisdiction of England.

"The next ten years did not pass so quietly. Some puritans under Richard Bennett settled at a place, which has since become the capital. You know the puritan party. What clergyman of the Church has not reason to know them? You have not forgotten how these declaimers on the much abused word conscience forget, at times, that any one has a conscience but themselves. No sooner are they permitted to rest the soles of their feet here, than they distinguish themselves in the Clayborne rebellion. They force Governor Calvert to fly to Virginia, and Clayborne and themselves take the reins of government, and which they hold till Governor Calvert, with the assistance of the churchmen of Virginia, takes them from them. This will not do; Governor Calvert, it would appear, said to his party on his return, after an absence of two years. We must pass a bill of universal toleration, in order that Catholics, who are in the minority, and are likely to be even more so, from the rapidly increasing Protestant population, may be free to worship under their 'own vine and fig tree.' Accordingly they passed the memorable act of 1649; but you will see that the complexion of the population was not Roman, from the bill enumerating, among the various religionists who need protection, 'Heretic, Schismatic, Idolator, Puritan, Independent, Presbyterian, Priest, Jesuit, Jesuited Papist,

Lutheran, Calvinist, Anabaptist, Brownist, Antinomian, Barrowists, Roundheads, and Separatist.' But the puritans were not content to be beaten. They declared Lord Baltimore's government to be that of anti-Christ, and, as Cromwell was their protector, and the puritans had the upper hand in the lower Provincial Assembly, they passed a bill, disallowing liberty of worship to 'papists, prelatists, and the licentious." Showing us, by the term prelatists, no more quarter than they did to papists and the licentious.

"During all this time we hear nothing of the Church of England; and we ask, shall we ever see her to be more than as a small and distant cloud that hangs upon the horizon? Less reasonable still does it appear that this cloud will ever gain force, and extending over the possessions of the British crown in the colonies, descend upon them in refreshing and life-giving showers of grace. But, while the Church of England is yet not in sight, our motley population, according to the act, received the addition of a new sect. There is safety in many counsellors. It seemed to be the opinion of some, there was safety in many creeds. For in 1670, George Fox who, as you are aware, founded the Quaker sect, came over to America. He visited St. Mary's, and preached in the State-house Square; being opposed to preaching in a house, on the ground that God did not dwell in temples made with hands. A large and select company, I have been told, was present. From this time quakerism became a new phase of religious opinion, besides the various others specified. The human mind, when it leaves the guidance of the Church, which 'is the pillar and the ground of the truth,' and ventures to travel alone, or to build on the hay and stubble of this world, (a very rotten foundation surely,) will imbibe opinions whose name is legion—whose color is that of the chameleon, and which have no fixedness: being inscribed on the heart, as writing is on the sea-shore, and will be washed away by the next tide.

"We come now to 1676,—and I wish to mark the date. New settlements are not distinguished for their morality. The population of the province appears to have been fearfully depraved. Manners and morals, (and the latter controls the former) were alike perverted. You see a tract of country divided into ten counties, and most thinly covered by a population of twenty thousand; and over this wide tract, to work out the old leaven, you behold but three

clergymen of the church of England. The Jesuit priests maintained their ground. The Quakers were organized into congregations at different sections of the province. The Independents and Baptists from Boston and Providence had also found the way here, and were making proselytes. As in Israel anciently, so here at the time spoken of, all was chaos, and 'every man did that which was right in the sight of his own eyes.' It is very possible, as self-delusion has hardly any bounds, that every man thought he was adding to the stock of religious knowledge. But where did this abandonment of the landmarks of ancient Christianity lead them? The Lord's Day was shamefully profaned. The reins of wild desire were let to fly loose about the neck. The passions armed with a lash seated themselves in the chariot, and on they drove furiously. The Reverend Mr. Yeo, who lived on the Patuxent, was roused by this sad condition of ungodliness predominant to address a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he set forth the matters I stated, and uses this very strong language: 'The Lord's Day is profaned, religion is despised, and all notorious vices are committed; so that it is become a Sodom of uncleanness, and a pest-house of iniquity.'*

"The board of plantations summoned Lord Baltimore before them, and, in place of showing, as he should have done, that he had endowed, or favoured the endowment of churches for the worship of God, according to the forms of

* The Hon. Jno. P. Kennedy, in his "Rob of the Bowl, a Legend of St. Inigoe's," has taken, it pains me to say, an unwarrantable liberty with the good name of the Rev. Mr. Yeo; in representing him as an associate of Captain John Coode, Kenelm Chiseldine, and Ex-governor Josiah Fendall, in the plots and intrigues of the three last against the Proprietary government. Nil de mortuis nisi bonum, is a principle which I would no sooner charge one of Mr. Kennedy's position in the world of letters with violating wilfully than I would my more humble self; and it seems to be a principle of more than ordinary sacredness and force in its application to the character of a clergyman deceased as well as living. Yet what authority had Mr. Kennedy for holding up Parson Yeo to ridicule and execration? What is said about him to justify even in semblance such an exhibition to his disparagement?—all that I have been able to find is that the Rev. Mr. Yeo in 1676 was in St. Mary's County, and resided at a place called "Patuxent"" which is supposed to have been not far from the mouth of the river of that name, by some, and by others the present residence of Dr. Briscoe, "Sotterly." From "Patuxent" Parson Yeo addressed a letter, as stated in the text, to the archbishop of Canterbury, making the complaint therein stated. Surely a clergyman may complain to his superior in office that the Governor or Proprietary does, and has done nothing, in obedience to the charter for the church, without being in rebellion against his government, or secretly in league with men who were laboring to overturn it.

our Apostolic Church of England, to which he was bound by the Charter, and which it was charged, he had not done, he appealed to the Toleration Act of 1649. For his late majesty, Charles I. could not, and did not intend the exclusive extension of the Roman faith in this province. It is expressly stated, in the charter to Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, that Lord Baltimore's object 'was to propagate the Christian Faith,' and at the close of the charter it is added that no interpretation 'shall be admitted by which God's holy and truly Christian religion may in any wise suffer any prejudice or diminution.' But his majesty was sworn to defend the Christian Faith, and God's Holy and truly Christian religion as it was set forth in the English Prayer-Book, and through, and by a church of England ministry. It is not fair then to conclude he meant that Cecilius Calvert and his successors should aim to propagate the Roman faith, and the Roman religion; to the neglect of that faith and religion which the King's vows to the State, and his profession as a member of the Church of England bound him to maintain. His Lordship pleaded the Toleration Act of 1649. But to clear himself by this plea, he should have shown that the Act operated like the Roman charm of opus operatum; by itself endowed Churches and settled Glebes. His Lordship added that there were four clergymen, who were provided for by Glebes.* The board were not satisfied. You remember better than myself the fears then held by the members of our Church of the secret working of the papists. About that very time, such was the influence of this fear, you know, that his majesty Charles II. gave way to it, much doubtless against his own wishes, and published a Proclamation forbidding mass in the Queen's Chapel, or in the houses of the ambassadors, and the board of plantations sharing this distrust in papists, suspected Lord Baltimore of not acting with good faith. They told him it would be necessary to establish the

* One of these four Glebes consisted of between 390 and 430 acres, according to the various surveys I have seen of it, and was the gift of John Cager to the Corporation of St. Mary's County, "for the support of a protestant ministry in Poplar Hill and St. Georges' Hundred," to which particular reference is made in chapter 3 in the text. Another consisted of 550 acres, lying in Baltimore County, which was devised by a private individual also to the first protestant minister, who should take up his residence in that County, and his successors forever: and if, I mistake not, this Glebe was in the possession of the vestry of St. Jno's. Parish.

Church in the province as it was established in England. But this his lordship did not mean should be if he could prevent it: for on his return he made no attempt to have an establishment bill passed by the legislature. This unwillingness to provide for the clergy of the Church was remembered to Baltimore's injury when the Titus Oates conspiracy the following year, rendered the Roman Catholics objects of popular dislike—and with you the effect was the passage of a test oath, excluding Roman Catholic peers from a seat in Parliament, driving the Duke of York from the Privy Councils and the shedding of innocent blood. In Maryland the Titus Oates' excitement brought about 'the Protestant Revolution;" and the colonists from what I have been told, were as much alarmed as they were in England. They had reason to be much more so. In England the papists were a very small part of the population, and their machinations could not have been very hurtful. But here, as compared to the protestants, though fewer, they outnumbered them in St. Mary's town and county—and there were here no castles or walls to retreat to, no soldiers under pay to look to; and from the scattered state of the settlers, no trained bands of militia to call out for protection. Rude huts, cabins of logs and mud, and frame buildings, slightly put together, promised no security against a surprise. I was told that in 1688, or the memorable night, 'the Irish night,' all London trembled in fear of the Irish troops that Feversham had under command; and I should judge that a panic like that kept in this province for some days lights burning all night, and armed the settlers with every weapon they could lay their hands upon. Though the disturbance was quelled, yet Lord Baltimore received orders to put all the offices in the hands of protestants. King Charles II. had in this matter, as in other concessions to popular clamour against the Romanists, no choice. The Exclusion bill against the Duke of York was passsed about the same time by the Commons,—and if he could not protect his own brother, he could not Lord Baltimore.

When James II. came to the throne, it was to be feared that the Church of England would suffer in the province a part at least of that injustice which she did from this narrow minded, bigoted, and self-willed monarch in the mother country. But this worst of sovereigns, while he could give the deanery you now have to the Romanist Massey, bestow

the bishopric of Chester, which Pearson adorned, on the unworthy Cartwright, and wished to put his chaplain, the Jesuit Petre, in the archbishopric of York, he only interfered in Maryland than to the injury of the proprietary; who, being of his faith had a claim on his protection. James II. was noted, as you know, for his parsimony, and probably thought the proprietary did not do him justice in the revenue. Wherefore at the instance of this father Petre, James II. (the year before his abdication, and the same time he put forth a Declaration of Indulgence in Scotland and England to seduce the nonconformists and Presbyterians to make common cause with the papists against the Church of England,) caused to be issued the writ of Quo Warranto against Lord Baltimore. But for his precipitate abdication the next year, the proprietary would have lost by a popish king, at the instance of a Jesuit priest, all the fond hopes of Catholic extension in this new world. Our protestant sovereign Charles I gave him the charter, a popish king wished to take it from him.

"The news that William, Prince of Orange had with the Princess Mary been declared King and Queen of England, produced a blaze in the province. The provincials thought they were bound to do as much against papists here as was done in the mother country. Hence there was 'An association in arms for the defence of the protestant religion,' at the head of which was a violent and able factionist, John Coode, and so completely did the association carry their objects, that the offices were not only in England relieved of the corrupt Jeffries and the like; but here they were given to officers whom the new sovereigns had appointed. The assembly that met three years later returned thanks for the royal protection, and said they were happy to be relieved 'from the arbitrary will and pleasure of a tyrannical popish government.' How far the proprietary's government deserved so to be stigmatized, I pretend not to determine. The language stands on the record of history, as the opinion then unanimously holden by the assembly of Maryland. However there was a charge of some gravity at the same time preferred against Lord Baltimore. It was alleged that 'the churches, which by the charter should be consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of England, were converted to the uses of popish idolatry.' This

charge was not even contradicted: though it was made and endorsed by the leading persons in the province."

Another letter from Parson Gordon, written a few days later continues the history.

"My dear Dean. I broke off in 1692. Sir Lionel Copley was the first royal governor; and the assembly had no sooner met than they passed an act for the establishment of the Protestant religion, by laying off the counties into parishes, and imposing a tax of forty pounds of tobacco per poll on each taxable person. This tax was not meant solely for the support of the clergy. For the act directs that it shall be applied, first to the erection of churches where there were none, *next to the support of clergymen where churches had been erected*, and lastly to the repairs of churches where there were no inducted clergymen in charge of them. By this act the province was laid off into thirty-one parishes. You will ask, where were thirty-one clergymen to be found? they were not found. Fortunately however for the destitute parishes, Sir Lionel Copley was succeeded by Sir Francis Nicholson, and he brought over a few clergymen. These he settled in cures, and soon thereafter caused a church establishment bill to be passed. About this time a great mortality nearly decimated the population of Charles County; and the Jesuit priests were not backward in turning this visitation of God to proselyting ends. They were charged with undue zeal on this fearful occasion, and the Governor at the instance of the assembly, by a proclamation prohibited "such extravagances and presumptions,"*—and Englishmen and their descendants have no cause to put any confidence in Romish priests, or their agents. We cannot forget the cruelty of Mary's reign. Old Bishop Latimer with his cap on, his spectacles hanging at his breast, his New Testament under his arm, and his staff in hand rises before us, shaking his palsied head; and then standing fastened by an iron chain to the stake at Smithfield. We see the great and profound Bishop Ridley standing at another

* McSherry, in his "History of Maryland," insinuates that such was the bigotry of the time, that the efforts of a few priests to alleviate the dying hours of the sufferers created more alarm than the disorder itself: while Dr. Hawks, in his "Ecclesiastical Contributions," to the History of Maryland, states: The priests of that Communion (Roman) too, introducing themselves into such protestant families as were without a parish-minister, sought by attention and kindness to the sick within them, the *more readily to persuade them to abandon the protestant faith.* The underscoring is mine.

take, or chained and burning for abjuring Romish error; and we see the good Bishop Hooper burnt to death by a slow fire for his protestantism. No one can put faith in Romanists who remembers their conspiracies to put to death our late protestant sovereign Elizabeth, their gunpowder plot under Guy Fawkes: and which, I trust, our church may ever commemorate by prayers and processions. It would be folly and madness to trust bigots who believed they rendered God service in the shameful massacres of St. Bartholomew's day. One of the truest things the late Archbishop Tillotson said, was that pagans even, who had only the light of nature, were worthier members of society than men who had been schooled by popish casuists; and I must think with Locke, that, as Romanists are taught to keep no faith with heretics, and we know they do not, they have no just claims to toleration.

The church-establishment act gave great offence to all who differed from the Church, especially Quakers and Romanists. Yet there was much cry, and no wolf. The supply yielded by the tobacco tax is so inconsiderable, that, if the tax-payers have any ill will to the clergy, (and, I fear, in some quarters as I said there is much) this ill will must be gratified on finding the amount raised by the bill is just enough to keep the clergy, not off the poor list, but from being suspected of living like St. Paul without being a charge to any. It is evident that the lawmakers never contemplated a wealthy hierarchy in the province. The marriage fee until lately was five shillings. Now, by the act of the legislature, it is paid in tobacco, and any one, who can command a hundred pounds of tobacco, can pay 'the parson's charge for marrying.' Why then the cry against the poll tax? For political and factious purposes, and no other. It cannot be because like Hampden and Sydney, on a different occasion, they contest the right of the legislature to impose the tax? This cannot be because Romanists, where Rome is in the ascendant, contend for the perfect right of taxing the people to sustain the mininistrations of religion. In Roman Catholic countries it is the uniform custom. The Quakers may insist on the abstract right of not being forced to support any form of religion, for they object to tithes and everything like it. But Quakers are no where the majority; and, never having had the power to coerce a tax for their benefit, they cannot be

charged with tyranising over the consciences of others, using the language of the day. But in Boston the puritans do not hesitate to make all persons, churchmen and others, support the congregational or independent preachers. The abstract right of levying a tax to support the civil government no man in his senses denies. It would be hard to prove that the same law-making power may not levy a tax to support the ecclesiastical government; a government that is more effectually a terror to evil doers, and the praise of those who do well than all civil forfeitures and penalties, and the moral obligations to give to ministers of the Gospel is even stronger than that, which binds us to submit to, and uphold the civil powers, that are ordained of God.

"But meagre as is the tax, which is laid for the support of the clergy, and ungenerous and, considering the festal purpose, unsuitable the marriage fees, yet, out of this small support one thousand pounds of tobacco are deducted to pay the parish clerks. You will see then that we are in as little danger, as the poor curates in England, of sinning in the way of Dives.

"Above all, however, an outcry was raised about a clause in the bill of 1696, which said, 'the Church of England within this province shall enjoy all and singular, her rights, privileges, and freedoms, as it is now, or shall be hereafter at any time established by law in the kingdom of England.' A clause right and proper enough, if the province was a part of the kingdom of England: and only objectionable if the province was an independent government. Still in this age, ripe with disorganizers, the clause was bitterly assailed: and the Quakers and Romanists and Dissenters generally so objected to it, speciously, if not ably, that the board of plantations rejected the bill: and to complete our discomfiture a quaker brought to Maryland the news.

"But with the quaker-herald of bad tidings, came in the same ship Dr. Bray; who was sent as you know, in answer to our memorial by Tenison, his grace of Canterbury, to be the commissary in Maryland. It is hardly necessary that I should tell you a thrill of joy pervaded all friends of the Church on Dr. Bray's arrival; nor how warmly he was greeted at Annapolis, nor enlarge on the characteristic zeal with which he exerted himself to fill the vacant parishes, and provide a maintenance for the clergy. It is also needless to do more than advert to the readiness of Governor

Blakistone to cooperate with him, and that, I should add, the far and widely detached clergy turned out gladly and thankfully to welcome him. The good commissary was not insensible to these tokens of regard: but resolved to turn them to account by holding a convocation at Annapolis. The legislature was in session the same month of May with the Convocation. Dr. Bray's sermons and manners won all hearts. A vote of thanks was passed by the assembly for his "admirable sermons;" and the attorney General was ordered to advise with him about an establishment bill. This was accordingly done, and a bill being drawn by their joint labour, the legislature immediately enacted it.

"But this new bill met with even less favour than the other from the Romanists and Quakers. It required every minister, and even reader, to use the Book of Common Prayer in every church, or other place of public worship within this province. Romanists and Quakers however, could not worship God, after the forms of the English Prayer Book, without as they said, doing what their consciences objected to, and they cried out that by the act they were denied the privileges of Divine worship. In the meanwhile the clergy met Dr. Bray in convocation, and besides the commissary, eighteen clergymen were assembled. Great and unfeigned, you may well suppose, were the rejoicings on the occasion. Surely, we said, the blessing of the Lord of Hosts hath descended upon the vine which his own right hand hath planted here in the wilderness, and the doings of Convocation gave the promise that this vine would here stretch out her branches unto the sea, and her boughs unto the river." Surely 'the wild boar' from the Tiber will not 'root it up, nor the wild beast of the field devour it.'* But in order that this last establishment-bill might receive the sovereign's assent, against the opposition of Papists and Dissenters, nothing less than Dr. Bray's personal efforts in England, we thought would do. All therefore urged the Commissary to return home without loss of time. This, you know, he did, and succeeded in effecting in due time the ratifying of a bill by the crown, and which William of Orange signed, with the laconic remark, 'Have the Quakers the benefit of a toleration? Let the established church have an established maintenance." William of

* See "Proceedings" of this in the appendix to Dr. Hawks' history above mentioned.

Orange has gone and must render an account to Him by 'whom kings reign, and princes decree justice.' I liked him not, and it is the fashion now with many to disparage him.

"Though I think the Earl of Nottingham behaved badly in the House of Lords, by his harsh remarks on the memory of the late King William; yet we owe him no love or reverence for his nursing care of the Church of England. His commission to the bishops and church dignitaries to meet him in the Jerusalem Chamber, and make such changes in our liturgy and canons, as would bring the cavillers out of into the church, was a dangerous stretch of authority. You, and Dr. Jane, and Bishops Sprat and Meu, did well to denounce it. No surer way could have been taken to bring the Church into contempt, and divide the clergy. His murder of the confiding inhabitants of Glencoe, in my own unhappy country,—done by his order to Lord Stair,—proved him to be as cold in heart as he was in manner. I passed through there some time after, and saw and heard enough of burnt buildings, ruined households, butchered heads of families, and of women and bairns naked, destitute, unfed and unclothed, perishing in the snow, and begirt with the horrors of a dark night to make his name detestable. Neither Englishmen nor Church of Englandmen have reason to venerate very affectionately the memory of William of Orange. He was charged by Sir John Knight, as you remember, with wishing to flood England with Dutchmen; and with a secret purpose, at a fitting time, to remodel the religion of the country. Posterity will add of him, that he did much to injure that church whose prelates, clergy, and people, placed him on the throne. He nearly filled the Bench of Bishops with men who sympathized more with the followers of Calvin, than with our liturgy and articles. With disesteem of the liturgy came in Arianism and Socinianism, which, you know, are the results of Calvinism; so now we have two terms, heretofore unknown, high and low church. I often hear the former term, high churchman, used here as a term of reproach; and when I hear it, I quote Archdeacon Atterbury's remarks in reference to it. After stating, with the Archdeacon, that the name is used invidiously and calumniously, I give his explanation of it: that a high churchman is one who is for the present ecclesiastical establishment, who desires to live peaceably with all, who looks on rubrics and canons as morally binding, and who, therefore, odious as may

sound the title, 'is certainly a good Christian, and a good Englishman.'

"William of Orange gave us, I said, the Establishment Act; and since then we have had a perfect storm. It has been fruitful in no good. If it had made the clergy rich, and the people poor, it could not have made the clergy more unpopular. We get from it, in the best parishes, only £80, and this is generally in nomine, and always in tobacco; and the tobacco not always marketable.

"This statement, you will say, shows, that the Church here in the province, no more than in England, is an Eldorado. The wealthy dignitaries with you, lay and clerical, were startled when, in order to see how far our generous Queen Anne's Bounty Fund would go, it was ascertained that there were in England one thousand livings which did not yield over ten pounds a year, and that there were nearly six thousand livings which yielded each but fifty pounds annually. Hence, as the fund amounted to but thirteen thousand a year, it added to the livings only two pounds each a year.

"Colonel Seymour is now our governor, and we have reason to mourn that governors Nicholson and Blakistone should have such a successor.* Unable to return to the province, Dr. Bray, as you perhaps know, prevailed on Bishop Compton to give the commissary's place to Dr. Huetson, Archdeacon of Armagh. But our consequential and pragmatic governor refuses to allow Dr. Huetson, as commissary, to be the judge in testamentary causes, and in this way derive a part of his support. I say a part; for his receipts from this quarter would not overrun £300. And besides, provoked at the proposal, as if it aimed at the lowering of his dignity, by wishing to take a part of his perquisites, Seymour has declared he would have no commissary here, so long as he should be governor. Wherefore we cannot have a commissary: and a bishop is a blessing we dare not hope. The legislation of the province exhibits but little more, except a bill 'to prevent the growth of popery;' but it is really so harsh that, like certain medicines, it will rather increase than lessen the evil."

*Governor Seymour is more particularly alluded to in chapter xxviii. in the text. Hildreth, in his "History of the United States," does not paint him in attractive colors, when he speaks of him as Colonel Seymour, and as the Attorney-General in the Province of Virginia, where he resided previously, and where his selfishness and unyielding tyranny left not after him the most fragrant remembrance.

A third letter from Parson Gordon to Dean Aldrich, which followed soon after the others, touches on the state of morals that prevailed in the province, at the time of his coming out here. "You remember that the last two years of the last century, were marked in England by fearful immorality and irreverence. With the depravity of the reign of Charles II., there was something in the eyes of the populace to commend it. Men gave loose to dissoluteness of manners, not from a studied desire to do wrong, but from a desire of liberty, which the stern and unnatural restraints of the Cromwellian dynasty denied them. But the cavalier revelry in the next reign was followed by a spirit of scepticism, cavilling, and bold and presumptuous questioning on specious grounds of truths the most sacred. Men not only did wickedly, but as wickedly did they venture to reason. Impious books, adopting the most fatal opinions, were circulated; and men, who had not read five chapters in the Bible, would argue stiffly against the Trinity of persons in the Godhead. Your House of Commons called the attention of King William to this fact. But in the province the floodgate was left to empty its stream.

"Thus in my parish, there was one Shepard, who began by doubting the Trinity, and ended almost in questioning the Deity Himself. Lord Herbert's stupid work, 'De Veritate,' was his text book; and, poor man! he contended strongly for natural religion, and the vanity and superfluity of the Scriptures.*

"Unfortunately Shepard had imbibed the sentiments of Herbert, and the impiety and profligacy of Rochester; being, like Rochester, a disciple of Herbert, and, like him, also inclined to drink deeply. He was able, besides, to set off the greatest extravagances with a wit and humor that seemed to justify and commend them. I was satified he had made Lord Rochester his model—that he relied implicitly on Lord Herbert's honesty; (for he often cited Herbert's ridiculous statement that, by a sign from heaven, God had assured him of the sufficiency of natural religion,) and I knew that Blount's deistical work, 'Anima Mundi,' was considered by him as giving the seal of moral certainty to the cavils of deists.

* That Parson Gordon did not write without authority, the reader will see by consulting almost any history of Maryland, speaking of the times referred to; especially the work of Dr. Hawks.

"I alluded to Rochester's early death from debauchery, to warn Shepard of the danger of ending his days in the same way; and told him that Blount, by committing suicide, betrayed such cowardice and weakness as proved him to be a very unsafe Apostle of Truth. Great hopes, I added ironically, does your creed promise you in the future! Like the ghosts, in Homer's Necromanteia, you are permitted to look forward to a melancholy and doleful condition—borne down by wretchedness and gloom, and where your philosophy and boasted wisdom can effect no change or improvement.

"But my reasonings availed as little as would human breath to stay a tempest. Ribaldry, and low jests, and vapid argument, which had been disinterred from the mummy manuscripts of Celsus and Porphyry; and declamation which spent itself in noise, and made but froth, encountered me in the few circles where the show of fashion reigned. In all, Shepard's influence appeared, and perceptibly gained. He deified reason, and boasted that by it man could work out his destiny. Religion, he contended, was the weakness of ignorance, the superstition of old age tottering on the verge of eternity, and despairing of lingering longer here; hoping on another world, where its youth would be restored, and a career now about closing continued on forever. 'It is the dream of too credulous childhood,' he added, 'the roses fade, and the leaves wither and fall, and another spring brings them forth blooming and flourishing; and youth conjectures that so it must be with the human plant. The grave is but its bed to take a winter's nap, the resurrection is its spring or awaking. But all this,' he contended, 'is folly. There is no heaven beyond this earth, no deity to be adored more worthy of worship than the intellect defecated from the impurities of superstition.' While arguing thus, he was carried away by the feelings of the moment, and saw not the absurdities into which he was rushing. But I knew he had no faith in his own creed. I could discover from the want of soul in his face, and from his too manifest unhappiness, that his philosophy, like poison, killed but gave no life. He felt its baleful influence, and struggled hard to believe all was true that he said. Hence also his efforts to strengthen himself by making proselytes, and hence a studied endeavor to run away from himself.

On one occasion as I entered the house of one of my flock, I heard Herrick's noted lines sung :—

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

"The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

"The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former."

The dangerous position here asserted that we should care only for the present,—but eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, at once struck me as that on which Shephard relied, and which was a rock on which himself and others would make shipwreck of their eternal welfare. Shepard was present, and I could distinguish his voice, as I did his person among the singers. True, said I, solemnly interrupting them :—

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

but what must be said of him, who, as he passes from his sunrise to his sunset of life, gets lower, not higher; and whose setting will soon close in a night of despair! True also in a certain sense

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

But miserably spent is that age, which, when youth and blood are warm, and faculties are fresh, vigorous, and unimpaired, like an unthrifty prodigal, spends it all, and can expect but worse and worst hereafter: having sown to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption, and sinks into premature decay and age, without the rest that follows on labour; or the wisdom that age should bring with it! Gather then, I added—yes,

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

But remember that rose buds are not long to be found in the path of the unrighteous and ungodly, but thorns and thistles that will prick to bleeding the hand that plucks them. Every thing bright and beautiful will soon vanish from his sight,—and the prospect before the contemner of his God, and rejecter of the Gospel, will be a desert of Sahara—a blasted heath.

The merriment flagged, the singers were not able to rally. Shepard's audacity for once abandoned him, and strange to say, yet, in the mysterious providence of God, this bold bad man soon thereafter was struck down by an illness that threatened to be fatal. I was sent for to go to him at the dead of night, and had to ride in pitchy darkness for about four hours before I reached his house. One line of the song kept ringing in my ears, as I went along,

"To-morrow will be dying."

A dim light came from his bed-chamber,—a boon companion stood near him too paralysed by fear to administer either aid or comfort: an old domestic looked mournfully in answer to my question about his master,—and Shepard himself unable to speak, sought to press my hand,—and by a look most significant told me that, when death's hand is laid upon them, even in appearance only, there is no peace to the wicked. He recovered his speech in a few days, and his life was prolonged; but what a life? It was existence, for he breathed, and even talked at intervals, but existence with prolonged misery; with misery that takes the light and lustrousness of hope from the eye, and of peace from the heart, more surely than any bodily pain however great. He was "without hope and without God in the world." His boon companions of other days were no longer company to him; but their presence rather called up images that were painful and hateful; and when they approached his bed-side, or spoke to him, his manner would express a disgust and aversion more significant than words. I observed this change in him, and asked him to explain it to me.

"I shall have their company in hell soon enough, and there will be no end to it; let me be rid of it the few days

I shall be here," was his reply. Again he said, "See that door. Could you by opening it, let me hear the groans of lost wretches in the midnight caves and dens,—I could hear no more distinctly than I hear now. Look out that window. It opens on the river I know: I once thought a lovely view. Well, plain as that view is to you, I see the river of hell; I see its surging billows; I hear, I *know* on it I am bound whence there is no return." And he groaned piteously, and his voice was full of the bitterness of sorrow. I prayed God to speak peace to him; and to rescue him from the awful fate he so much apprehended. He seemed a little calmer. I then, in as few words as I could, set before him the hopes of the Gospel. While I endeavoured rather to deepen than to abate his sense of the "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish that awaiteth every soul that doeth evil; still I assured him he must not conclude that he was "a vessel of wrath," against whom the door of mercy was closed forever; for God is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and that "He willeth not that any should perish, but that all men should come to repentance."

"True," said he, with forced calmness, "I have not always been a vessel of wrath. The day was, when at Coverdale Manor, under the noble shade of its oaks, I felt I was made for something better; not as I feel now, a vessel that infinite power has moulded out of dust, lit up with a ray of intelligence, and then dashed to pieces in his wrath; and each fragment of which, instead of being let alone to rot in the dung-hill, and pass to insensibility, is to be gathered and kept for the everlasting burnings. Then at Coverdale, a simple hearted boy, lisping by my mother's side her teachings from the Bible, her hand holding mine, I could hear a voice calling me to the skies. No harp sounded to me sweeter than the wind in those old trees. The clouds seemed to be painted in hues brighter than human coloring can imitate, and in forms surpassing our device, appeared to me as the gilded and gorgeous turrets of heaven, on which bright angels seemed to be standing with their robes of white. But no such window from that world opens on me now. Worse than the poor African, who is brought here and sold in our market by the Dutch and Boston traders, I go chained in a slave ship, that is not to drop anchor till she lays alongside the vast and gloomy territory of the damned." "But you

forget, my dear sir,' I replied, 'that our heavenly Father hath said, Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well: Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'As scarlet,' said he, catching at the word; 'as scarlet—my blood is scarlet, but it is warm; ah! my sins are deeper, deeper than scarlet, and the warmth they have is the heat of iniquity, that, like scalding water, has withered in me all that was fresh and lively. Crimson!—wool! Snow white! Yes, crimson they are: wool dyed with a crimson stain, dipped till they can become no deeper in the caldron of blood-dying guilt. And what now can whiten them?' 'The blood of Christ,' said I, 'the beloved Apostle tells us, cleanseth us from all sin. You forget also that the great multitude, which no man could number, whom the Apostle saw standing before the throne and the Lamb, clothed with white robes, had had their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"A change may yet take place for the better, I said to myself, as I rode home that day; but it must be the work of time, with the grace of God. The fairest piece of divine workmanship, when it is blotted over with sin, cannot become pure and clean in a moment. The stains of sin go deep, and leave a mark so indelible that no chemical power can wash it out. And, alas! what cleansing and purifying is needed to make the dark, bespotted, and foul soul of a confirmed worldling, like that of a little child! And yet this it must be to enter the kingdom of God. I was sensible that his case was a hard one, and that he had cause, poor man, to write bitter things against himself. At my next visit the following day, I brought before him more particularly the subject of repentance. 'I allow its necessity,' he replied, 'and if groaning be repentance; yea more, if remorse!' and he spoke this in a tone that made me start, 'that black curtain that shuts out all light from the soul, and then is wrapt around it as crape, to intimate the soul's death—if remorse, that ever going death watch that ticks to me the knell of the past, and the oncoming of the judgment—if remorse,' he raised himself in his bed, and looked around mournfully, 'that worm that never dies, here! here!' striking his breast, 'burning in me like fire, and then

shaking me like agues—if remorse, that fiend who allows a lost spirit to take one look of heaven, and then feel himself driven away; and on a gale of sulphurous heat hurled down where foot finds no bottom—if remorse! the sorrow of the world, and death of the heart: the ocean of wormwood that rolls over the soul, and on whose black billows it is driven; if this be repentance, I have repented.'

"Still I labored with him by prayer, doctrine, and precept; saw him often, but prevailed not, till after some time, to make him see in the future a plank to rest his feet on: having faith to advance his steps boldly, and go right on; assured that the everlasting arms would uphold him. With faith came true heartfelt repentance. With trust in God came showers that gladden the sick heart. The proud man was humbled, and made to trust; and his scalding tears fell as drops of dew on a bed of violets, causing to be sent up a freshened loveliness, and a charming fragrance. At another time he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and to the day of his death was a changed man—changed in temper, character, and current and way of reflection.

"He became fond of the Bible; and I cannot forget the remark he made: 'When I felt myself too wise to believe in the Scriptures, and stood on the rotten raft which Blount and Rochester constructed, I thought I stood as sure as if the best white oak timber stood between me and a watery grave. But now I know how ignorant I was. This blessed book, that was to me a riddle of riddles, is full of meaning. The things of earth appear to be moving behind me: as to a traveller along a river side seem the objects he passes; and new things, hopes that bloomed slightly in my childhood but died, it seemed forever, spring up now continually around me. Promises in this book, that I counted the wildest folly to rely on, have become to me more precious, because richer in value, and more reliable as the draft of God on the treasury of heaven, than the notes of the bank of England for any amount.'

"With this foundation of faith and repentance, a lowly self-abasement, and a child-like reception of the means of grace, Shepard, I verily believe, 'grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"His sickness continued for months, and his physician assured me, from the first, he would never leave his room but to be carried to his long last home. In that time, having

the use of his faculties, and losing no time about it, he went from 'grace to grace, and from strength to strength.' The growth from a babe, unto the measure of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus, is not accomplished in a moment, or instant of time. For, dear Dean, we know experimentally how true it is that, it is 'First the blade, then the ear, and last the full corn in the ear.' The noble plant of Christian meetness, ripe for harvest, groweth not up as Jonah's gourd in a night. The sturdy oak, that is able to bear the winds and tempests of life, every storm sending its roots deeper, and from the sunlight of heaven deriving additional strength, is the growth of years: and that Christianity, which like it will stand, must come on in time; or like the mushroom, while it suddenly springs to life on the muck bed of corruption, like the mushroom, it will die in a day: wanting a good soil, and a nature capable of endurance.

"Shepard knew that his days were numbered, and that he had come to the end of the count. His vigor of intellect helped to prolong his life. His physical powers were nearly gone. His frame was attenuated to a shadow. Still his mind was calm, clear, and vigorous. His last words and act were characteristic of the strong faith he entertained in the Book of God: 'Let my epitaph be, Here lieth Augustus Shepard, who spent the best portion of his life in unbelief and ungodliness, but God graciously opened his eyes to see the wondrous things of His law, and he died a firmer believer in His Revelation than he had been a doubter and scorner. By his request a Bible was placed under his head, as a pillow in his coffin; and a Bible sculptured on this marble that lies upon his resting place. May his head ever be pillowed on its promises! and may its blessings ever find an abiding in his breast!' His request was literally carried out.

"My dear Dean, excuse this long letter; and deem not out of place this sketch of one who filled no small space in the estimation of the people of this province."

CHAPTER II.

PARSON GORDON.

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd;
That all might see the doctrine which they heard,
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impressed."

DRYDEN.

A FIRE had been burning for sometime in the study of the parsonage of William and Mary in old St. Mary's County, until the logs being consumed nothing but a few bright coals and many ashes lay in the fire-place. So absorbed in the interim had been the worthy Rector, whose letters we copied in the foregoing chapters, in looking over some books which were in piles on the floor, that he had not found time, nor indeed thought it necessary to put on more wood. These books had just been taken out of the boxes, in which they had been sent, and were the library which the Rev. Dr. Bray the Commissary intended for William and Mary parish. While Parson Gordon was thus engaged, a rap was heard at the door, and he had hardly said, "Come in," and was in the act of rising to open it, than a gentleman past the middle age, who was rather low in stature, stout, with most benevolent face, and clear blue eye, and whose head was beautifully regular, large, and well formed, entered the room.

"I have come just in feast time," said the visitor, whom we shall introduce as James Holt, Esquire, a member of Mr. Gordon's congregation. "I have been anxiously waiting to hear of the arrival of your library."

"Ah, true!" said Parson Gordon, smiling, "our legislature seems to be very much afraid the clergy will tear, destroy, or in other ways make way with the books entrusted to their keeping. No pedagogue or parent could more carefully have cautioned the boys not to make dog leaves, or injure their books."

"Yes," said Mr. Holt, laughing; "under a heavy penalty

I, as a vestryman, am required to visit and inspect your library twice a year;—and your reverence, while allowed as a special favour to have the custody of the books, is made accountable for their good condition, and that none may be lost; whenever the Governor, his council and assistants may think proper to call upon you."

"You can report then that so many are in excellent order; never having been used; that others bear the marks of use, but are valuable nevertheless, as they are penciled by the annotations of Dr. Sherlock, Dr. Aldrich and other donors; and that a third class are so odorous with the fragrance of antiquity, that but with great care, the moth and worm may be tempted to make their meals upon them."

"I was anxious to see your library," replied Mr. Holt, seriously "for a better reason."

"You did not doubt the worthy Commissary's judgment to make a proper selection?" interrupted Parson Gordon.

"By no means," continued Mr. Holt, "but, as the books needed for a parish-library are costly, I feared he might not be able to procure them."

"Come in and be seated," said Mr. Gordon; "I am very glad to see you," greeting him cordially. "How do you like the Commissary's selection?"

"Well, as respects the number, I suppose there may be no objection;" replied Mr. Holt, smiling. "For you know some think there is more virtue in few good books than in many. So much so that it has become a maxim, 'Cave ab homine unius libri,' beware of the man of one book."

Mr. Gordon smiled, Mr. Holt continued:

"And Pliny and, I think, Seneca also advise much reading, but recommend that it be confined to few books."

"I cannot say," said Mr. Gordon, rising from his position, and seating himself alongside of his guest," that I concur altogether in that opinion. I believe that many books may be an evil, as the mind may be overloaded, for cramming is not feeding. Still it seems safer to be, as Cicero says, helluo librorum, a devourer of books, than to be confined to a very few works for a considerable time, where the mind becomes tired of one dish, and wants variety. There is force I allow," seeing Mr. Holt about to interrupt him, "in the maxim about the man of one book: for if the

book be worth his exclusive study, by confining himself to it, he is sure in time to master it."

"No doubt of that, reverend sir," replied Mr. Holt, evidently pleased to be able to talk on this subject. "It is recorded, I think, greatly to the credit of Brutus that he gave his days and nights to the study of Polybius, and it is said the last evening of his life, before the battle of Philippi, he was busy epitomizing that historian. We know besides that Lord Clarendon in his admirable history was indebted to the study of Livy and Tacitus, and hence we have in his account of the rebellion Livy's copious and flowing style, and in the characters he portrays we behold that life like accuracy for which Tacitus was noted."

"A most excellent practice," said Mr. Gordon; "but, worthy sir, the mind must have liberty and range. Like a vast river it will not be pent within narrow bounds."

"Be this as it may," rejoined Mr. Holt, "you have forgotten that our ancestors were not great advocates for many books. If I am not mistaken, Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, in the 14th century, had the first private library in England, and this consisted of only thirty or forty volumes; which he purchased of the abbot of St. Albans for fifty pounds weight of silver. A big price, I admit, though the books may have been worth that and more from their scarcity, and especially their intrinsic value. And you have perhaps heard, which it is hard to realize, that the library at Oxford, in the same century, was kept, not in stalls, book-cases, or on shelves, but in chests; and that this library consisted of a few tracts."

"Even so," said Parson Gordon, "but have you not overstated the matter? Necessity has no law. Our ancestors read comparatively but few books, because they had not many to read. As books multiply, I admit, men think less. When the ideas are already furnished to us, the mind is not forced to look inward for them. Great learning or much reading, neither supposes, nor will it give generally great wisdom. Bacon may be called the wisest of mankind, not however on account of the learning which abounds in his Novum Organum, or his other writings, but for the profound deductions which give to them so great a value. I am not therefore an advocate for reading any one book, that we cannot or ought not to digest, and out of it find materials which we can shape, as a skilful artificer, into creations no

less new and valuable than those which the book itself exhibits. Besides books must have been priced very high, or the bishop of Durham would not have rated them as much more than their weight in silver, And it appears that the rage for many books is not wholly a fever of one day. Old Tyrrannion, the grammarian, had a touch of it; for his library numbered over a thousand volumes. It burnt in the veins of Constantine along with the thirst of empire, and the rage of conquest: for he established a large library at Constantinople. Even the sturdy old Roman was not free from it; for the Ulpian and Palatine libraries at Rome are celebrated. Nor is this fever, if it be one, peculiar either to any age or people, or religion: since St. Jerome says that in his day the passion for large libraries prevailed among the ancient bishops, who endeavored to gather a library about every cathedral, or large church."

"Not a bad idea," said Mr. Holt. "Learning secular, no less than sacred, should be within the reach, and among the treasures of the clergy, and it will require every help, certainly not to enable your reverence to instruct your charge here, but to support you under the trials of a cure so remote from the walks of learning."

"But" continued Mr. Holt, "in all his directions about the qualifications of a bishop, or deacon, St. Paul no where insists on human learning; and your reverence has not forgotten that George Herbert said, "The parson's library is a holy life." As he said this, Mr. Holt smiled.

"St. Paul did this, however," replied Parson Gordon. "He advised Timothy, whom he had just made bishop in Ephesus, 'to give attendance to reading;' and he tells him to bring from Troas his manuscript he had left there. St. Paul's quotations from a Cretan poet, from Menander, and from Aratus, and the reference to the cabalistic symbols in his Epistle to the Hebrews prove both his resort to human learning, and his opinion of its value. The good bishop of St. David's, in exposing the Quakers, who count on inspiration for Divine light, says 'the Divine assistance and human industry always went together hand in hand, and an anathema is due to that doctrine that separates and divides them.' Alas! he well adds, "See the age we live in, enthusiasm and atheism divide the spoil, and the former makes way for the latter, till at length it be devoured by it. In the meanwhile, enthusiasm fills the conventicle, and emp-

ties the church: silly people dance after its pipe, and are lured by it from their lawful, orthodox teachers, to run they know not whither, to hear they know not whom, and to learn they know not what." Besides, when Romanism abounded few of the clergy knew all the Decalogue, and could say correctly the offices of Baptism, and the mass. We live in an age of interest if not of improvement, of change if not of progress. Dr. Barrow in the prime of life, after leaving us the legacy of writings that for style and matter ever will be valuable, died soon after the Restoration. John Pearson, than whom our Church has never had one more accurately taught, more happy in elucidating her doctrine, and vindicating the ancient documents by which the teachings of the Fathers are ascertained, his light has ceased to burn at Chester. Tillotson, whose style I could not admire, but whose ability I must allow, and whose truckling to power and love of office I admire less, is no longer primate of Canterbury. Stillingfleet, the learned bishop of Worcester, who has handled Romanists better than any of his day, followed; leaving this world, as the last year of the last century was leaving us."

"We have fallen upon an evil age," said Mr. Holt, "you would maintain? Why is not Tenison in Tillotson's place? If not a very learned theologian, he is not wanting in political craft, and if a whig," smiling as he spoke, "you must admit he is kind, generous, and even magnificent. Ecclesiastical affairs cannot be in a bad way when Sharpe, his grace of York, is her majesty's ghostly counsellor, nor those of state be worse, since Mr. St. John and Harley have the management."

"I think the present age promises far less for learning than that which has just passed," resumed Parson Gordon thoughtfully. "Bull of St. David's is still alive, and exhibits a remarkable instance of great erudition for a parish priest, who lived remote from libraries and college halls. The indefatigable Collier still writes, and long may he live to be the Church's historian. Ken, the good bishop of Bath and Wells, is in disgrace and poverty, Dr. South by sickness has lost much of his wonted fire and zeal, while my countryman, Burnet, of Sarum, flatters the whigs, and amuses and vexes the house of peers by his endless harangues, and Benjamin Hoadley boldly and unblushingly defends

rebellion in his late sermon before the Lord Mayor of London."

"That Irishman, Jonathan Swift," observed Mr. Holt, "whose Tale of a Tub has so much pleased the free thinkers in France, is not likely to help the age."

"No, interrupted the rector, "well do the wits at Burton's Coffee House, as I have been told, call him the eccentric Parson. He has ability, and so has the author of evil. But I am afraid heart and sensibility he has neither; or he would not say of the unholy murder of his majesty Charles I.

> "That theatre produced an action truly great,
> On which eternal acclamations wait."

"Well," resumed Mr. Holt, "I suppose I had best hold to my first opinion against the advantageousness in all cases of much reading; since to some minds much reading is as unsuitable, according to Lucian, as the armour of Achilles to the hump-back Thersites."

"Come, come," said Parson Gordon, "you have not answered my question about the Comissary's selection."

Mr. Holt stooped down, and taking up a book, exclaimed, "Ah! Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ Gentis Anglorum. The Ecclesiastical History of England by the venerable Bede. Strange! time lessens not the interest with which we read this book. The cloistered monk, and perhaps the veiled nun read it nearly a thousand years ago, and we read it now. If the clergy of our day were as exact as Bede says they were in his, the established Church would not move on so slowly."

"What do you refer to?"

"I intend no disparagement, reverend Sir. The quotation I alluded to is taken from the old canons which Bede has preserved. 'The priests were to preach every Sunday to the people, and give good examples. They were neither to hunt, or hawk, or dice; but to play with their book as becomes their condition.'"

"Most true," said Parson Gordon, "example is better than precept. The physician must heal himself. The best homily is a holy life. The best game is that playing with the Bible and Prayer Book, which enables us so to deal the cards as will show the people that our hearts ever turn upwards, that our diamonds, or treasures are 'where thieves

cannot break through nor steal,' and that we shall be most sadly trumped, if in the game of life we come out losers." Mr. Holt then laid his hand on a volume of Hooker, and laughed as he recalled the very particular charge which bishop Jewell gave him about the horse he lent him. "Ah! well, it little mattered," said Parson Gordon, "the good old bishop gave his young friend money, his walking staff, and a bishop's blessing twice,—and that blessing appears in his ecclesiastical polity. Even Clement VIII. of Rome had to say of it, 'There are in it such seeds of eternity as will continue till the last fire shall devour all learning.'"

"But it seems," continued Mr. Holt, "as Milton, the puritan poet, upbraided the maltreated Charles I., for giving his private hours to William Shakspeare the player, so Dr. Bray, aware of your taint in the same quarter,—a Jacobite or Stuart taint I suppose," smiling, "he has compassionated your solitude out here, and wishes to solace you either by Jaques' moral strain, or the good knight's humour, or to turn it to account by that richest of all his plays, Hamlet."

Parson Gordon took up one of the volumes, and first scanning the mean wood-cut that caricatured the great poet, and then glancing over the imperfect notices of his life, he replied, "Charles I. will not be the only good man who has given his private hours to William Shakspeare, the player."

After a while, Mr. Gordon continued, "Hamlet reminds me of an oak tree growing from an acorn, that was planted in a china vase. In sentiment how honorable and excellent! Even the skull of the jester Yorick, under his handling, becomes instinct with life. The eyeless sockets again beam forth intelligence. The crumbling jaw-bones are clothed with flesh, and the lips move in the playful joke, and the merry laugh; and then how admirably did he contrive to catch the conscience of the king! But still there was a screw or piece of the moral machinery out of place. The moral nerve struggled with purposes too vast for its power, and the delicate china vase cracked and shivered. Hamlet's resolution failed him when the time for action came."

"And what's this next?" interrupted Mr. Holt, "Milton —the poet, I suppose, some might say, though I do not exactly, whose varied learning and rythmic numbers lost him while wandering in wildering mazes over Paradise

Lost. And verily a devout hater he of Episcopacy. He seemed to be a very proper person to describe a Pandemonium, who thought all governments were made to be overturned."

"Come, come," said Parson Gordon, "here's something better." And he put into his hand a folio edition of Jeremy Taylor. "See here's one whose learning was hardly inferior to Milton's, whose genius was only second to Shakspeare's, and who had, to crown all, grace and orthodoxy. For, as religion has pointed the shaft and inspired the workman, his efforts rise before us, not as a rude mass, gigantic and meaningless, but as a pillar of perfect proportions, which is rich in Corinthian adornments, and would bury its summit in the clouds."

"Ah! yes, yes," replied Mr. Holt, "the devoted bishop of Down and Connor. When came there from a barber's shop one so rich and gifted? This man's career has more shaken my faith in patrician blood than any other freak of fortune. On my word, what was there in the shop of a Cambridge barber to inspire the boy! The ancient barber-shops had a lute or viol; and perhaps old Taylor, Jeremy's father, may have had music in his shop, to call out the youth's imagination, but it was astonishing. But I forget," continued Mr. Holt, rising, "the business which brought me here. If your reverence will put on your overcoat, and walk with me to the creek-side, we will talk the matter over."

The two then walked out together.

"We have trouble in the province," said Mr. Holt, first breaking silence. Parson Gordon stopt, and, with some anxiety depicted on his face, asked him to explain.

"Why your reverence needs not to be informed that his Excellency Governor Seymour is a puritan; that puritans are never content to let others alone, especially in matters of faith, and that he is likely to miss no occasion of rendering the clergy a left hand kindness."

"True, true," said Parson Gordon with some impatience. "What then?"

"Reports are rife," continued Mr. Holt, "that he, or rather his friends, propose to bring a bill before our next Assembly to establish an ecclesiastical court, to take cognizance of the offences and misdemeanors of the clergy; and in order to prevail on the Assembly to create a court with

such singular powers, he knows it will be necessary to produce the impression that the clergy violate order, decency, and morals."

"Which he cannot do," interrupted Parson Gordon, "and therefore his ill will to the church will explode into air."

"Which he may very easily do, allow me to tell you," said Mr. Holt. "What is easier than to hunt up charges against a clergyman? What easier than to find some credulous enough to believe them, though extravagant and remote from the truth? And men can be found, I blush to say so for poor human nature, who, under the garb of piety, and with professions of zeal for the truth, may be prevailed upon to act the part of moral scavengers in every parish:—gather together all the scandal they can glean, or, with a wonderfully inventive imagination, dream that they heard it. There will be no difficulty in making the clergy as bad as his Excellency would wish them to be; whenever, by the creation of the court I mentioned, he will have it in his power to summon them before him, and on conviction, take their livings from them."

"The latter will be no great robbery," interrupted Parson Gordon, with a smile; and then looking more grave, "I see how it might be as you represent; and now that I think of it, I may mention an incident that occurred the other night," and Parson Gordon detailed the discovery he made, as we stated in the preceding chapter, while riding by the house of Mrs. Doolittle, near the lower end of the parish. "Perhaps," he added, "this poor man comes here charged with a like errand? But I fear him less than I do the schemings in another quarter."

"At the lower end of your parish?" replied Mr. Holt. "Yes, and you have reason to look with distrust on whatever proceeds from that point. We lawyers dread most those antagonists who deal in the quirks and turns of the profession, who show no more of their defences than they are obliged to, and who, wrapping themselves up in obscurity, or in specious pretences, design to assail when we least expect it. Father Hunter is a deep man, sir. Plots and counterplots are his very food. He has kept this parish always in a ferment; and now, I understood lately, that insinuations were out impeaching your orders—your soundness as a churchman, and your reliability as a trust-worthy subject of her majesty."

"Ah! how is this made out?"

"You have heard of the Tulchan or calf episcopate of Scotland—though that never had Apostolic life, and has been visibly dead years before your birth—thence it is said came your orders; as a churchman, it is said, you lean to the non-jurors; and, being a Jacobite, you favor the Pretender," laughing.

"What has this to do, though I am a sufferer, with the bill proposed?"

"Your unworthiness being shown, as I stated," and Mr. Holt wished to smile, "Governor Seymour will feel authorized to arraign you before his court and deprive you of the living of this parish. Then, singular as it may seem, by a Jesuit priest's contrivance, a puritan preacher will succeed you. The man, you heard, then comes for that purpose. John Dryden described, I am tempted to believe, the class to which this intruder belongs only as it deserves, when he called them,

> 'A wolfish race,
> With belly gaunt and famished face;'

and he would say of this puritan, he "pricks up his predestinating ears" to catch the whisper of factious clamour. That night meeting at Mr. Durford's, in St. Mary's, was designed, I fear therefore, for no good end for the Church of England."

And the two debated for some time how the trap, which, it seemed, was about to be laid for the clergy of the establishment, might be made harmless. After an hour's conversation on this subject, Mr. Holt took his leave.

The Reverend George Gordon was a native of Perthshire, Scotland, and passed the early days of his life in sight of the beautiful Loch Dochart, and from whose romantic scenery, no doubt, derived much of that exalted temperament and passionate fondness for the beautiful in nature, which afterwards distinguished him. His education from books was at first very indifferent. Still to him Scotland, as to Wordsworth's Wanderer, was a place, though he

> 'Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage,
> Where many a sheltered and well tended plant
> Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
> Blossoms of piety and innocence.'

And we may add, of learning and of genius also. For,

while Ireland was buried in darkness, her chieftains alike barbarous and ignorant, and her people so unlettered as to believe any fable which Jesuit priests might inculcate, and to credit legends for Gospel narratives, the Scotch were remarkable for intellectual ability and cultivation. They were poor, and far behind the English in the comforts of life, and the manners of society; but they were quite equal to them in scientific researches. As the countryman of Buchanan and Napier, and of that poetical people whose ballads even to our day are distinguished, Mr. Gordon appears to have inherited a portion of his countrymen's shrewdness, quickness, vigor, and perseverance. And he was not the man to let slip unimproved the means offered him in an unexpected quarter. Near his residence, and situated on Lake Dochart, was an island, which was remarkable for a lofty promontory that became a noted landmark a great distance off. This promontory was crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle, whose history was involved in much obscurity, and whose former owners were either dead or unknown. The wild beauty of the scenery, and the deep shadow of the promontory on the waters, which flowed placidly below, was in itself enough to tempt him out in his light boat on a spring or summer day.

But the ruins of that ancient castle had an attraction yet more potent than the most captivating scenery. Here lived, with a widowed father, a lovely girl, whom the young Gordon no sooner saw than he determined to be acquainted with.

Rumor said that her father, Mr. Eustace, was an English clergyman, and had been deprived of his living by the puritans of the Long Parliament; and, from conversing frequently with him, Mr. Gordon found that he was attached to the principles of the Church of England, and was familiar with, and loved to quote the writings of Jewell, Bramhall, Hooker, Hall, and other divines, whose imperishable works are calculated to beget and foster this attachment. Eustace he found to be very retiring, confining himself as closely to his library, which was in the left wing of the castle, as if he were still taking his first quaff at the fount of knowledge. Retiring, however, as Eustace was, young Gordon found him always communicative.

Anne, the lovely daughter, Gordon saw only occasionally, and generally in the presence of her father; the rich thoughts of whose mind, at times welling forth, imparted a

value that Gordon could not but appreciate, even in the company of Anne. Hence the intercourse of the young people was so overruled that they had had but few opportunities of alluding to those topics, which the idle minds of youths are too frequently betrayed into; and this check, while it did not prevent that regard, and perhaps love, so natural as the result of intercourse between the sexes, prevented a rash committal by a hasty and ill advised engagement. However, when the time drew near for the youth Gordon to go to the Academy of Perth, his affections were so far committed to Anne, he was glad, on calling at the castle to say good bye, that her father had walked out, and Anne was alone in the library.

"I cannot go, dearest Anne," said he, taking her hand, "without the assurance, at least hope, that on my return you will recognise me as nearer to you than an acquaintance or friend."

"Young man," interrupted the voice of Eustace, who had entered unperceived, and whose tone and manner were alike stern. "My daughter's ear is not versed in the pratings of youthful indiscretion. She understands no language which her father either has not taught her, or of which he may not be the interpreter." The youth was not only abashed, but for the moment confounded; and, before he could recover himself to reply, which he did in a few minutes, Eustace had ordered his daughter to leave the room, and the father and suitor were alone together.

"Enough, I say," continued Eustace impatiently, seeing that Gordon demanded to know why he had acted thus. "I have heard enough. No more. Go—the way to honorable distinction, I was about to say, is open to you. But no. It matters not." And, as he spoke, his lips trembled, and his face blanched; as if checked by painful recollections. "Go, I say: the way to learning and true wisdom is open to you. It lies not in the way of honours or dignities, offices or affluence; but it is open to you; and to all who will patiently walk it; and you may by due effort raise yourself above these lairds and nobles, besides being above the boors and peasants of this land, and then I may hear you." He stopt, overcome by his feelings, and moved slowly to the door.

"I may speak to Anne then?" said the youth.

"No more, I tell you," replied Eustace, having now

reached the door. "Anne, Anne," calling his daughter, "George is about to go." The maiden entered. Not a word was said. A silent adieu was signified by a kind pressure of the hand on all sides; and the youth with feelings not to be envied left the castle. Time brought round the wished for vacation, and the youth and maiden again met; but on a certain subject his lips were sealed. He then went to the University of St. Andrews, where he completed his education. While at the University his feelings were enlisted in behalf of the church, (which as our readers know had been established in Scotland by Charles I.) by the persecution to which the clergy were subjected by the Covenanters. He heard the latter designate the clergy as "mere curates of the King, and dumb dogs who could not bark." He saw those infamous covenanting publications, "Napthali," and "The Hind let loose;" which advocated and urged the assassination of the archbishop of St. Andrew's, and he was at the University when Sharpe, the aged archbishop mentioned, was murdered in the bishop's wood not far from St. Andrew's.* These atrocities of the Presbyterians, acting on a mind like young Gordon's, served to confirm him in his regard for the persecuted and down-trodden episcopal church of Scotland. And where they failed other things no less objectionable on the part of the covenanters finished with producing this regard. What but dislike could he feel for the covenanters, when he saw that they not only forbade any one to worship publicly as it is set forth in the Prayer Book, but even to use this book in private? All must pray extempore, or after the set form of the Covenanters, or in the words of a living and then improvising, covenanting gospeller. To take the Prayer-Book, and with its noble collects draw nigh to God was accounted a sin demanding fine, imprisonment, torture, perhaps death. With the puritans of England, they kept Christmas as a fast, and instead of thanking God that on that day centuries ago was born unto them a "Saviour, who is Christ the Lord," they made many lamentations, (sincere they could not have been,) because for many years their ancestors had passed a part

* The circumstances mentioned in the text, viz. the murder of the venerable archbishop of St. Andrews, the atrocities perpetrated by the Presbyterians, and their ridiculous superstitions and blasphemous remarks, and their infamous publications, "Napthali, and the Hind Let Loose," the reader will find mentioned or alluded to in nearly every history of Scotland: especially that very valuable work, "Lawson's History of the Scottish Episcopal Church." 2 vols. 8vo.

of Christmas day in sports under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and in drinking ale, which was made palatable by roasted apples. Of such hypocrisy and superstitious nonsense, and vain babblings, Mr. Gordon was sick, and he returned to Perthshire in heart and mind a churchman. On his arrival his father was dead, and Eustace was fast sinking; the latter lived just long enough to give his consent to the union of his daughter with Gordon. Soon thereafter he was admitted to the diaconate, and then to the priesthood by Dr. Robert Douglas, the bishop of Dunblane; and in about a year after the death of Eustace Mr. Gordon was married to the lovely Anne of the Castle. The Revolution which drove James II. from England, now broke out, and the Cameronian presbyterians, or "Hillmen" as they were termed, signalized the Christmas of that year by insulting the clergy, plundering their houses, and taking the church-keys from them, they tore their gowns over their heads, as their "testimony against Episcopacy." An assault of like nature would have been made upon Mr. Gordon; but aware of his great strength and resolution they were afraid to attempt it. The Cameronians however assaulted his house. Mr. Gordon did not think it his duty to submit patiently to violences from a quarter which he believed was as hateful to God as to the government. Hence aided by a few of his parishioners, and particularly by one McGregor, a devoted dependant, he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay till night. After dark he planned their escape. The McGregor mentioned in a boat dropt below the promontory, and about midnight, in order to deceive the assailants, Mr. Gordon left lights burning in the Castle; and then by a private stairway found an outlet to the lake from the castle-cellar: and succeeded in reaching the boat with his wife, an infant, and a few friends without being, as he supposed, discovered. About the castle all seemed to be still as death. The boat was about to move off, when a man wrapt in a large cloak appeared to have detected the fugitives, and was hurrying to the guard-room to give the alarm.

"We are lost!" said Parson Gordon, pressing to him his frightened wife and his helpless child; "the Camerons will easily intercept us." But at this moment the McGregor follower sprang hastily ashore, and threw himself between the would-be-informant and the road to the guard-room of the Cameronian besiegers. Swords were drawn by the two.

The parties fought hard and with spirit; but McGregor, pushing his antagonist closer and closer, obliged him to retreat, till he had forced him to the brink of the promontory; and while the latter stood there resolved te retreat no further, with the resolution of desperation expressed in every look and action, McGregor, letting go his sword, caught his antagonist around the body, and endeavored to throw him over the giddy promontory into the lake below. The combatants, with every muscle strained to the utmost, stood each on one foot, while the other foot was poised almost over the abyss, and the only hope remained that one of them would be able to throw the other over, and at the same time be able to free himself from his antagonist. McGregor succeeded in lifting his enemy up, and had swung his body at least half over the chasm. The other meanwhile, pulling McGregor towards him, thereby gave unconsciously increased danger to his own position. The equipoise by this movement was destroyed. The Cameronian began to fall, and holding on to McGregor drew him over with him into the lake. Splash sounded the descent into the water, and both went under to rise perhaps no more; or perhaps to grapple in a death-struggle, and then both to sink victims to the conqueror. But in a little while one of them was seen to rise, and, brushing aside his wet hair, look anxiously around to see where he was. He soon made for the boat; and most thankful were Mr. Gordon and his party that McGregor was the survivor. They then pulled manfully for Mr. Gordon's former residence; for, as one minute's delay might have been fatal, leading to their discovery, they did not stop to know the fate of the Cameronian. Soon thereafter they were in Dunbarton. Next Mr. Gordon was called by some business to Oxford; where he became acquainted with Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ's Church; and at whose representation he was persuaded to turn his face to America. He came to the Province of Maryland, and succeeded the Rev. Benjamin Nobbes in the cure of William and Mary parish. But he was not long in Maryland before his devoted and excellent lady fell a victim to the fall-sickness. Beneath a large poplar, fronting the door of Poplar Hill Church, her grave was dug; and as he turned away from the lowly couch of her he loved best of all, Parson Gordon thought of the exequy of Henry King, bishop of Chichester, over his wife:

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted:
My last 'good night!' thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb."

"A sad good night this!" continued he, choking with incontrollable emotion; "and oh? when shall I see one good morrow, that is to have no setting?" From the foregoing narrative Parson Gordon's character cannot be wholly unknown to our readers. In courage, ardour, and strength it is believed he surpassed most men: and that, though a minister of the Gospel of peace, and a meek man besides, he would have figured in a joust or tournament, where great bodily activity and strength were necessary. For his limbs were large, his chest was of great breadth, and his head seemed to rest on his shoulders. He carried no superfluous flesh; being an admirable specimen of the bilious temperament, with a sallow complexion, and hair between the golden and flaxen in colour. But Parson Gordon's great merit appears to have been his moral and intellectual qualities, which were sui generis. His firmness, as was expressed by rather too marked and uniform compression of the lips together with the piercing gaze of pale grey eyes, seemed to be the predominant feature of his character, and this firmness amounted at times to a love of power, as was said by some who certainly did not understand him.

His was not the mind to be anchored right or wrong to an opinion, and there holding on, likely to subject every thing to tide and storm: for his mind, with all its firmness, like a vessel sure of her anchorage, could swing to and fro, and thus calmly survey its position. For his firmness seems to have been the result of moral conviction; in which his excellent understanding acted rather as an ally than dictator to his heart and conscience.

His ardent temperament and fearlessness, together with the secluded life which he led, may have imparted to his manner a roughness and quickness that seemed to evince perhaps too much independence of the rules, which in society regulate our intercourse: and of which however he was at the time unconscious. For amidst this apparent roughness, there was a chasteness of imagination rarely to be found, and a gentleness of nature nearly feminine. And no

one more than himself manifested a desire to be at all times the Christian gentleman. He had long sought to express himself in that style which would best convey his meaning. According to him style being more than the dress of thought, rather a part of the thought itself, its shape and mould; a vase in and through which thought burned and sought to give out its light. For he doubted if a bright idea could be seen in a vulgar style, as light cannot shine through an earthen vessel: contending that thought would glow in a pure style, as a candle in a vase of alabaster, while, like a lamp burning brightly through a crystal vase, thoughts of flame blaze out in burning words.

Two feelings in Parson Gordon appeared to be continually in conflict; unselfish benevolence, and a rigid pursuance of what he deemed just and equitable.

In him the sternness, which Adam gave as a legacy to his sons, it is said, was married to "all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters." He would condemn wrong doers in plain, unmeasured, and even withering language; and yet would shed tears at the sight of distress he could not relieve; and would give at times even to prodigality to an object, whom he afterwards discovered was unworthy. He had another peculiarity not common in our day. Unlike many men he did not seem inclined to hoard either his thoughts or money; as if afraid to spend or exhibit either. He could "unmask his mind, and unbutton his brains fearlessly." Without reserve or fear, speaking his sentiments, and deeming it no evidence of manliness to be above the feelings and tenderness of humanity: as it was often and indeed his favorite remark; "In the use of the comparatively slender means with which Providence has blessed me, I hold myself only a trustee, or almoner for the benefit of others." Besides, Parson Gordon is reported to have been ever active and employed. Work incessant, mental as well as bodily, appeared to him to be both a duty and pleasure, if not more, the tenure on which he held his health.

"Let me die," one day said he, "before I cease to be useful:" and hence he believed with George Herbert, that "God bestowed upon man every gift but one, and that was rest; and this He reserved to Himself:" because, added Parson Gordon, God ordains us to labour till tired nature seeks the couch of the tomb; and then the wearied and

overworked heart and brain may attain to the last and best blessing of rest, by returning to God.

Than Parson Gordon, few pastors ever perhaps have been more assiduous, or more exposed themselves to wind and weather day and night. In his study he loved to drink in the solemn wisdom, and the cloud-lifting aspirations of the good and great. In his closet and with his family his altar seemed to lean on the eternal throne. Among his people he moved as one who was impressed with the awful thought, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!"

"At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place."

He evinced no attempt to play the orator, and no stooping from the lofty position of Christ's ambassador. His manner there was ever solemn. His voice was a strong, full, and sonorous base. When he spoke of the terrors of the law, he spoke as if he had stood with Moses on the burning mount; but instead of a harsh or denunciatory tone or manner, in a way the most moving, like the great Apostle, he sought to "persuade men."

But especially did his noble heart, it was said, let out its emotions, when he spoke of "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Then his voice would assume a tone the most melting, his manner bespeak love and tenderness to overflowing; and it was impossible to hear him without feeling that the preacher had caught a portion of the unspeakable love and the charity which is unfailing, of which his heart seemed to be so full; and it was as impossible not to catch from him a portion of the same. Consequently, Parson Gordon's manner ever was sincere and natural. His words came from him never school-boy like,—nor as a mere salaried orator who has a discourse of half an hour to deliver in a certain style; but they came from his heart, and were or seemed to be

"Veræ voces ab imo pectore."

Being never frivolous, or forgetful of his high position and responsibilities as Christ's ambassador, his manner in the house of God was ever grave and animated; bespoke unction, a zeal for his Master's cause, and the fervor of one who felt that on him rested in a measure the souls of his flock. His discourses also were, it is stated, eminently practical, and commended to attention by a manner that was

never contemptible or unseemly, but persuasive and winning. He thought no ability, gifts, or lights were too much for the ministry; but still carefully avoided a metaphysical and scholastic manner,—a fault so common in the divines that flourished before the restoration of Charles II. His reading must have been extensive, while his sources of information were chiefly the Book of God and the heart of man: believing that a good textuary cannot be a poor divine, and that, as it was said of Christ, "He knew what was in man," even so the ministers and stewards of His flock, should, in order like him to be able to win souls, "to draw all men," —read the hearts of their people, as He did that of the woman of Samaria, forcing her to exclaim, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did."

And above all, his life was in keeping with his profession. He felt the incalculable value of immortal souls, and by prayer and meditation, and by observing the duty of fasting, he endeavored to acquire that divine meetness without which learning and genius are both unavailing.

We learn this much and more from the resources to which we are indebted for our narrative. That justice, though tardy, might be done to the worthy Rector, we have dwelt thus long on his many noble qualities. May like qualities be shared by others in the holy ministry, as we doubt not they are; where the loftiest and best gifts will find employment, and meet their full reward.

CHAPTER III.

THE GLEBE—PARSON SLATER—AN INDIAN STORY.

"And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!
Oh great Potomac! oh you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes in nature's morning made,
While still in rich magnificence of prime,
She poured her wonders, lavishly sublime."

MOORE.

THE population of St. Mary's county, was chiefly Roman Catholic; while the comparatively few members of the church of England in the county resided mostly in Poplar Hill and St. George's Hundred, and in detached settlements in the county viz.: at Choptico on the Wicomico, at or near what is now Benedict on the Patuxent river, and lower down near the mouth of this river; which settlements were nuclei around which gathered the present parishes of William and Mary, King and Queen, All Faith, and St. Andrew's, and, using the term nuclei in an astronomical sense, we trust that these parishes may ever be nuclei, or bodies, from which through the labours of their Rectors, stream forth light on the dwellers around. The church of England settlement in St. George's and Poplar Hill Hundred, though as a settlement, only second in priority to that at the ancient city of St. Mary's appears to have been always feeble; and the Rector, if not able to support himself out of the resources of his private fortune, drew for some time a precarious and miserable maintenance from the irregular and capricious benefactions of the few gentlemen in that vicinity; who, from family pride, regard to the Church, or partiality to the minister himself, opened to him their houses and purses. Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, a low flat plain elevated about two feet above the water's edge, and covered with a heavy growth of oaks, hickories, and other forest trees, with a small clearing on the right bank of St. George's river, and about a mile from its head. On this clearing is a hut or cabin with one small room twelve feet by fourteen, and seven feet high; and a

garret or loft to be reached by a ladder high enough for a man to walk under by stooping his head. There is one chimney which is made, like the house of logs; and the air from which is after a fashion excluded by mud, used as plastering. The walls are logged, but neither plastered, whitewashed, painted, papered, nor covered in any way. A sorry bed-stead is in one corner, which is covered by a shuck mattress, with bed clothing that appears once to have been genteel; the coverlet being an ingeniously contrived piece of embroidery, designed to bring out some story of classic mythology; but now so worn as to be nearly useless. There are about half a dozen stools rudely constructed without backs to them. The floor is as naked as the walls and ceiling. The only thing comfortable about the room is a large fire, over which a delicate woman is stooping; being busied in preparing the homely meal for herself and her husband; a small spare and wan person, who is sitting near with a just published work of George Bull, then Rector of the little parish of Suddington, St. Mary.

"I feel ashamed, my dear," said the lady, rising from her position, and seating herself by him, "that I have nothing better for your dinner; but I am thankful to have even this coarse mean flour of this singular grain, maize as they call it, to make bread out of; and mean it is." And she laid back in her chair, and heaved a sigh. Her husband still kept his eye rivetted on the book in hand as if he heard nothing. "They might send us, Charles," she continued, "something from the manor house there," pointing to a substantial English mansion, for the time and place, that was in sight on a slight eminence, on the same river side to the south-east. "The Squire, I know, carries himself rather loftily, and seems to think, because he lives in that big house, and owns these thousands of acres in Westmoreland manor: and has his retinue of servants, horses and dogs, that he is a much greater man than the poor parson in his log cabin. But Lady Russel seems always very kind; at least her words are, very, very."

"Words cost nothing," said her husband, for the first time looking up from his book, and disclosing a care-worn and thoughtful face; on which a highly nervous temperament was manifested by the quick and piercing eye, sharp features, and prominent forehead.

"They might and ought to do better," resumed the lady.

You are not used to this low living, and with your hard rides, exposure, continued uneasiness of mind, broken rest, and hard study, (too much, too hard, Charles, for your frame,) it will break you down!"

"My kingdom is not of this world," said her husband, speaking as if he was quoting Scripture; "'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' Perhaps it is all right, Mary."

"There's no right about it," she replied earnestly. "They know you can't work the soil, nor play the merchant or clerk, nor turn attorney, counsellor, doctor, or even tavern-keeper. You have to live, and they have your time and labour. And you yourself, Charles, have often quoted to me the words: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the grain.'"

"Well, well, Mary, I know it is hard for you to be buried in a low hut like this, and let yourself down to the menial offices of cook, house-maid, washerwoman and all."

"Charles, Charles, you shan't say so," said she interrupting him, and laying her hand upon his mouth. "This is cruel of you. I haven't complained, nor do I."

"I have done wrong," he continued gently removing her hand, "I should have taken my gun, and killed you some hares, and ducks; but I was anxious to finish Mr. Bull's Harmonia Apostolica. Ah, Mary, I told the big man in that mansion yonder that my church did not maintain the Roman doctrine of works; because she defended St. James' doctrine, that we are justified by works; for here, in this his second disputation, he proves clearly that St. Paul's doctrine, we are justified by faith; and St. James, that works justify us, are not in conflict, but perfectly reconcileable; and I assure you, this is a masterpiece of reasoning. Let me read some of it to you:" anglicising, as he spoke, certain passages in the work referred to.

"I do believe, Charles, that you would hitch on to some hard study of that kind, if you were starving, and had hardly a rag to your back;" said his wife, listening with little patience to an extract from Bull. "Come, here's your bread," and producing from an old chest under the bed a piece of cold veal, "here's the last meat I have in the house. Eat this, and live on something more substantial than Bull;" touching him playfully, and seating a stool to

a pine table near the fire-side for him. The good man was hardly seated, and the two were just about doing justice to their simple meal, when the cry of dogs was heard, and the sound of horses' hoofs coming to the house. The good lady arose hastily, and went to the door.

"Bless me!" said she, returning with some consternation in her manner, "here is Lady Russel, and that sprig of nobility, Lord Wendover, her cousin; and John and Tom the servants to open the gate, and hold the horses. What brings them here? I have no place," she added, much disturbed, "to receive company in. 'Tis past endurance to submit to my lady's patronizing airs, and my lord's well masqued, but very intelligible insults." And here we would remark that Mrs. Slater was of a good family in England, and before her marriage, was much noticed by Lord Wendover; who, it was believed, would have offered her his hand, if she had not evinced a decided preference for Mr. Slater, then a youth of rather humble parentage, and who, a graduate in the same class in the college with my lord, had by the dint of parts and study obtained the first distinction, even when the young nobleman had his family-influence to aid him with the faculty. She preferred him poor and untitled, and was now sharing the fruits of her disinterestedness; fruits that many a woman before her and since have been content to gather; and amid want, neglect, and suffering, been happier with love in a cottage, than others in a big house and carriage without it.

The guests soon dismounted and came in. The uncourtly clergyman arose with the best air he could assume to welcome the comers; but so awkwardly as to overturn the stool, and nearly overturn the table: being careful however to hold fast to the book in hand; it even then probably being uppermost in his mind. Lord Wendover bowed, extended two fingers of his right hand to shake, and, advancing a step into the room, made a curve with his body equal to the quadrant of a circle in the attempt to salute in the manner most gracious the lady of the house; and then with two or three "ahs" and exclaiming "very, very odd," examining the stools most critically, as if such an article of furniture was a curiosity for a cabinet shop, he managed to seat himself. Lady Russel, all smiles, and in a voice, sweet, musical and low, and with many kind inquiries rapidly addressed

to Mr. Slater and lady, without waiting for an answer to any, seemed to see nothing out of the way.

"How comfortable is this fire?" said Lady Russel, "and this modest, unpretending cottage is so snug,—a big house freezes one. It is full of pretension, all pomp, and show. You admire, pass on, feel grand perhaps a little, and then, sit down and feel lonely." These words seemed to be addressed to no one in particular; but, as from "the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," they proceeded possibly from the overflowings of the good lady's preference of an humble life to one of style and fashion.

"'Tis charming," said Lord Wendover, turning round, and surveying most particularly every part of the room, not sparing even the humble bed in his tour of observation. "'Tis refreshing, madam," turning to Mrs. Slater, "to you to find in this new home so fitting a place to realize your romantic visions of happy girlhood; a calm and placid water just in view; a neat little clearing before you; the solemn woods beyond; the mansion house in the distance, to give variety to the prospect, and to please by the contrast; and the neat cottage, whose peace and contentment will know no swellings of ambition, no display of folly, no glitter of wealth to mar them. I am truly pleased to find you so happily situated." Mrs. Slater had borne this taunt more patiently than she had supposed possible; but her vexation was diverted by anxiety for her husband, who, pale with a justly awakened indignation, had risen from his chair, and as she feared, would be provoked to do something which all parties would regret. Lady Russel, with a woman's penetration, saw the mistake which Lord Wendover had committed, and with a woman's tact strove to prevent any ill consequences. Pretending therefore some matter of spiritual concernment, with Mr. Slater, "my worthy ghostly confessor," as she adroitly termed him, she led the way out of the room. Lord Wendover discovering his mistake from the storm he saw brewing, affected to be anxious to know what favour he could render Mrs. Slater on his return to England; which, he said, would be very soon; and Mrs. Slater not caring to disguise her displeasure, bluntly told him he could render her none.

After Lady Russel had talked some time evidently about nothing, and for nothing further than as a blind, she kindly asked if she could render Mr. Slater any service.

"Be assured my dear sir," she said, "I feel a deep inte-

rest in the welfare of the Gospel in this almost heathen country. My heart bleeds for those whose office it is to carry the bread of life among them; for I know the clergy are so wretchedly maintained:" and the good lady at the word wretchedly, spoke with an emphasis that appeared to say a great deal. "I often tell Mr. Russel, and he I know feels hardly less willing to do all in his power for him who comes here to minister among us. But then he is so forgetful, he has so many cares that I fear he does not do always what he might by you."

"He does next to nothing," said the poor clergyman mentally. "I came here at his urgent instance, and promises of a good house, garden and field attached, servants, and every necessary and proper supply towards the maintenance of my family were made me. The first year he did well enough. But now I am here, and can't get away, and he knows it; and his zeal has died, and his lady's evaporates into professions." Lady Russel and Lord Wendover in about an hour rode off.

"It is inconceivable, Thomas," said Lady Russel, addressing her noble cousin, "how these people can be content so to live. In no time my husband would knock up for them, if they would but say the word, a house a thousand times more comfortable than the kennel they live in. But no; that proud piece, Mrs. Slater, can't condescend to ask it, lest it may be acknowledging herself under obligations to us. You noticed, Thomas, that they must have just risen from dinner. I'll venture, they fared worse than the park-keeper, or Mr. Russel's head-groom; and yet never a day passes that venison, or fresh meat of some kind, is not taken from our table, and given in mere waste to the servants; and all because Mr. Slater either is thinking more of some nasty old book than of a dinner, or Mrs. Slater will not stoop to send to the mansion house for a supply." And thus discoursed the woman, totally unconscious, that any fault was imputable to her and her husband. If it was so easy to have made her minister comfortable, and it needed but a word to do it, and she was so sensible of his needs, might she not have shown her zeal in having erected for him the house needed, and in furnishing him with substantials; especially as to him and his wife they were so necessary, and her husband could so easily have spared them? But it was easier to talk than do. The zeal of one's house had eaten us all up;

but that zeal is burning and frothing and puffing in words, when the clergy often are starving, and the Gospel is starved with it; because the zeal of the people does not extend to their pockets.

Mr. Slater, poor man! and his devoted wife continued at their posts, for some years. What eventually became of them is not known. But he felt that he was harnessed for the battle, and it did not become him to fly; and we cannot blame him that his soul was big enough to find comfort in doing his duty by looking after the stray sheep who were scattered in the province, to the neglect of his temporal interests; and that it was big enough to read and relish Bull's Harmonia Apostolica; and by it and in it to grow larger and larger in his moral and intellectual man; though his physical man was suffering for the good things, which the rich man at the mansion house *threw away* to his servants.* From the hasty sketch just given, it must be allowed that to a clergyman of any sensibility or education, the dependance, or the like, just mentioned, must have been painfully galling: and that unless it was removed by a better provision for the support of the Gospel, was calculated to starve the word of God out here. Under such circumstances St. George's and Poplar Hill Hundred was, as it has often been since under the same, not blossoming as a garden of the Lord, but a barren field with here and there just enough ground about it as to show that it was not wholly abandoned. After Parson Slater's removal or death, John Cager, a wealthy citizen of the Hundred willed a valuable farm on which he resided, for "the support of a protestant ministry in Poplar Hill and St. George's Hundred," and in order that the Rector might be placed above dependance, he gave, besides the farm, a number of farm hands, farming utensils, and horses and cattle. The farm, (except from its fine location, which God made, and which man cannot easily mar) now but poorly represents its pristine value and desira-

* Macaulay in his History of England, a work of marked ability, but partisan and prejudiced; but we do not think, as some say, too imaginative and fanciful for the sober simplicity and rigid truthfulness of the historian, states that about this time in England, "not one parish in two hundred afforded what a man of family considered as a decent maintenance. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy."

bleness; and the personal property has "melted into air, into thin air."* Though it would seem, as in the days when puritanism in England had the ascendancy, instead of searching "the universities for a most fit pastor," they posted "up and down the country for a most gainful chapman," so in our day the Glebe was thought by the then vestry so desirable that the parish being vacant, they advertised for a pastor; stating there is a good house on the Glebe, and that fish and oysters are abundant; and they might have added terrapins likewise; and as this consideration is an inducement, if nothing else were forth-coming, it might be well to insert this quartet or the like in a letter of invitation.

> Lo! here's a parish with attractions great,
> To make the creature man both sleek and fat,
> Oysters and fish various may be had,
> Terrapins too for pot—a dish not bad.†

* The writer resided at the Glebe about four years and was Rector of William and Mary parish a little over that time. His description of the localities being taken from a personal survey, he believes to be accurate. He has reason to know that this ancient parish, now circumscribed to Poplar Hill and St. George's Hundred, has suffered greatly, either from the peculation or mismanagement of vestries, perhaps from both. He has seen evidence that the late John Cager at the time mentioned, devised and bequeathed all that he has stated in the text, and it is a fact incontrovertible that of this rich legacy the present worn out and much abused farm is all that remains. He has reason to believe also that besides this Glebe, farm and other property above stated, William and Mary's parish owned a once valuable farm, which was devised to it by a Mr. Darnell; but whether negroes and stock were also bequeathed, and when and under what circumstances the vestry parted with it, he knows not. The records prior to the close of the last century were burnt, together with papers of more recent date that might shed light on the history of the parish; and the records extant he never saw but once; and them he found as meagre as those who professed to keep and to have kept them were in parochial information, or seeming concern about such things. He has reason further to conclude that the parish owned one hundred acres near St. Mary's parish, and which would be now the property of St. Mary's parish: but how lost he has not been able to ascertain.

† See the Southern Churchman of 1844 for the advertisement referred to. The author of it probably thought, with the boorish squires referred to by Macaulay, that the substantials of the table were irresistible inducements to a clergyman. If so, then to how few are they presented? The English Squire, according to Macaulay, allowed the ecclesiastic at his table to "fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots," and the advertiser or advertisers, may have deemed it necessary to mention that the Rector might fill himself with fish and oysters: and as the English squire expected the ecclesiastics to retire "as soon as the tarts and cheese-cake made their appearance" so he, or they the persons advertising, make no allusion to the tarts and cheese-cake: i. e. the delicate and gentlemanly, nay more, the Christian considerations which recommended the parish.

But John Cager, (peace to his ashes, and an honoured name on the record of parish benefactors,) thought more highly of Christ's ambassador, and aimed to do better for him; though he knew probably the attraction of oysters, fish, and terrapins too. He will not lose his reward from Him, who has promised to recompense whosoever shall receive a prophet, or give a cup of cold water to one of His disciples.

This legacy was made in 1676. In 1689, when William of Orange came to the throne of England, the Rev. Benjamin Nobbes was inducted into the cure of this parish. In 1708, the period of our narrative, as we mentioned before, the Rev. George Gordon was rector. The latter received a trifle more than his predecessor by the tobacco tax which was then imposed. But this tax was indeed only a trifle, when the number of taxable persons in the parish precincts were small; the amount assessed was only forty pounds of tobacco per poll; and when at the time the tobacco raised from as many as ten taxable persons did no more than pay the value of a milch cow. Probably the poor curates in England, to whom the good Queen Anne remitted the arrears, fared worse than the clergy generally in Maryland. But fortunately for Parson Gordon, possessing the Glebe so stocked and valuable as mentioned, and some private resources, he could live without much inconvenience.

The above being premised, as necessary to the history of the parish, if our readers will accompany us, they will now find Parson Gordon, a few days after the conversation reported in the foregoing chapter, standing in the front door of the Glebe mansion. He was dressed in the clerical costume of that day, genteel, without the foppery and without the primness and particularity, which are beneath and unworthy a mind, that is intent on, and raised to the duties of its high vocation. His coat was black, large even for his large person, came down to his knees, and, cassock-like, was buttoned over in front. He wore black silk stockings and shoes, which, being large, heavy, and thick-soled, were made rather for service than appearance. Buckles united his shorts to his stockings just below the knee, and the latter were so ample that an exquisite of our day would have supposed that his genteel legs were lost in them. He had on a cap, and, pastor like, held in his hand a large staff that was

crooked at the upper part; not unlike a genuine crozier; whether from principle or whim we are not informed. Parson Gordon was looking out upon the west, down which the sun was descending. The afternoon was well in; and before and around him, washing a semicircular bank or shore, flowed the peaceful waters of Herring Creek. The creek ran up into coves, and described a course so truly curving and beautiful, as to illustrate the correctness of Hogarth's opinion, "the wavy line is the line of beauty," and by these spiral turnings made coves each side of the Glebe mansion beautiful enough to have gained for the creek a more romantic name than Herring Creek, unless this name, from its fishy association with the attraction of the parish, may be a reason for continuing it, in order that there may not be wanting some evidence, both of the piscatory charms of this rural cure, and of its odorous or highly scented recommendations. Looking to the west from the position occupied by Parson Gordon, we shall descry, half-way from the Glebe to the Potomac river on the left, a point of land which was elevated about ten or twelve feet above the water; and upon this point a plain and modest mansion. Looking still further to the west, the creek we see to be separated by a ribbon of sand, which is only a few yards in width: and which narrow strip just breaks the continuous water view to the Virginia shore. Beyond this ribbon of sand we behold the "great Potomac" dashing its waves angrily on the white beach; rolling in white caps to the bay; and presenting an expanse of water fifteen miles wide at this place; and from north-east to south-west, about thirty miles in extent. Beyond, still further to the west, are the blue woods of Virginia; where, in less than half a century after our narrative, hunted the youthful Washington; the place of whose nativity was less than a day's ride above.

It was the middle of January, A. D. 1708. The winter had been so cold, (a thing not then uncommon,) as to convert the salt water of the creek into a glassy pavement, firm and strong enough to enable the fishermen and Indians, living near by, to walk upon it without danger. But, during the week, the weather had greatly moderated. Winter's icy fetters were melted away. Nature cast off her chilly and snow-clad garments. Heavy fogs for some days, rolling up from the river and creek, indicated that the

atmosphere was of a higher temperature than the water. Brightly shone the sun. Gayly sang the merry choristers of Nature's great temple, as they skipt from limb to bough, or sat perched on branch or twig. The lark bounded from his grassy covert away; too happy to be still; rising aloft perpendicularly by a series of leaps, as if each time he gathered fresh strength, and then sprang upwards, singing as he soared, and the louder as he left the earth beneath him. The partridge called out lustily for Bob White; while the crow, not taking the hint, (lest Bob, coming at the call, might, with well-aimed fowling-piece, send him hence unannealed of the many grave larcenies he had committed,) croaked as saucily as if he meant, like an honest thief, to notify all concerned he wanted corn, and would take it when he could. Vociferous chanticleer, that bird who notes the watches of the night as faithfully as if he knew all about compline, noctum, and prime; and who, Turk-like, guages his importance by the feminines under his sway; flapping his wings ungracefully, soared to the top of the fence; and shaking himself first, as did the ancient dames their dresses, before they began their minuet-dance, crowed from the very fullness of gallinacious delight. And the poultry generally were all out and busy, impatient to make the most of the propitious day; and woe to the worm or insect that a time so inviting had tempted out from the melted and crumbled clod!

Such was the scene about the house as Parson Gordon turned away from the West and threw his glance more nearly home. The creek, to the south of the Glebe mansion, including what is called so unpoetically Cager's bite, seemed to be alive with ducks, geese, and herons disporting in its waters, or who were diving for fish or feeding on the long grass which grew up from the bottom; while, shooting out from the bank noiselessly, appeared to be swimming in the creek, a number of musk-rats, black and long; whose whiskered heads were just raised above the water, and whose motion made an evident track after them. Following the course of the creek up the cove to the east of the Glebe mansion, it curves around into a crescent form, and makes a pretty bay. Here you come to a point on the south side, and beyond it the cove curved to the East, and sweeping here terminated. In these sheltered and quiet nooks, the small bay craft, then in use, might have floated. At

this terminus of the cove, were a heavy growth of rushes and water plants, and a small meadow on which the cattle of the worthy Rector were grazing on the very scanty grass then to be found. Further on was a dense wood of poplars and forest-trees; and beyond that wood the country ascended about forty or fifty feet: from which an observer, taking there his station, saw the Glebe farm unroll before him as a large plain, which was bisected by the cove to the south of the mansion; the northern limits of which plain extended to another cove, and the southern limits of which reached to Westmoreland manor, and within almost a stone's cast of St. George's river.

Parson Gordon stood in the door, gazing with an expression of interest on the western view we have attempted to describe, and then strolled to the creek's side, where lay his canoe.

"What a sweet day this is!" said he, soliloquizing. "The sight of it, and the blandness of this atmosphere make my old blood feel young again. This fine view is not unlike some I have seen in my own dear land of lochs and hills."

"'Tis not sae braw and gude," said the McGregor dependant we mentioned, who had come to the province with him, and till now was hidden from view by a large oak-chesnut against which he was leaning.

"Ah! Robin," said Mr. Gordon, "is that you? Surely you won't deny this to be a sweet spot, with all your Highland prejudices."

"Belike I do," said McGregor. "'Tis nae bonnie and loosome, like my ain Scotland."

"That's even so, Robin. For here are no mountain clouds rising one above the other—no Ben Nevis nor Ben Lomond, shooting their heads high above. These," continued Parson Gordon, as if talking to himself, "places in Scotland were points on whose tops winter sits enthroned, and beneath whose feet in the valleys spring holds his court. But then Robin," addressing him,—"see that noble river yonder:" pointing to the Potomac, "Perthshire has no water grand as that."

"I'm not sae glaekit," said McGregor, "as to put the Tay aboon the Potomac: but what's this creek to the lochs of Perthshire? What's these binks to those on the lochs," pointing to the banks of the creek, which were about eight

or ten feet in some places above the water, and generally not so high.

"That's true, Robin. And we have no rocky islets here as in sweet Dochart. Ah! those lovely spots did seem meet abodes for the uncarthly beings, which our superstitious forefathers said, inhabited them." And not appearing further to notice McGregor, getting at the time in a boat, which Robin unfastened and pushed off, Parson Gordon continued: "I see here also no rugged rocks, lying mass upon mass, rude and mis-shapen as if the Titans had been at work, erecting rude fortresses. Still I must say, this view is fine: though I have seen it so frequently before." The boat soon reached the middle of the creek, and Parson Gordon's imagination kindled as he saw the clouds in the west, looking like snow-drifts, that had been tinted with the light of a conflagration. Titian, in his "Martyrdom of St. Peter," endeavours to paint a like brilliancy in the heavenly light which pierces the twilight shadows that gather about the dying saint;—and the moral association of the divine help thus given to the martyr imparts to his picture its peculiar excellence. And the rector was wont ever to look upon nature with other eyes than those of the materialist or the mere idealist. The "meanest flower that blows" gave to him.

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And, as has been said of Wordsworth, "the most magnificent objects in nature were but the mirrors to God's face; the scaffolding to His future purposes; and, like mirrors, were to wax dim; and, like scaffolding, to be removed." Hence gazing with deep interest on the scene,—and seeing in it reflected a light that came from behind the veil, he raised himself on the boat, and said:—"How like the Christian's sunset of life! though night's shadows come on, and the chilly dew is felt, a ray breaks in upon him, lightening up the dark valley, and warming the benumbed faculties to breathe the martyr's prayer—'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'"

The boat now reached the shore, and Mr. Gordon and McGregor made their way to an Indian hut, where an aged woman, Adaratha, lay apparently sick unto death. A pressure of the hand, and a look of recognition were all that Mr. Gordon at first extracted from her. Here he found, as he expected, his daughter Emma, and her friend and intimate, Julia Delafield: (of whom more shall be given hereafter),

and a daughter of the sick woman, named after her Adaratha. The sick person was a communicant of the church, and had signified a desire to receive the Holy Eucharist.

The circumstances, connected with this sick Indian woman, though not immediately inwoven with the thread of our narrative, being occasionally referred to, we will mention.

Adaratha was the grand-daughter of the Weromance, or chief of the Yaocomoco Indians, from whom Leonard Calvert puchased first the site of the city of St. Mary's, and afterwards the territory of thirty miles, which he named Augusta Caroline County. On St. John's creek, which ran north by east of the town, was the wigwam of her parents, and it is probable that "the simple annals" of the poor aborigines, if they had been preserved, would tell a tale worth the treasuring. The deep woods of a native forest threw their shadows around the lowly cabin. Indian children played on the green bank that overhung the creek. A simple hearted and industrious Indian woman worked a little patch of maize near the cabin. The father was often seen in his canoe upon the river; while the deer skins, which clothed the family, told that his archery had taken fatal effects on the game which then abounded. Their creed embraced little more than a belief in the Great Spirit, who spoke to them in the rolling thunder and the howling storm; and in a supposed demon, Okee, whom they thought it safe to propitiate by prayers and sacrifices on certain days in the year: acknowledging even in their heathendom what some called Christians appear not to own, that religion must have sacrifices and recurring festivals. The even tenor of their life however was occasionally broken in upon by incursions of the dreadful Susquehannoks; which never failed to spread alarm through the tribe; for then the forests were lighted up with the fires of burning cabins, then many a family mourned its stay and staff just struck down by the spoiler, as a towering oak is levelled by the blast; and such members of the Yaocomoco tribe, as were scattered over the country, on a last occasion of this kind, like sheep dismayed by the onslaught of the wolf, fled with their effects to their main settlement of Yaocomoco; afterwards, the plain of St. Mary's City. But the tribe had not been concentrated here long before an aged Indian squaw, under the inspiration, it was believed, of a Divine Spirit, went from cabin to cabin, crying out: "The eagle of Yaocomoco will become the prey

of the buzzards of the Susquehannoks, if he remains here in his nest. He must build again where the lofty pines wave near the mouth of the Potomac." The Powah, or conjurer-woman, then stated that the other morning, she stood looking up Yaocomoco big water,—all was calm. The river lay smooth as ice. She heard a noise, and saw a smoke go up, as if the Great Spirit was kindling his council-fire in the deep water. She then looked again, and though a moment before it was clear, a big black cloud stood so near the river's surface that an Indian arrow might have been shot above it. Soon the cloud passed away.* The Powah next said, she called at the wigwam of the Sagamore of the tribe. The chief's head was thrown down, his eyes looked red from weeping, and he would say nothing to her. She turned to go out. On reaching the cabin-door, and looking upon the plain where the wigwams of the tribe lay like as many tents, to her great amazement she saw no smoke curling up from them. She rubbed her eyes, doubting their report; and lo! the wigwams were now not to be seen; but, on the plain of Yaocomoco, rose up a big mound. Surely the Yaocomocos had past from their hunting grounds, and their bones lay with those of their forefathers! The Powah's tale was believed. It betokened evil to the tribe. They must move away lest so sad a catastrophe should befall them. Like all fatalists, though believing that coming events cast their shadows before, yet they were silly enough to try to run away from them. Now while this movement was going on, two big canoes, Leonard Calvert's ships, "The Ark and Dove," resembling by their white sails birds of the water, first came up St. Mary's river. The Indians hurried to the river's brink, wonder struck, and, as the vessels moored below the brow of St. Mary's hill, between Church-point and Key Swamp, the natives formed into a long, black and dense line of anxious and inquiring spectators. The sails of the two pinnaces were unfurled, and the booming of a cannon from the deck of the Ark sent consternation to the natives. Two boats were manned, and made for the shore. Strangers from a strange land had come to visit them. A treaty was entered into. The Yaocomocos parted with their lands, hunting grounds, and waters; and with the bones of

* Vide "Thatcher's Lives of The Indians" for a vision similar to this, which a Cherokee chief related to his braves, assembled around a council fire.

their ancestors, (a respect for the dead worth the white man's imitation.) They left the village of Yaocomoco never to return. But Adaratha's father did not accompany the great caravanserai in their removal to another home. He settled in Poplar Hill Hundred, in order perhaps to be near to his old hunting grounds.

Here Adaratha was born, and here she grew up a sweet, wild flower in her native woods. The arrow was not straighter than her figure, the raven's feathers were not darker than her hair, the eagle's eye was not keener than her glance, nor was the goddess who breathes in stone, more symmetrical in form than she was, when in first conscious womanhood she stood beneath the spreading poplars before her father's cabin. Like other ladies, who love to recount the slaughter they have made, she afterwards occasionally spoke of the propositions which different red warriors had made for her hand; and which she, without waiting her father's response, always dashed with the remark: "The eaglet of Yaocomoco is too young to leave her mother's nest, and make one of her own." About this time, however, a visitor, or new comer, appeared at Adaratha's cabin. Croshaw, a young chief of the Piscataways, who lived near what has since become the site of the city of Washington, had been out with some braves of his tribe for some days on a hunt: and during the time they had both hunted and slaughtered till the hunters, wearied, determined to return. Croshaw, however, who had never rambled so far before to the South, proposed to his companions to follow the course of the Potomac on to its mouth. They objected the impracticability of the attempt, alleging that deep rivers, such as the Mutawoman, the Nanjemoy, the Wicomico, and the Yaocomoco, would intercept his progress. But Croshaw thought differently, and burning with something of the fever which drove Columbus to discover a new world, and Mungo Park to penetrate into the interior of Africa, determined to try the journey alone. To his gratification he found that an Indian path led off from the course of the Potomac, and pursued a south-east direction; and, as he knew, from the accounts which had reached him of the country, that the Potomac on one side, the Patuxent on the opposite, and the Chesapeake on the third, so enclosed the country as to make it a peninsula, he judged that this Indian path must be on the back bone of the peninsula,

where it was not likely his progress would be obstructed by rivers of any depth. His conjecture was correct. On the third day he had passed down low as what is now known as Leonardstown, the county seat; and was in the neighbourhood of Beaver Dam; when a large beaver, coming up from a branch with a fish in his mouth, crossed the Indian path; and was ascending the hill as Croshaw saw him. He pursued, the beaver dropt the fish, and Croshaw concluded from the size of the latter that the river must be near. He therefore turned a little aside to the left: and, threading his way without much difficulty or further adventures, (the forest being open enough to drive a carriage in it, and the sun informing him of the points of the heavens,) he kept a south-east course. That night he reached a noble spring, which gushed out from under a very large tulip poplar. About ten feet from the ground Croshaw observed that two large limbs interlocked, and then ran parallel to each other, and thus formed a rustic couch. He might sleep in comparative security and comfort. He made his body fast with his wampum belt to one of the limbs, and as his walk had been long and fatiguing, and his couch was more agreeable than it had been for some days, he overslept himself the next morning.

The sun was about rising, and having unfastened his belt he was in the act of descending, when his quick ear caught the sound of advancing footsteps. Though fond of danger, he was too much of an Indian to be off his guard. Shielding his person so as not to be seen, and taking care to see himself, he saw Adaratha coming towards the spring from her mother's wigwam, which was on the hill in sight. She had a bucket made out of a gum, and, not conscious of being observed, was about filling it with water, as Croshaw leapt down from his concealment; and so near to the maiden as almost to touch her. Her first impulse was to drop her bucket, and run. But, by gestures, and in a tone and manner the most respectful, he begged her not to go. He then, in the Piscataway dialect, told her who he was, and how he came there; and, taking off his richly beaded wampum belt, as a token of his good faith, and as an evidence of his rank and wealth, asked her to take it to her parents. Adaratha yielded. They walked in company to her mother's cabin, and Croshaw, as they went along, said to himself: "My journey has ended. Here's

an attraction above the sight of the big water, the Chesapeake. For beautiful to him was the maiden in her Indian costume and simple garb: while he, doubtless in a garb as simple, his face painted and mimic beard drawn in lines from his mouth to his ears,—his black hair tied round with a fillet,—and his deer skin pallium suspended behind, and covering the body in front as an apron, may have made him seem alike attractive to her. For fashion is every thing, and our taste readily yields in accommodation to it. A few words briefly and fitly spoken, after he had delivered the wampum-belt to Adaratha's father sufficiently introduced him. The Piscataways and Yaocomocos were allies, and there were no national prejudices in the way. Croshaw was allowed to build his cabin on the same hill. None of the formalities, with which society among us and in Europe has so properly guarded the intercourse between the sexes, were known to these simple children of the forest. Their love found a voice and interpreter in the wild rose bud, in the sweet south wind that rocked it on its stem, and wafted to them its fragrance, in the light that played on the dew-drop, leaf and water, in the joyous melody of spring, in the cheering laugh of the maize as it grew in the midsummer's sun, in the rainbow that arched the brow of the east after a storm, in the stars, and moon that shed its silvery light upon them, and in the soothing night wind that coming over the forest seemed burdened with love's touching plaint. If music from her magic cell had passed her fingers over the spells of her wondrous instrument, she could not have discoursed more eloquently. With the bud of the eglantine he told his love, and she by accepting it smiled upon him. The parents smoked the calumet, and their tendering it to him made known their adoption of him as their son. A lively dance around a pole before a cabin, a short time thereafter of Indian maidens and braves from the Patuxent were the merry-makings of the bridal. Croshaw and Adaratha then moved to the headland, whither Parson Gordon had just landed.

Croshaw distinguished himself afterwards in an engagement with the Susquehannoks, and as a hunter was not matched by any of his new friends the Patuxent Indians.

His marriage, however, to Adaratha, greatly offended the Patuxent chief, who had wished to wed the maiden himself. But it was not politic to break with Croshaw, and the Patux-

ent chief, till a fitting time, thought it best to keep up the outward seeming of friendship. The former rivals often hunted together, and the hatchet of personal ill-will appeared to have been buried. Years glided by, and with the stream of time, carrying the past and its deeds with it, should have floated on also the dark passions of that past which made this stream angry and dark. Young braves, in whose veins flowed the blood of Croshaw and Adaratha, stood around Croshaw's cabin door; and a lovely daughter, who inherited the image and received the name of her mother, with her arms folded on her breast, in interesting, blushing girlhood, looked in the placid waters, that washed the headland, and saw in their blue depths and occasional sparkle a wide and beautiful world. To her it seemed doubtless to be a world, where trees of colossal magnitude and dazzling foliage made forests of interminable length; where rivers and creeks rolled on majestically, or crept in luxurious ease, and in wavy lines through the country, and where cool retreats arched over by vines, and adorned by flowers of endless variety, beautiful and fragrant all abounded. But time, which softens and wears away stone, only hardens the heart of a savage, and makes that to be stone which before was clay, that might be tempered, in savage breasts.

The sun had gone down. It was an eve in April. Parson Benjamin Nobbes, Mr. Gordon's predecessor, with his family were seated at the supper table. Nice warm rolls, a luxury more often seen south than north, and very rarely at the scant and beggarly fashionable tea tables in our cities, and some charming stewed oysters were smoking on the table.

"Ah!" said the rector, looking with evident pleasure at the supper, "this is well thought of, Betsey. My long ride has given me an appetite, and I feel that I could do justice to warm rolls and a fine dish of oysters. But," he added, "either it is warm or I am heated. With your permission I will open this door;" rising and opening the door to the west, which looked towards Croshaw's headland, and beyond it to the Potomac river. "James," addressing a coloured servant who stood in waiting, "where did you get these oysters? Two of them will measure more than one of my hands."

"Up the cove sir, jam by the poplar spring, sir," replied the domestic.

"Stop my man," waving his hand significantly to the servant, and holding a mammoth oyster impaled on his fork,

which he was in the act of carrying to his mouth,—"what sound is that? Can it be that any revellers from St. Mary's have come all the way round to Herring Creek to give us a serenading? or is it meant for you, my daughter?" addressing a young lady who sat near him to the right.

The young lady declared her ignorance, the wife looked evidently uncomfortable, regarding the tones as ominous of evil, and the servant Jim, with his face like the title of a tragic volume, said: "Dem aint no serenaders, massa. Dem 'aint no music performed by human nature neither."

"Whatever they are," said Parson Nobbes, "they shall not spoil my supper. So, Betsey, I'll take a second cup."

A minute or so passed. There came a wailing sound on the west wind, which seemed as plaintive as the dying note of a heart-broken vocalist—expressing in it all sadness, and yet so piercing withal to ears that had sensibilities that it seemed to shoot through the nerves of Mrs. Nobbes, forcing the blood from the good lady's face, and so acted upon her that instinctively, with a shudder, she applied her hands to her ears, lest she might hear it again.

"This is strange!" said Parson Nobbes. "You are right, Jim, that sound is not made by any serenaders; but I am not so certain human nature has no agency in it. I fear, Betsey, that human nature has too much to do in it, and if I hear it again I will endeavour to know its meaning;" eating faster than before, and rather now to satisfy the cravings of appetite than the luxurious comfort of one who eats at his ease and leisure.

"Come, my man, there is something wrong. Get your canoe ready," for now the wailing note had a wildness and sharpness about it that told of poignant distress.

"Master," said Jim, "dem be ghosts, or wild varmints."

"Well," replied the rector, having risen from the table, and with cap on and staff in hand, prepared to go out, "what then?"

"Us do no good; but dey ruinate us."

"Ah! Jim, I see you are a coward. But suppose they are ghosts; all the better; no harm can come to us; and if wild varmints, as you call them, why, we'll take Towser and Antony with us, and they'll make battle with any beast that may be near."

"Father take this gun," said the daughter, "it is per-

haps a bear, who has been robbed of her cubs; for one was seen about here last winter."

"No bear cries like that, my child," said the mother.

"'Taint wolves, missus, I know," said Jim, taking the gun, and looking carefully to see whether it was loaded, and there was a good flint in it; and taking down the powder horn and shot bag:

"Come," said the rector, moving out, "call your dogs, Jim. Betsey, keep your doors and windows locked and fastened; I'll be back soon." The wife and daughter looked at him, as if they would discourage his venturing out, and the mother said to the daughter in a low tone: "Mr. Nobbes will have his own way. He never thinks of danger till too late." The rector, however, and his man, with dogs Towser and Antony, had gone out, were soon by the creek side, and in a few minutes were moving in the canoe in a west direction, towards Croshaw's headland.

"This is a fine night for bogies, Jim, as the Scotch call ghosts," said Parson Nobbes; "the moon's rays fall so silently on the trees and water, the deep shadow yonder in the grove looks so solemn, and that wailing sound, my man, makes you tremble as if you had the ague." The boat during this time had made not as much progress as the urgency of the case seemed to require; for Jim rather jerked than pulled at the oars. "Get away," said his master, becoming impatient, and taking the oars himself. Jim rose, took his master's seat in the stern, and with his teeth chattering, and his eyes open wide and looking fixedly towards Croshaw's cabin, which was a hundred yards off, only, and which now they were approaching rapidly, he muttered:

"Dim Inguns hab intercourse with all sorts of diabolix varmunts. Massa ower proudsome of him grace." A noise now between a wail and a howl swept by them, sometimes sharp and piercing, and then sinking low and almost inaudibly. A light shot up through the trees around Croshaw's cabin, and the smoke in eddies round and round was borne first upward, and then to the left, by the peculiar currents of air, which there prevailed. Towser and Antony growled, and Jim with difficulty kept his seat, while his teeth chattered like a fulling mill.

"What is the matter?" said the rector, springing ashore, and trying to stop the loud lament of Adaratha, who stood by the fire with hands uplifted. One of the Indian children

pointed to a canoe near, and said it had been drifted home by the wind; that there was good deal of blood in it, and that it was believed Croshaw had been murdered. Two days thereafter the following facts were ascertained.

On that day Croshaw was fishing up the cove beyond the headland, when he was wounded by an arrow from an unseen archer who was on shore. He raised himself in his canoe, and vigorously pulled for the land. Another arrow from the same hand took effect upon him, and, as it appeared, this second shot pierced his heart. But as the Cameronian chief wished:

> "With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
> And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
> Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame."

So Croshaw appeared to think this was no fit place nor manner for warriors to die in. By a desperate effort he plunged into the water, and swam towards the shore; thinking also that in the water his body would be less exposed than in the boat. He was able to reach the shore; and on gaining the bank, his old enemy, the Patuxent rival chieftain mentioned, advanced to meet him. If he counted on Croshaw's diminished strength, he reckoned wide of the mark. Perhaps never lay more strength in Croshaw's arm than at that moment; with tomahawk raised ready to strike, he stood on the strand watching the enemy's movements, indignant at the dastardly manner in which he had been assailed. The crafty Patuxent chief, blinded either by passion, or relying too confidently on Croshaw's feebleness, pressed on without his usual caution. The blow he aimed Croshaw parried. He heard an Indian whoop from the creek, and looked off for a moment to where the sound came from, when Croshaw, availing himself of his incaution, with one blow laid the Patuxent chief at his feet, and then stood over him prepared to extinguish the spark of life on the first movement of his prostrate foe; when, all at once, Croshaw's eyes became dim, his battle-axe fell from his grasp, and he and the Patuxent chief lay folded together in the embrace of death. The fatal arrow had done its work, and his life and strength lasted just long enough to avenge him of his adversary.

His boat was drifted by the wind that blew down the cove past the headland; and Adaratha, with forebodings of

evil, saw that the canoe was empty, and there was blood on the gunnel. Hence the wailing mentioned, hence the fire to call Croshaw there if alive, and hence all that night, howling and wailing, she watched by the fire on the creek-side. An Indian, who was fishing that day in the neighbourhood, brought the report we have given. The bodies were found. The remains of the Patuxent chief were left to be gathered by his tribe, then few and scattered, or to be the prey of buzzards, while those of Croshaw were duly honoured with a Christian burial, the chief and squaw both having been members of Parson Nobbes' congregation. But after Croshaw's burial, the rector to his surprise found Adaratha less willing than ever to listen to him, and feared much that the death of her husband might shake her faith in the Great Spirit, for permitting an act which she deemed so hard. On one point he failed to overcome her prejudices. The principle of forgiveness was a sentiment which Parson Nobbes feared he had not succeeded in instilling into Adaratha's mind. For, like most savages, she considered it alike weak to forget and forgive an injury. Though the Patuxent chief was dead, vengeance could not wreak itself on him, yet the poor creature could not in her heart say she had forgiven him the cruel deed, which bereft of life her heart's best love, and made her a widow, and her children orphans. "No, no!" she often said, shaking her head significantly, and her dark eyes would lighten up as she would say it, "me no say good to kill Croshaw. Great Spirit no want me love dem that kill Croshaw."

"True," said Parson Nobbes, "but you must forgive them. Though the bad man prompted the act, yet you must not hate and wish you could do harm to the Patuxent chief."

A smile of contempt was generally the only reply, though once she said: "If bad man make him do it, then Good Spirit hate him for do it, and me hate him too."

To this there was no answer. However, Parson Nobbes did not deem himself at liberty to exclude her from the holy communion.

Parson Gordon found the same difficulty, and it was only for some time and after he had pressed upon her this duty, by repeatedly presenting to her the instance of our Saviour, who prayed for His murderers, that she could be induced to pray truly, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Since then she had acted consist-

ently, and she was both happy and thankful to turn from the fabulous Okee, to the God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that dwell therein. She was now on her death-bed. The name of Croshaw, never absent from her thoughts, was often syllabled by her lips. Her daughter knelt by the lonely bed, bowed by grief, and bathed the cold and clammy hands of her dying mother with fast-failing tears, while Emma and Julia seemed to be deeply moved. A few words from Parson Gordon recalled the wandering thoughts of Adaratha. He then knelt by her bed-side, and his solemn voice was heard in the solemn prayers prescribed for "The Visitation of the Sick." He administered the Holy Communion, and invoked the Divine blessing for "a sick person at the point of departure;" about to wing her flight where sorrow, sickness, and sighing are not known. The final pressure of the hand was given, and the sad last farewell was said; a pressure to be repeated, and a farewell to be changed into a joyous welcome when pastor and parishioners meet to part no more.

From this day the daughter, Adaratha, became an inmate of Parson Gordon's household, and certain arrangements being made, the rector with his daughter, Julia, and McGregor, returned to the Glebe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASS—FATHER HUNTER'S SERMON.

"Mother! thy spoiler is thy child!
The Roman scarr'd the Saviour's side,
And now, the Roman, reconcil'd,
Scars the fair bosom of his bride!
Mother—thou could's not know before,
That earth could bear one Judas more!"
COXE.

ABOUT the period of our narrative the following letter from Father Canon, a priest of St. Inigoes' house, living within the precincts and at the lower part of William and Mary parish; said house being at the mouth of St. Inigoes' creek, and on St. Mary's river; was addressed to an acquaintance and relative in the county of Cork, Ireland:

"My dear Patrick:

"You have often alluded in your letters to the mountainous, wild, and desolate aspect of Carbery manor, and said I might have found in Ireland a savage territory enough to practise denials, and a people so brutish that, in humanizing them, I might claim to have done a great work. But America goes beyond Ireland in savageness, even Carbery's rock-bound coast; for the latter is famed for its many harbours, but not a harbour in this western wilderness have I yet seen where I could hope a shelter from the tempest.

"Lord Baltimore hoped he had found a port here for our storm tossed church; but there has been nothing less than trouble and confusion, and wars and commotions since on St. Mary's height he planted his colony. You will remember, I mentioned that, during the *protectorate*, (if the hovering of the kite over the dove before she devours be protection,) of old Noll, one Clayborne, strike out the final vowel *e*, and you have his origin and character, this *Clay-born*, who was the bane of the province, succeeded in getting possession of the reins of government, and laid hereby the foundations of that jealousy of the Catholics, which has ever been manifested in acts of popular dislike and of legislative spleen, and

which jealousy has since been constantly exploding, like so many and irregular discharges of artillery. For two years this *Clay-born* sat in the Governor's chair, and pretended to drive the horses of state; but soon ran afoul of a stump, and his would-be excellency was pitched in the mire. The good Catholic proprietary, through his excellent brother, then governed us for about six years, when one Bennett, aided by some puritans from Annapolis, and by puritan shift and make shift, seized the reins of office, and drove off, a second Jehu. So long as this *saint* had the power, he availed himself of it to help his own. For an act of the Legislature was passed which proscribed, under the name of papists and prelatists, both the Catholics and members of the schismatic Church of England. This measure, however, becomes a precious document to be laid up in the archives of history; showing that the first enactment against religious liberty, which stains the annals of Maryland, was the work of Puritans. Most proper was it that the greatest yelpers after religious liberty should growl if others tasted any of it, as that dog, who whines loudest when a bone is denied him, is most apt, when he has the power, to keep all the bones to himself. Next came on 'the popish plot,' which that unhanged rascal and unchained bedlamite, Titus Oates, fabricated, and William of Orange gave him a pension for it. This led to many cruel state measures against the Catholics, here as well as in England. For the news with us spread like fire in an old, dried stubble-field. A certain militia captain and noted leader of the opposition to Lord Baltimore, one John Coode, travelled with the news from county to county. Third and fourth rate men are ever alarmists; they who tremble in their shoes, and the beating of whose cowardly hearts is as distinct as the click of a clock, wish to be thought Cæsars and Pompeys; being very Captain Bobadils in character. Rub-a-dub, therefore was beat by ragged scarecrows from Severn town to Point Lookout, and from the Elk river to the Pocomoke, and lo! all at once, we have the Protestant Revolution. By the fife and drum, at the point of the musket and fusil, and with 'the pulpit drum ecclesiastic' to help, and the screw of Legislative penalties, 'popery' was to be put down, and 'the reign of the saints' made permanent.

"The first victory which was obtained by 'the godly,' was the turning of all Catholics out of office, and the seizure

of the keys of the offices by the Protestants. Not that these 'saints,' Judas like, loved to hold the bag, on account of the money which was in it. Oh! no! Their treasure was not in earthen vessels. Verily they only meant to put down the kingdom of sin and Satan. The next victory was the complete triumph of the Protestant party; the overthrow of the Proprietary's power for the time; and the passive submission of the down-trodden Catholics to a power too strong to be resisted. On the heels of this oppression of our friends, was passed by the Assembly an Act, purporting to be 'for the service of Almighty God, and the establishment of the Protestant religion.' The first clause is spoiled by the second. The true character of the Act soon leaked out. The Protestant religion was to be established. No doubt the Act aimed at this; but Almighty God certainly was not to be served by making every taxable person pay annually forty pounds of tobacco. Still good grew out of the tax. Our *friends*, the Quakers, found it no less odious than we did, and with us made war against it. For George Fox's followers, believing in the will of the wisp of an unenlightened conscience could not brook the thought of paying a tax to keep up what they called the tyrannous and hoary principles of an unrighteous church. This tax, said they, is worse than the old Peter Pence, which our ancestors paid to Rome. That is even so, we chimed in, exulting at their indignation: and which we could say truly; for we believed it was better to render Peter Pence than the Parson's tobacco tax:—the first being a rendering to God and to His vicegerent, the things which be God's, and St. Peter's, than to pay a tax to a law-church. Quakers and Catholics therefore, as firm and fast friends, stood cheek by jowl in the phalanx against the Church of England. And to help us in the good cause, we had about this time a large importation from good old Ireland of genuine Hibernians. Our opposition, however, only made the enemy more resolved. For, having the majority, he was able to carry his measures easily in the Assembly. Consequently a law was enacted which bound on the colony all the obnoxious and oppressive laws, in relation to the Established Church, which Parliament had passed to operate within the realm of England. This was adding fuel to the fire. It was answering our complaints by giving us yet more reason to complain. It was curing the rheumatism

by substituting the gout. It was an operation about as merciful as that of a Ballinakill barber, who drew teeth without giving any sensible pain to the tooth extracted;—and this was by using the adjoining tooth as a fulcrum,—on which, having rested his instrument, he lifted the complaining snag out of the patient's mouth. We now complained more than ever, and, pushing brother Quaker into the front rank, and, knowing his lungs to be good, and his assurance to be in no need of brass to make it pass with the gold of worth, we supplied him with arguments and objections. It was too bad, we said, that the scorching legislation of an intolerant old world should track us across the ocean, and that even the waters of the briny sea could not quench the brand of the fanatic; but that the fires which Laud kindled in England, should have sent their sparks here, lighting up funeral piles, on which Catholics and Quakers are to be roasted. And so well did we play upon this string, that the board of plantations in England laid the obnoxious Act of the provincial legislature, which needed only the monarch's signature, on the table. Again, however, our triumph was short. Through the influence of Dr. Bray, a high-toned and energetic Anglo-churchman, a bill was now passed, which made the Church of England the established religion in the province: and so oppressive was this bill in its character, as to require the English Prayer Book to be read with the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, by ministers and lay-readers in every church, or other *place of public worship*, and also revived the tobacco tax. Then it seemed, if never before, that the Catholic Church had been strangled in the province. For the Church of England had during this period increased to near twenty clergymen. It was supported by a few landed endowments. And, being the established religion, its forms of worship were peremptorily enjoyed on Catholics and Quakers, no less than all others, and were likely to corrupt all, during every occasion of public prayer.

"But about this dark day, Providence seemed at one while to smile on us. A pestilence broke out in Charles county. Disease stalked abroad, and Death, who was not afraid of being suspected of favouring the Catholics, and who asked the lawmakers no favours, called at each house, and said, 'Bring out your dead.' A touch of the old fellow's hand works conviction better than an argument.

None then was so welcome as a priest, and Catholic priests found a ready admittance to the houses of Protestants. The disease was stayed after awhile, and then, in requital for the services of the Catholic priests, the *grateful* legislature forbad, under heavy penalties, 'all papists, or popish priests,' from entering the houses of Protestants, or baptizing any child whose parents were not 'popish,' from saying mass, or even exercising the ministerial functions in the province. All for fear, lest they might 'make proselytes of his Majesty's liege people!' I thought his Majesty's liege people could be good subjects, and yet worship God in the Catholic Church.

"Besides this Act was another 'to prevent the importation of Irish papists;' and, to end the catalogue of grievances, not only was Lord Baltimore's proprietary authority withdrawn, and a *royal* governor substituted, but that *royal* governor was Colonel John Seymour! If you knew his Excellency you would be amazed at no atrocity which the Catholics suffered. In his opinion there are but two evils, prelacy and popery,—but one religion to be tolerated, Protestantism;—though this is a many headed, many hued, and ever multiplying religion, whose name is legion, and whose creed is a string of negations. Like the spawn of the fish, it is cast in the mud of human error, and by the heat of human passion hatched, and then on the mad waters of strife it is borne. His Excellency thinks that the only way to convert those, who cannot swallow his unpalatable and tough cut to chew, Protestantism, is, in the cant of the Boston puritans, 'to try conclusions with them;' i. e. convert them by persecution. Yea, if he could, he would give further proof of his regard, send them to heaven in the smoke of a funeral pile. This service Louis XIV., they say, rendered the Huguenots, and that the see of St. Peter approved it. The Church of England owes Seymour no more favours than we do. He nominates and inducts parsons into parishes, without consulting Henry Compton, the bishop of London; and some of his creatures, though 'the godly,' are very unrighteous. However, they have the odour of sanctity,—viz., like Seymour, are Puritans, and hence the ill odour of an evil life is not perceived, on the principle, one stench is expelled by a greater. We have cause to mourn.

"Even the Quakers are now tolerated, while the Ca-

tholics, like criminals skulking from justice, are obliged to seek covertly, and in private, the consolations and ministrations of their priests. We dare not worship in our churches or chapels, and are glad to celebrate the mass secretly in a private house. Still the church will not be so put down. Like a big mill stream the current of religious feeling will flow on. Our people are indignant. Their indignation sustains us. We stand ready to fall or rise together. But this feeling now rather needs restraining, and keeping in due bounds, than to be hurried, lest it may overflow its banks, do more harm than good, or spend itself to no purpose.

"I would write more, good Patrick, but the hour for evening service has come, and the Angelus-bell is ringing. Dominus vobiscum.

"Yours, &c.

"JONA. CANON."

Having read Father Canon's letter, giving the Roman version of the events chronicled in the letters of Parson Gordon, the reader will accompany us to the old St. Mary's city. It was St. Agnes's day, in the Roman Calender, January 21. St. Mary's city had suffered sadly by the removal of the seat of government to Annapolis: though it contained a sufficiently large Roman population to fill a more than common room, whenever this "denomination," in the phrase of our day, assembled for worship.

But the Roman Church of St. Mary's being closed, they worshipped in a private chapel in the house of Mr. Durford; having previously fitted it up with an altar, pictures, crucifixes, candlesticks and the like. On the day mentioned the main street was alive with shopkeepers, tradesmen, farmers, gentlemen, idlers, and servants white and black, bound to the private chapel, which was about a mile from the State House, on the high ridge just back of the plain of St. Mary's. On their way down this street, they necessarily passed the Roman Church of St. Mary's, which was now closed by an Act of the Provincial Legislature, that was wicked and oppressive. The church was built of English bricks, and was a plain and substantial edifice. It had a steeple or belfry, in which whenever the church was opened for service, a bell rang the call to matins; and where, according to the modern usage of the Gallic Church, the

angelus was rung a little after sunset. But now, no sound went forth from that old tower. Like many Roman Churches now, and many Protestant Episcopal, it looked not much like a church, except in its belfry and steep roof; the latter being a peculiarity which unfortunately many churches, now want, being broad and flat. It was sixty feet long by thirty feet wide, and fifteen feet high from the ground to the eaves of the roof. It had, (what might have horrified some), a cross on its spire; but not the weathercock. Strange! the latter originally and for some time in the Latin Church, graced their steeples, commemorating the repenting of St. Peter at the crowing of a cock. But this symbol, Protestants, with an unaccountable anxiety to copy after Romanists, have adopted, while they have destroyed the beauty of the symbol, by making it turn with the wind. Could they have designed by so doing to intimate that our doctrines should always shift and change about? If *ultra* protestantism has a symbol, it is the weathercock; a fickle bird whose note was not expected to call us to prayer, and admonish us how shamefully we have denied our Lord and Master; but whose tail turning with the wind points, not to Christ the polar star, but to whatever point blows the wind of popular opinion. The church was on the corner of two streets. It fronted the main street, which ran nearly north and south from the State House to a cove of St. Inigoes' creek; and its side was on a cross street that ran nearly east and west; passing westward close to Key Swamp, and here curving to the left a little, and forming an elbow, kept parallel with the line of St. Mary's river. This cross street also ran a north-east course towards St. John's creek, distant about a quarter of a mile, and at the head of which creek to the right stood "the castle," the late residence of the Calverts. A rude fence enclosed the church and grave yard; and the cemetery covered about forty acres. How extremely painful it was to the Romanists to be obliged to turn away from their house of prayer, and hide themselves for worship in a private oratory. On this occasion some of the passers by let out hearty curses against his Excellency Seymour.*

* The first Roman Church in St. Mary's stood on what is now a part of the farm of Dr. John M. Broome. The site it covered is on the road to the right, from one hundred to two hundred yards from Dr. B's. residence. About forty acres were attached to it. In 1704, by an Act of the Provincial Assembly, all Roman Churches and Chapels were closed, and, this Act appears not to have been repealed before the

In the crowd thus passing, was a group of four persons, three of whom were on foot, and the fourth on horseback. The last rode a pye-bald animal whose disproportionably large head and large flat feet showed him to be of the flemish breed of horses, then very common; and the rider's inartistic costume proved him to be as poor a judge of taste as of "horse-flesh." He however totally unconscious, (for who is generally of his own deficiencies) seemed anxious by spurring his horse occasionally, to show off his metal, and by an ostentatious display of a brocaded waistcoat to show off his finery. Next to him walked a youth who was rather slenderly built, and whose clothes seemed to have been made for him and no other person. He wore a cap something like a hunter's, and a sword suspended to his side, then worn by all who made any any pretensions to gentle blood. He walked with head and person erect, and in a gait half military, and half that of one who felt the spirit and sans souci of a youthful cavalier. His hair was long, but, disdaining a cue, hung low down on his coat; presenting curling ringlets of rich auburn. The third person, who was evidently the oldest in the group, had a care-worn face. His coat and clothes would have been lightened and improved by a brushing, which would have taken off the superfluous dust and lint. He seemed to be officiously polite; and evinced by his studied and hurried manner, that to please was his object; while the suaviter in modo, and the agrémens of manners appeared to be rather sought as means to an end, than from a spontaneous and disinterested feeling. He was one of the last merchants, who, in days of yore, had figured in the little metropolis. The fourth person walked just in the rear, and like one, who was anxiously navigating his passage. For he would beat first to one, and then to the other side of the road; would slacken his course one moment as if in a dead calm, and the next moment he would press ahead as if a strong breeze had struck him, which hurried him on in despite of himself. He needs no introducer to be known as one who had "been in great waters;" and hence he missed his reckoning on dry land, and rolled

Revolution, the Romanists lost their grave yard in St. Mary's by the uncontested adverse possession of some one, who was not over-scrupulous or nice; and who was base enough to avail himself of a cruel Act of the Legislature, and of a Statute of Limitation, which though wisely designed, and necessary, often favours rogues.

and pitched his person about, as if he had lost himself among the breakers; or was tost by a heavy sea, and wanted wind and sail to keep himself steady.

"You are well trimmed to-day Master Hackett," said the merchant to the youth on horseback. "With your leave, I would know if I haven't seen that horse before?"

"Yes," replied the person addressed; "don't you know that near by the Catholic Chapel in your house last St. Agnes' day father Hunter blessed him?"*

"Blessed your horse?" asked the youth on foot with surprise; "why I've not been long in this new world, and yet I have heard things I do not remember to have heard in England. Tell me, Mr. Durford, have you Romanists a certain day for blessing horses?"

"Did I say so?" replied the merchant, cautiously. "My words were not meant to measure that length."

"I say so, if you don't," pertly spoke out Hackett, "and what care I who mayn't know it. We Catholics call this St. Agnes' day, and my horse here was mightily helpt by a blessing she got this time last year."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Montrose, surveying him closely, as if he meant to know him the next time, and doubted his senses, or sanity. "You are pleased to be witty—now wit is a coin I love to circulate, when I know it to be of better weight than the silver-hammered coin that parliament forbids. Allow me to say your horse would be none the worse for a second blessing. Perhaps it might change the dull flemish beast into a fine barb. Don't you think it might possibly shape her head more like a sheep's, and round her ribs and flanks into a decent plumpness."

"Mister," said Hackett, "you seem as how to know a leetle about horses. Strange you don't know nothing about St. Agnes."

"Who was she in the name of wonder?" asked Montrose, and turning to the sailor, said—"what is your notion, captain?"

"Very like," said the sailor, "she was a clever Spaindonna, to whom you landsmen douse your flags, and are taken in tow by her." The merchant looked very solemn. "Stop, gentlemen, don't slander a pious saint. I have heern that St. Agnes was murdered by order of King

* See "Christmas Holydays at Rome," by Rev. W. I. Kip: pp. 271

Diocles. He wanted to ruin the virtue of this wonderful girl, but thunder and lightning from heaven destroyed the persons who had her in hand. And Father Canon says that, afterwards, whilst the heathen, brutish soldiers were cutting her to pieces, she, not minding any pain, sang the most heavenly psalms."

"That land-lubber of a king," interrupted the sailor, "was worse than Captain Kid. He I first saw in one of the leeward isles, and some years after, poor fellow, he was in Newgate prison. But Kid, pirate as he was, made men walk overboard; but, hang me, if he, or any other sailor, wouldn't walk overboard himself, before he'd cut up like shark meat a pretty woman."

"That's not strange, captain," said Montrose, smiling. "The King Diocles, Mr. Durford speaks of, must have been the emperor Diocletian. And how should emperors know good breeding as well as a sailor? Emperors don't travel into different countries; they have not a sweetheart in every port. But, say, Mr. Durford, does your priest bless horses on this day?"

"I said he did," again interrupted Hackett, seeing that Durford was afraid to answer. The latter was aware of the suspicion with which the Roman Priests were regarded out of St. Mary's, and feared, if such a report should get abroad, it would involve them in trouble.

"Well sir," said Montrose, addressing himself to Hackett, "tell me what more if you please."

"It oughtn't to be no new thing to a gentleman like you," replied Hackett. "I've hear'n say, that in Rome horses and cattle are blest at St. Agnes' church by the priest."

Montrose laughed, and said, "A first rate idea this!—a priest's blessing to cure a horse of the distemper, and a cow of the yellow horn!"

"I've more faith than you, Master Montrose," said the sailor. "A bottle of wine, when a ship is launched, is drinking a health to old Neptune, and who knows the sea-god won't take the ship under his care? and why shouldn't a horse be sprinkled with holy water to keep him from running aground on a foul murrain, or distemper? The priest sprinkles these beasts of Niggers when he christens them, to keep them from the devil's clutches, and mayn't he sprinkle a horse, when I know some of them have as big a devil in

them, as there is in ever a blast that sent a ship flying over the sea."

"Be it so," said Montrose, smiling. "As for me, I ask none of this flummery. Let me be well mounted, and my horse, like the horse of Persia, may be named 'Wind Foot,' and he may go it like lightning; and I want no priest's holy water to make him stop, or perform well."

"Right! right! it is flummery," interrupted a fifth person, speaking quick and hurriedly just behind them. "Who believes the story, that one Italicus at Gaza, and who there kept a circus, had his horses so enchanted once, that they would not move till a St. Hilarion had the horses sprinkled with holy water? This tale is a mere senile prating an old woman's story, which St. Jerome picked up, and without due caution, retails to his readers."

This fifth person then dropt a little behind. The four in the group looked at each other; each appearing anxious to know who the speaker was. "This is the mysterious stranger," said Montrose in a low tone to the captain; and, then muttering to himself, he added. "Am I not to know who he is? For ask him I dare not, yet why I cannot say."

By this time the party had reached Mr. Durford's residence; where they found quite a large number of persons assembled. As the company entered, the captain whispered to Montrose, "There goes the pretty widow. Bless my eyes! What fine upper works! A well rigged ship this! and every way beautifully trimmed," pointing, as he spoke, to a rather short, very tidy, and trim figure of a lady with a brunette complexion, and full dark eyes; who past by them, and, on coming to the door of the private chapel, (which was a back room,) stopt and crossed herself with holy water. Montrose was about to reply to the captain, when his strange acquaintance, perceiving that Montrose had observed the widow's action, put his mouth close to his ear, and distinctly but rapidly said:

"Romanists would defend this by referring to Tertullian, who says, 'We sign our forehead with the cross, whenever we set out and walk; go in or out; dress, gird on our sandals, bathe, eat, light our lamps, sit, or lie down to rest, whatever we do.' True, say I, there is no harm, provided that was all, (which it is not,) only calling to mind our de-

dication to the service of the Crucified, as we enter the house of God."

But the mere crossings have little virtue in them. In place of making the air, or touching ourselves at four points, let us mark ourselves on the heart. "Here, here," striking his breast as he spoke, "should be in lines of living light, printed Christ Jesus and Him crucified. We should be crucified unto Him and unto the world. I love the cross as a symbol, I love it as denoting our dedication to the Crucified. I love it above all when faith not only makes the hands move, but the heart respond and bow to, and confess I glory in the cross of Christ."

"'Tis an attractive custom," replied Montrose, in a low tone, "and in a pretty woman even more attractive."

"'Twould be hard to say," said his strange friend, seating himself, and making a sign to Montrose to take a seat by him, "what act is not attractive that a pretty woman does? Signs of the cross, and genuflexions doubtless seem very, very proper coming from one, whose every motion is grace, and whose beauty sheds lustre on her every act. But I want more. I want faith, a living glowing trust in the Crucified; that which bears Him on the heart, and ends not with the emotions of the fingers and the knees. I like the lowly spirit which speaks in the lines of the "Dies Iræ:"

"Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdes illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus."*

"But whence the holy water?" continued the speaker. "Why all water was made holy by our Lord's baptism in the Jordan. Our Church of England, in private baptism, allows that water unconsecrated by prayer may and does re-

* These lines are thus rendered by Eustace in his "Classical Tour through Italy." Vol. i. p. 48. Note.

"Remember Jesus! that for me
The paths of woe were trod by Thee;
In search of me, with toils opprest,
Thy weary head was laid to rest:
By Thee was born death's bitter pain,
To raise me up to life again:
Be not such mighty mercies vain"!

generate. Besides, why put it at the church door? If it were the baptismal font this would be a fitting place. True, Tertullian's and St. Chrysostom's day, the people washed their hands before the church door. But this holy water custom is traceable to the heathen temples. Hence, here, Rome is Roman still. For Sozomen, says the apostate emperor, Julian, once, while entering a heathen temple to offer a sacrifice, was sprinkled by the idolatrous priest with water."

The voice of the priest was now heard beginning the mass, and the mysterious stranger stopt speaking. The celebrant, after the aspersion, advanced to the foot of the altar, crossed himself, invoked the adorable Trinity, and then repeated in Latin the 62d Psalm. He next devoutly kissed the altar, said the penitential prayer, the gloria in excelsis, the salutation, "Dominus vobiscum," and the collect for St. Agnes' day. The Epistle and Gospel followed, and then the prayers, which being said in a voice too low to be heard by the congregation, are called "the secret." Whoever has seen the mass, will probably remember the ringing of the bell, and the silence which immediately ensues. The hard featured priest stood bareheaded. For, unlike the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the preachers of the denominations, and what is more unlike St. Paul, the Roman priest is not always uncovered in the sanctuary, or house of prayer. The priests' assistant, whose florid complexion and light hair made known the Hibernian, appeared to be deeply attentive, while a second assistant, yet younger, acting as incense bearer, knelt with the censer in his hand, prepared in fitting time to scatter around the foul liquid, which they call incense. We trust "the prayers of the saints" are more fragrant. In consecrating, the priest said, "Hoc enim est corpus meum," and he raised the host. At the same time a small bell tingled to give notice, say Romanists, of the arrival of the Lamb! All then knelt, and the choir then broke forth into an anthem. The services being finished, the officiating priest, Father Hunter, made some remarks on the history of St. Agnes, dilated on her virtues, and alluded to the miracle which a monkish historian tells of a visit that was paid to her tomb eight days after her death, by her parents. The story may be true, as may be the legend of St. Ronan's Well, that Sir Walter Scott has so well dressed off. The parents were favoured

with a vision of angels, and they saw their daughter among "the heavenly host;" for angel visits are only few and far between to an uncatholic, anglice, unromanised world. By the side of Agnes stood a lamb white as snow—symbolical, of course? of the Agnus Dei qui tollit peccati mundi. What else the lamb had to do among the angels, the legend-mongers must determine.

Father Hunter made a running and tart commentary on the different state measures, which bore oppresively upon the Romanists. He stigmatized the Church of England, not only as Father Canon had, as a law-church, but as "an Erastian provision to substitute the power of Parliament for the power of God. Worse than Prometheus, he only stole fire from heaven, they would steal the Holy Ghost, and give it to parliament-bishops and parsons." Whether he believed what he said, we say not. It was probably very comfortable to take his satisfaction in this way, wanting a better one. Entering into particulars, he spoke of Henry VIII. as the head of the established church, and said: "In England, the church is deformed, not reformed. The orders of the law-church date," he continued, "at Nags' Head tavern. Lust prompted old Harry, and here he rang changes on the words "old Harry." "Old Harry, indeed! Fit instrument," he said, "to do the devil's work in England! The murderer of two wives, the husband of six, and the adulterous husband of five. He, why he was the embodiment of all that was wilful in purpose, and brazen in impudence."

"He was first a suppliant at the feet of his holiness for a dispensation to put away a noble daughter of the church, Catharine of Arragon, that he might marry Anne Boleyn. And, because his holiness would not sanction this iniquity, forsooth the right of St. Peter, and of his successor must be denied! In the dungeons and vaults of old Rome, St. Peter's first successors were consecrated, and now Christ's vicegerent in the superb halls of the Vatican, mid shouts, discharge of cannon and every outward display, receives his consecration; and in England always in Lambeth, the archbishop of Canterbury was invested with the authority of primate. But, lo! Parker, at Cheapside, London! And a tavern was a fit place, indeed, to be made the upper chamber, where the pentecostal spirit was ponred out! or the high commission of the keys imparted! Possibly, as at such places Bacchus holds his court, the divine afflatus came from a stoop of liquor;

and getting merry over their sack, they felt themselves, not only big as lords, but grand as my lord the Pope! or St. Peter himself, and thus we had the farce of Parker's consecration. The oppressed Catholic Church took refuge here in this wilderness, like the woman in the Apocalypse. The Ark and Dove, the pinnaces which brought over the first colonists, symbolizing the Ark of Holy Church which they bore in the ministry of fathers White and Altham, and the Dove the olive branch of peace to a heathen people, brought the Catholic faith here. This wild country began to blossom as the rose; the wild Indian lost his savageness; the holy mass on St. Mary's hill made the fiends of darkness here, till then unmolested, to tremble. And St. Ignatius and St. Michael, and the Holy Mother of God, above all, looked kindly down on this planting of the church. But, alas! persecution, that demon, who, vampire like, lives on blood, must come and flap his wings here, and first going about secretly and then openly, has since glutted himself with the Catholic setlers of the province. The serpent brood from Massachusetts, under Bennett, came here, and they have turned upon their Catholic friends and stung them. And now the members of the law church can devise no other means of bolstering up their intruding position than by making Catholics contribute to feed their parsons. Yea, more, they must close our churches; forbid the holy service of the mass in public, and oblige us in dens and caves almost, (for what else seem our private chapels?) to solemnize the rites of the Catholic Church. Still, I say, let us not despond. 'Domini est terra, et plenitudo ejus:' 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.' St. Peter's charter authorizes him and his to go into all the world: and Catholics know that the gates of hell; yea," he added, drawing up his large person, "the hosts of darkness, led on by schismatic and heretic, though they should be so numerous as by their tramp to shake the earth under them, may batter and thunder at the gate of the fortress, of which St. Peter is the Castellan, till their blows ring again, and still we will bid them defiance. The harder they knock, and the denser and blacker seem the mass of foes, the stronger is our heart in St. Peter's vicegerent. For every shout we return a shout again. Every assault we answer by renewed efforts to defend the fortress committed to our care." He paused, as if

to collect himself, or perhaps to note the effect on his audience.

"And why should we not? The heretics presume to say, we Catholics are all wrong; that we have a Liturgy in an unknown tongue, and that we are ignorant idolaters. Does it follow that we pray in an unknown tongue, because we prefer to address God in the beautiful Latin language? a tongue that the Catholic Church uses throughout the world, in order that she may always and every where speak the same thing. We all know the meaning of our prayers. Our clergy can read them in the original. The people, far as they should know, know their meaning. And God surely knows Latin no less than English. To whom then are our prayers unknown? To the Protestants? Be it so. The loss is theirs, not ours, and we surely may be allowed to pray what we will and as we will. But it is said, it is against the custom of the primitive church so to pray. So is the eating of blood puddings, and of things which have died by strangling. And yet, who, when a chicken is placed on the table, is so squeamish as to refuse to eat, till he has ascertained that its head was cut off, and its neck was not broken?

"But Protestants mistake the mass. This sacrifice is addressed to God, and not to the people. He surely knows every language, and every dialect of the different languages, that arose from the confusion of tongues at Babel. And good reason have we for not using different tongues in our prayers. We are not the men of Babel, if our adversaries are; and, as our faith is one, we wish the language of our prayers to be one likewise.

"But the mass, says the heretical law-church, 'contains blasphemous fables and most dangerous deceits.' Why? Because we hold the sacrifice of the death of Christ in the mass; believing that the priest here offers Christ for the quick and dead; and for the pardon of our sins, in His blood, which in the mass is offered unto the Father. Even so. And is it sinful to believe this? Rather, is it not blasphemy in those who deny the host to be the body indeed, and the cup to contain the blood indeed of Christ?"*

* It will be remembered that the 31st Article of the Protestant Episcopal Church terms the "sacrifice of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt," "blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits." St. Paul, in Hebrews, x. 18, says, where there is remission of sins and iniquities, "there is no more offering for sin," and in v. 14.

This sermon produced quite a sensation in the audience. On retiring to the tavern of the Free Briton, some young men, who cared, probably, but little for the doctrines which Father Hunter had either advanced or assailed, but who being by family and association attached, some to the Roman and others to the Protestant side of the question, over their ale began to talk these things over, and waxing warm in a debate, which, perhaps, not one understood, or cared for beyond the contest for the moment, they proceeded to blows. The Roman and Protestant quarrel, therefore, was about to be settled with thumps, which often tell better than arguments; when Montrose and the captain entered the hotel. The latter, without asking which side was the aggressor, or which had sided with, or differed from the priest, wielded a stout staff. He caned so effectually, in behalf of what appeared to be the weaker side, that the other party, which chanced to be the Roman, beat a retreat. Montrose laughed heartily at this result, and slapping the sailor on the back began to compliment him for his doughty championship of the Protestant cause.

"The devil, you say," said the sailor, looking amazed. "Protestant or Don, Catholic or landsman, by Neptune, that priest gave you a fierce broadside to-day; for I watched you to see if you could stand fire, and by the powers," emptying as he spoke a mug of ale that stood near, "your rigging and hull was riddled."

"Ah! good captain," replied Montrose, "I'll say this of him. He pours a volley of ball in quick succession, and if his guns had force and calibre equal to the spirit with which he stands to them, he would blow every Protestant out of the water."

"Come, come," said the sailor, pushing a can of ale towards Montrose at the same time, "say now you were about to strike your flag."

Montrose shook his head. "No, not to his mass doctrine." The door now opened, and the stranger who had

"by *one offering* He, (Christ,) hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." But the Roman sacrifice of the mass is on the supposition that the offering of Christ's body *once* must be repeated; since Canons 1 and 2 of Sep. xxii. of the Council of Trent, affirm "the sacrifice of mass to be a true and propitiatory sacrifice for sin." To make St. Paul true, the Council must be allowed to have declared a blasphemy. And they cannot avoid this result by saying Christ is not sacrificed, but only offered in the mass: for St. Paul says, (Heb. ix. 25, 26,) so often as Christ is offered He is sacrificed, or "has suffered death."

evinced such interest in Montrose, entered. He caught, it seems, the last words of Montrose, and appeared pleased with the latter's dissent, but said,

"This is no place to talk over such matters."

"Perhaps you've faith in the mass doctrine?" the sailor asked.

"None," replied the stranger gravely, anxious to avoid all further conversation with him at such a time and place.

"Look here, master landsman," said the sailor, evidently feeling his liquor, and following the stranger to the tavern porch, where Montrose and himself had walked out, "you'd prove, I 'spose, there is a presence, and there aint any? Like a point on the Chesapeake close by, which looks a point some furlongs off land, but close in shore is seen to be no point at all."

The stranger coloured, and did not appear at first to like this freedom either with himself, or the sacred subject so irreverently alluded to; but concluding after a moment's reflection, that the sooner he shook the sailor off the better, and that even a hasty discussion of this knotty point would drive him away sooner than harsh language or rough treatment, he said, that Christ was present in the consecrated bread and wine only in a spiritual sense.

"Then He aint there at all," said the sailor, forcing a laugh.

"He is not less there truly and really, because He is there only in a spiritual sense," said the stranger, firmly.

"Back your helm there," said the sailor, "or we shall go up high and dry on the shoals. You aint afloat now."

"Yes, I am," said the stranger, smiling, thinking it best to humour him. "But even were I to run ashore, Captain, 'tis better than to lose you, as that priest would, in a vast ocean, where you would not see any land, but must, though it mists and storms, let a Roman priest pilot you at will."

"Well," replied the sailor, "aint you lost when you are steering for a real presence, which, as you say, aint real, either?" The stranger could not but smile, but looking serious, he said, "You have been in a squall, Captain?"

"Many a one," replied the sailor.

"And you called it a real squall?"

"Yes, by Neptune and all his whales, there warn't no fun in it; so raal was it."

"Did you see the squall?"

"See it?" and the sailor opened his eyes wide, and started: "You are more of a landsman than I took you to be. Harkye, stranger, can you see the devilish fine hair which holds the needle in one point, let the ship box about as she pleases. I'd like to see you in a squall; you'd think you felt it."

"Well, it was a real squall, and yet not to be seen? Now to make a thing real, it is not necessary we should be able to see it. Hence, Christ's body may be in the sacrament, though we cannot see it there." The sailor looked wild. The stranger proceeded: "Again, a thing may be, which we cannot hear. For hearing supposes a noise made which is reported to our ear. But here is a tree: it has life and grows; yet we can hear it neither grow, talk nor move. A thing may then be which we cannot hear." The sailor walked up to him and looked him full in the face. The stranger continued: "Again, a thing may be, and at the same time close to us, yet we may not touch it." "A ghost," interrupted the sailor. "Thus, here is a bank note of five pounds," continued the speaker: "the paper is not the five pounds, but only the promise to pay that amount by the bank. In touching the paper, then, I do not touch five pounds, but only what will command that sum. Again, here is a piece of bread, the staff of life, but the life or nourishment in the bread no one is certain that he sees, hears, or feels. A thing may, therefore, contain in itself reality and power, as in a squall; life, as in a tree; value, as in a bank note, and nourishment, as in bread, which we can neither see, hear, nor feel. May not Christ's body be so present in the sacrament?"*

"Hold on there," interrupted the Captain, and he hurried out, hoping to overtake the young widow mentioned, who passed near the tavern.

"Walk with me to my room," said the stranger, touching Montrose. The latter obeyed. The stranger said, "You heard an ingenious but disingenuous preacher to-day? Ah! sir, 'tis a low business, and he'll gain nothing by seeking to defame that church, which, in a changeful

* The writer does not intend this homely illustration of a high mystery as the best that can be offered. Being a mystery, any attempt to make it plain would fall below and do great injustice to it. He trusts he will not be suspected of the least intention to disparage a doctrine so holy and comfortable, as that of the real and spiritual presence of the God-man, Jesus Christ, in the blessed Eucharist.

and wicked age, alone seems to be the unspotted bride of Christ. He who scatters filth, besides, is sure to soil himself: though defamation seems to be a common weapon with Jesuits."

"Father Hunter kissed the altar," said Montrose, "and this I suppose is of a piece with other things you would object to?"

"I would, I must," quickly returned his friend. "I know the Jews bowed themselves toward the mercy seat. I know the early Christians bowed reverently towards the altar, and we do the same in kneeling in our pews, and especially in receiving the sacrament. But then neither the Jews, the early Christians, nor ourselves, had or have relics under the altar. We think the altar by itself is holy. Our Lord said: "The altar sanctifies the gift." Montrose looked surprised, as much as to ask, "What then?" His friend continued, "The sanctity of Roman altars, they think, is derived from the bones of saints under them. In an ignorant age, Canute, the Dane, empowered his agent to buy at Rome the arm of St. Augustine, for one hundred talents of silver, and one of gold. And the monks at Jerusalem profess to show the snout of a Seraphim, which St. Francis, it is fabled, saw. And lying, false, and supposititious relics, the bones of real, and at times the bones of improperly accredited saints, and the bones even of animals, mistaken for those of departed men, are under Roman altars, and it is to these fleshless remains of mortality or beast that they bow. These are thy gods, oh! blinded votaries. Wherefore, their prostration towards the altar is any thing but Christian reverence."

"You would not have them do otherwise than bow?" asked Montrose, with some surprise.

"Of course not," was the reply; "but I would have them worship Him and Him only, whose presence renders a church a house of prayer; I would have them bow to the altar, eschewing all superstitious vanities and abominations, and reverencing the altar simply because, as Christ said, it sanctifieth whatever is offered thereon; and because God calls it his altar, and hence, bones are a profanation to it."

"I was told it was St. Agnes' day," said Montrose, "and I think the priest asked her prayers."

"He did, and here you saw a part of the man's inventions of Romanism." He laughed derisively, and then

checking himself and looking sad, continued: "If such a person as St. Agnes ever lived, how can she, being dead, know that this priest at St. Mary's is asking the benefit of her prayers? Now the apostolic exhortation, 'Brethren, pray for us,' cannot apply here; because the brethren whose prayers were asked by St. Paul, were informed of this fact, and at the time were in the land of the living. Or, admitting that she could be informed of our prayers, is it proper to ask her intercession? Certainly not, because it supersedes the One Intercessor between God and man, even Jesus Christ: or, even waiving this objection, the practice of soliciting the prayers of any departed saint is likely, nay more, certain to lead to the worship of the creature, instead of the Creator. Let us, for example, compare the collect of our church for St. Barnabas' day," which he then read from a Prayer Book. "See how far more scriptural." He paused awhile, and then said, "You observed, Mr. Montrose, that at one time the priest spoke inaudibly?"

"I did," replied Montrose, "and asked myself why he should pray so as not to be heard by the congregation."

"You may well ask the question," proceeded he, "and I defy Rome to give a reasonable answer. Now I have heard Puritan gospellers address God as the Baal priests were told by the prophet to call upon Baal, in a very loud tone of voice: as if, like Baal, He were asleep and needed awakening; or were on a journey, and it required trumpet tones to reach Him. But here is another extreme; the faulty extreme of praying too low to be heard."

"Perhaps," said Montrose, wishing to say something in order to show that he was not wholly inattentive, and yet at a loss what to say,—"they pretend to trace this custom to antiquity?".

"No doubt, no doubt," quickly replied his strange friend. "It is very easy to invent reasons. I have been told that the Greek Christians had curtains, and afterwards screens, before the altar, to make the service of the mass private by concealing the person of the priest; and I was gravely assured that the priest now, like the high-priest of old, should be surrounded with the awful solitude of the sanctuary. Our church has no such custom, because inaudible praying publicly was not known in the early church; because there is no danger of the holy eucharist being ridiculed on the stage, making it prover that it should be

said inaudibly; and because, which I think is the true reason for the Roman practice, our church does not pretend to work the miracle which the Roman and Greek Churches pretend to. And well she may not. Romanists, I know, attach all importance to the miracle then said to be wrought. Our stupid sovereign, James II., carried so far his notions that he became the laughing stock alike of the French and Italians. The Archbishop of Rheims said ironically of him, 'There is a pious man who has sacrificed three crowns for a mass.' I cannot think of it with patience." And as he spoke, his face flushed, and his eye kindled. "Why what is it but an actual verifying of the apocalyptic prophecy of the woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with gold and precious stones? Do we not see the golden cup of sorceries? as some term it, or, as the Holy Ghost speaks, the cup of abominations? And is not the doctrine of transubstantiation one of abomination? Archbishop Cranmer seems to have thought so. According to him, if we lopped off from Popery beads, pilgrimages, pardons, and such like, we only lopped off 'a few branches, which would soon spring up again, unless the roots of the tree,'—and a deadly tree is that Upas growth that is christened Roman Catholicity, 'which were,' he adds, 'transubstantiation, and the sacrifice of the mass, be pulled up.'"

"You don't like this praying so low?" asked Montrose.

"I like no praying by deputy or proxy," was the prompt reply. "Our Prayer Book is called 'the Book of Common Prayer,' because in the prayers the people are expected to join: and to be able to join in them, they must know what the priest or minister is praying. Thus, while the congregation are not expected to follow the minister aloud, the prayers are in short collects that they may, as they are expected to do, at the end of each collect, or brief prayer, answer Amen: hereby giving their assent, and of course making it as much their prayer as the clergyman's. The ancient church knew nothing of this dumb show which Rome exhibits. St. Jerome informs us that in his day worshipping assemblies responded so loudly that their Amen sounded like a clap of thunder."

"But perhaps it is not necessary," Montrose ventured to suggest. "Their minds are raised to devotion by the pictures, images, candles, and incense."

"I hope they are," was the answer, "but I often fear

not. This is, too, too much a religion in which candles, images, pictures, incense and bendings of the knee and body, and crossings take place of the devotion of the heart. God surely asks for more :—and to be a religion and worship of the heart the prayers should be said aloud, understood of the people, and by the people responded to. The Roman priest has all the praying to himself, his prayers are in an unknown tongue, and he often prays too low even to be heard. As I said, the Roman congregations cannot respond to these prayers, as the apostle advises, 'Amen.' They are not common prayers, as are our beautiful collects, and hence at the time of Divine service, or their mass, it is not a worshipping assembly. What interest also can the people have in supplications in which they do not join? I know the priest should lead the prayers of a congregation; but then he is not to have all the praying to himself. In our Prayer Book it is said, 'Let *us* pray.' We are asked to pray with the minister, and we should, if we hope to be benefited." He stopped, looked down thoughtfully, and added, "We live in a heartless cold age. If we prayed with the spirit and the understanding, our clergy would feel that their hands were upheld, and our Sundays would be rich in pentecostal effusions of grace and power from on high on pastor and people."

He paused awhile, and then said. "We were talking of the mass, the host was elevated, and a bell was rung. Do you know why?"

"The elevation, I suppose," replied Montrose, "was that it might be seen, perhaps worshipped. The bell may have been rung to call attention."

"This may, or may not be," explained his interrogator. "For nearly a thousand years the Church of Christ knew no necessity for lifting the consecrated bread, and it was not lifted. The Ordo Romanus, and the earlier ritualists make no mention of its elevation. To Gregory IX. we owe this innovation, and, in the same 13th century, William, Bishop of Paris, directed a bell to be rung at the elevation of the host. One error leads to a second, and errors continue to multiply, one being the fruitful mother of many. But the Synod of Cologne, which spoke by authority, says the bishop's object was not to lead the people to worship the host (which the ringing of the bell does now); but to lead them to remember the Lord's death,

and to return thanks to Him with minds raised to heaven. But this was not all. A bell was rung just before the consecration. You would explain this, I suppose, in the same way?"

Montrose could not help smiling at the earnestness with which the question was put to him; but, seeing that it gave pain to his questioner, he gravely answered he would.

"No, not so," said the speaker. "The Roman authorities quote this Jewish law: 'And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not.' Most true. But, while we admit that the awful warning, 'that he die not,' viewed in connexion with the 43d verse of the same 28th chapter of Exodus, seems to forbid a priestly act without a priestly dress, we find that the early church did not interpret this Levitical requisition about the ringing of a bell as intended to apply to the priesthood now, as they are about to consecrate, since the church then had no such custom." He hesitated awhile, and then said: "The cases of the Jewish priest, and the Roman priest differ. A bell was directed to be rung *just before* the Jewish priest entered into the most holy place; but in the Roman Church a bell is rung *after* the priest has been in the most holy place *for some time.* Thus the Roman priest entered the most holy place at the singing of the Introit, and just as he began the service of the mass. The reference to the Jewish law evinces the anxiety of the Romanists to plead even the shadow of antiquity for their departure from primitive usage. But they have the shadow, not the light of the Jewish Church, for their innovation. For the Jewish Church may be said to turn its back upon it; and this reference to a Jewish usage is likely to mystify and mislead. True, the elevation of the host, the ringing of the bell, and the deep silence may be well as aids to devotion and quickness of sensibility; but are they not also too like the mimic representation of thunder and lightning on our stage? too like the scene shifting which made so much noise in the Duke of York's Theatre at Lincoln-inn-fields? and being such can they have more than a stage effect? Why, sir, these are mere human contrivances, in times most solemn. Still," and here he paused, and spoke more slowly, "they help on the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that is a point gained for Rome. For the cloud of

smoke from these incenses mystifies, and causes the torch of truth to burn blue. The ringing of the bell at certain Latin words, and the silence which follows, give to the whole an air of enchantment; and hence, when the smoke disappears, the bell ceases to ring, and the awful silence shall be past, why then, the priest will be thought by some to have changed by certain magic words a wafer into a God. Herein, Mr. Montrose, the Church of Rome shows her wonderful knowledge of human nature. She does not tear off the veil from certain mysteries, as would certain non-conformist and puritan brethren, and seek to drag them to light. But, because they are mysteries, she should know further that a simple and judicious announcement of them ought to suffice. Whereas, in seeking to heighten the mystery yet more by stupid contrivances, which are beneath the awful verities hid under them, she incurs the danger of bringing both the truths and the signs into contempt."

Montrose now rose to go. The stranger seemed to be fatigued, heaved a sigh and said. "Young man, bear with me. You will not know now, but may hereafter, the interest I have in your welfare. Ponder my words. We meet again." Montrose then retired, and on going away he said mentally: "His mind has been much exercised on the subject of Romanism. He is free from its influence; but seems to hold it in such dread, that, having, for some cause which is unknown to me, taken a great fancy to me, he fears lest I may be drawn into the toils of these Jesuits and papists at St. Mary's. But I fear that much he said affords matter for far more thought than I have time to give to it."

CHAPTER V.

INDEPENDENCE AND ORDERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"The free old Church of England!
That scorned the papal sway,
And cast off Rome's supremacy
In Rome's most haughty day;
That firmly stood when error rolled
Its myriad waves around,
Where Christ had founded her at first,
On truth's unchanging ground."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

FATHER HUNTER'S discourse at the chapel produced nearly as great ferment as he could have desired. So long as agitation kept Roman calumny afloat, and had the effect of unsettling the minds of the members of the Church of England in the validity of her ministry, without leading to legal measures against the Romanists, this wily Jesuit had doubtless no objection to it. If agitation leads to inquiry, and truth is likely to be the result, no one more than himself would have deprecated it. Rome never trembles more than when the press circulates inquisitorially and freely in the land. When the population is already committed to her dogmas, and practice, then, as is the case in Italy and Spain, and as was the case before the Reformation, she prefers a dead-sea calmness. Pius IX., in our day, established a censorship on the press, and showed an unwillingness to indulge his loving subjects and children the privilege of thinking for themselves, and of finding their way out of their moral and civil servitude. But when agitation has an unscrupulous partizan, like O'Connell, to head it, and by bold and artful statements to startle and gull the popular mind, and work it up to frenzy; so that Rome may ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, agitation is sought. So is it also when one yet craftier than O'Connell, as the Roman archbishop of New York, can, by agitation, persuade a gullible people that the Bible ought to be abolished from schools, lest it may corrupt their children. And Father Hunter knew the potency of bold assertions made unblushingly. The archetype of all such in paradise led our first

mother to doubt even God himself by an ingenious doubt, or an artful lie, as we interpret his remark to her. And the doubt set in motion about Archbishop Parker's orders, he knew would travel. Mrs. Clapper, one of his flock, was not likely to let it remain idle: but rang many changes on this and other statements which her ear eagerly caught. "'Twas bad enough," she said, "to steal, but too bad to steal the Holy Ghost. Such thieving was worse than that of Mr. Promesy, who stole fire from heaven. And this was all the parsons had. They traded in capital that warn't their own. They indeed make folks Christians and good people! when all their power came from parliament. The head of their church was a murdering king. Nancy Bullin was a goose to let herself be made queen by a bloody minded man, who got tired of his wives whenever a prettier face came in sight; and then cut their heads off. And who'd have thought it?" continued Mrs. Clapper, looking unutterable amazement, "that the first Protestant archbishop was made his grace, sitting astraddle of a cask of liquor. Old father Flanagan, good man, would sometimes stagger saying mass; but then on solemn occasions he never took a barrel for a pulpit or a chair. No, indeed. And how pretty did Father Hunter talk about the Ark and the Dove! Fathers White and Altham, blest saints, whom the hard-hearted Protestants put in chains afterwards, worked and prayed hard for us Catholics. And just to think we've got to pay away our tobacco to the parsons. A mighty shame it is!" And here Mrs. Clapper paused, and turned to a bystander, Miss Doolittle, who was a spinster, that Father Time had hurried faster down the hill of life than was convenient to her: for she in her downward progress had found no help-meet to jog on with her, soothing the asperities of the way.

"I'm no friend, more than yourself," said the spinster, in a whine, "to taxing people to pay for what they don't like. The Gospel, by my poor judgment, ought to be without money and without price." Mrs. Clapper had paused only to get breath, which, having recovered, she proceeded in the same rapid way to let off what was uppermost.

"How well did Father Hunter talk about fighting! and why shouldn't we? Aint the country our'n? Didn't Lord Baltimore buy it? And just the night before he landed here, didn't the blessed Virgin appear to him all dressed in gold and white? and taking him along with her, led him to

St. Mary's hill, where he saw a big cross, at the foot of which the old devil lay in irons? And must we now work to feed the parsons? No!" continued the spirited dame, "I'll eat no stuffed ham on Easter first, and fast on bread and water instead of oysters and fish. We can spite them by making no tobacco. And they grumble, eh! cause we pray in Latin. Deed I'm sure I don't pray in that outlandish language. And, if I did, haven't I a right to? But the great blame put on us is for believing in the real presence. Why, didn't Father Flanagan once say that one morning, when he was drinking off the consecrated wine,—his hand having the trembles at the time, he spilt some on his white robe, and that, on looking at it afterwards, he saw a real blood stain there. Why the Protestants' Bible must have the word in it; if as how they warn't 'fraid to put it in."

"No such heathenish word in the Bible," hastily said Miss Doolittle, no longer able to hold in her pent up choler, "but the good book is full of faith, and all about faith. There's no real presence in it. No reality in the matter. We eat only with the mouth of faith. We hear with the ear of faith. We see with the eye of faith. Reality! 'pon my soul, there's nothing of the sort. 'Tis, as I heerd a mighty good man, Mr. Allgrace, say, all figurative. 'Tis like, I am the vine and ye are the branches. I am the door. I am the Shepherd, and ye are the sheep. If the heart be right that's all. Oh, faith is a beautiful thing! Let us have that, and we shan't talk about eating raw flesh, and drinking blood. It's plain as moonshine that's all figurative; and so we ain't goats but sheep when we die, we need not care."

"A man must be moonstruck, sure enough," said Mrs. Clapper, disdainfully, "who'd ever take you for a decent sheep. To look at you is enough to know that; if you ain't a nanny goat, then I've never seen one," and she turned upon Miss Doolittle so furiously as to threaten to demolish her; while the latter, as if to shelter herself from the storm, and, in order to avail herself of the first pause in it, fumbled in her long pocket for her Bible, and then began to hunt out passages to be ready, as she kept muttering, "to wield the sword of the Spirit, and to shut up this creature of the whore of Babylon."

We will let the nettlesome dames fight on, with the hope

that, when the battle shall be over, they may not be as bad off as were the Kilkenny-cats; and proceed to say that these remarks of Father Hunter acted on the people of St. Mary's quite otherwise than as oil on troubled waters. The politic and older members of the Roman church, perhaps, regretted Mrs. Clapper's indiscretions; while the younger and over-zealous exulted at the stand taken by Father Hunter. A few mongrel members of the Church of England looked on, and asked, "To what will this thing grow? We will step aside, and if there be any spoils, join the victors;" but some of the true-hearted members of England's church, who were here comparatively a little flock in the town, taking the alarm, made a strong representation to Parson Gordon of Father Hunter's impeachment of the ministry of the English Church. The worthy rector's "failings leaned to virtue's side." He was as a lion roused when his church was assailed, but cared as little to mix himself in the quarrels of Mrs. Clapper and Miss Doolittle, as Lord Bolingbroke felt complimented by finding himself associated with Fanny Oglethorpe and Olive Trant in the intrigues of the Jacobites. However, Parson Gordon came to St. Mary's, and in order that he might act with due judgment, and that he might waste no powder, should it be necessary to fire his heavy guns against the adversary, he called at the castle to sound and consult Colonel Smithson.

Now Colonel Smithson, who then resided at the castle, was a leading man in the Province; had been speaker of the lower house of Assembly, and ranked high with all parties, but, unfortunately for Parson Gordon, the Colonel was little else but a politician and gentleman. He cared not to take a decided stand for the Church of England, lest he might lose his influence over the Roman population; and his preferences, if any, being for the Church of England, and it being his interest not to oppose what, by law, had become the established religion; the Colonel had no very fixed, decided or salient religious principles. He had heard of Father Hunter's discourse; was surprised at the seemingly incautious heat of the wily priest, and, at the time that Parson Gordon was entering the front gate of the castle, was expressing his amazement to his lady. The servant entered, and said that Parson Gordon was at the door.

"Ask him in," said the Colonel, rising; and as the servant went to the door, the Colonel looked significantly at Mrs

Smithson, and continued: "Of all jars, my dear, keep me from those of religion. They violate all the rules of courtesy, and the proprieties of society. Erasmus, as I have said to you before, was the only sensible man at the Reformation. To be on terms with one class, you must draw sword and make battle with the other. Not a word about this explosion of Father Hunter's, Mrs. Smithson, if you value my regard. Neither have we any part or lot in Mrs. Clapper's prattling. She and Father Hunter can take care of themselves. This town hubbub will blow off, and, by holding our peace, no toothless bedlamite will pull your cap off, and no crack-brained zealot will seek to run me through with a sword. Ah! what gale of good fortune has blown your reverence here?" he continued, advancing as he spoke to the door, and shaking Parson Gordon cordially by the hand.

"How far it is a gale of good, or ill fortune," replied the rector, "I cannot say; but I will say I have come in a gale; for rarely have I seen or heard, as now, such a tempestuous blowing and rattling."

"What is the matter?" asked the colonel, affecting surprise, and speaking ironically. "My good dame here and I were in London just five years ago, when the worst storm, perhaps, on record, shook the houses of the metropolis to their base; destroyed her Majesty's fine ships, and, doubtless, so pleased the French king that a Te Deum was sung in Notre Dame. But you seem as much alarmed as we were then. Surely, sir," and here the colonel smiled at Parson Gordon's known partiality for the Stuarts, "there are no news from St. Germains? Chevalier George has not landed in Edinburg?" and the colonel counterfeited ignorance admirably.

"Would to God!" said the rector, "that the right of the grand-son of the martyred Charles, without papal bias, were after her Majesty's death recognized—as it is, I wish it not; but I am thinking of other matters."

He then mentioned Father Hunter's sermon, and the effect it had produced.

"Why," said the Colonel, "you do not question Father Hunter's right to instruct his people."

"By no means, colonel," replied the rector, "but, if he hazards assertions disparaging the doctrines or orders of the Church of England, and if these assertions, being uncon-

tradicted, are likely, not only to confirm his own people in their ignorance and darkness, but to mislead and blind those who are under my pastoral care,—must I hold my peace? Am not I answerable to the Chief Shepherd if I fly from my post, and leave the flock to the tender mercies of the wolf?"

"Undoubtedly," said the colonel. "Come, be seated. You divines cannot take things coolly. Mrs. Smithson and myself have just heard that Father Hunter had given Henry VIII. not the best character:—a liberty, your reverence knows, the Catholic clergy are provoked to take in revenge of the wrong he did them by prompting, and effecting the casting off the papal supremacy in England."

"Be it so," continued the rector. "The character of Henry VIII. belongs to history, and history must acquit or convict him. But Mr. Hunter must not defame the Church of England, by representing that Henry VIII. was infamously wicked, and her recognized head; nor must he repeat the Jesuit fable of Archbishop Parker's consecration. He knows that his own orders, like those of all the Roman clergy in Great Britain and this country, emanate from certain intruding and schismatic prelates; and he knows also, or he might if he wished to know the truth, that the orders of the Church of England are free from schism, and, without a single canonical break or informality, are linked to an apostolic source."

Colonel Smithson was too much of a courtier to gainsay Parson Gordon's statement on a theological question; and, being a member of the Church of England, he professed to rely on the apostolicity of her orders; but, like many others who should know better, he had imbibed the opinion that Rome was the older church of the two; and inferred that her seniority gave her authority over the Church of England. Hence he smiled at Parson Gordon's last remark, and, half-seriously and half sportively, turned to Mrs. Annie Jones, who, at that moment, entered the room. She was the fair one the captain went in pursuit of; and who, it should be added, had become a pervert to Rome, owing to the influence of Father Hunter.

"Well, Annie dear," said the colonel, "our good friend here will have to reinstruct you; or rather to unteach you your error about the prior antiquity and claims of the chair of St. Peter. I fear, Father Hunter's zeal has boiled over.

The Church of England owes old Harry no very great thanks, it seems, after all. See, child, how indiscreet you have been in running away from the true church to a schismatic one!"

Parson Gordon understood the force of this attempt at pleasantry, saw the doubt which was couched under it, and determined to meet it at once.

"According to the Roman authorities, colonel, England was christianized by St. Augustine in A. D. 596; but this assertion makes a heavy draft on our credulity. We know that St. Augustine's labours were confined to a small part of England, and that, twenty years after the landing of St. Augustine there, the Saxons he had converted, with their king, returned to idolatry. The christianizing of Kent could not have been the christianizing of England, unless the less necessarily includes the greater. Nor the having a foothold there about twenty years, and not earlier than in the sixth century, be an occupation of England forever thereafter, and its occupation also centuries before either Gregory had planned, or Augustine brought the Gospel to the Saxons."

The colonel smiled incredulously, and said: "I have heard this objection before, but considered it only as the ingenious fence of an adversary of Rome."

"It is more than ingenious," replied the rector. "It is true. The arms of Julius Cæsar seem to have opened a way both for the civilizing and christianizing of England. The first century of the Christian era saw Britain both under the yoke of a Roman Emperor, and of Christ. Thus, Eusebius says, the apostles preached to the nations on the continent, and, passing the ocean, visited the British isles. Tertullian (A. D. 150) says parts of Britain which were inaccessible, even to the Romans, were subject to Christ. St. Alban, the proto-martyr, in England, as St. Stephen, of Christendom, was put to death for the faith in the Diocletian persecution, and the fact and place of his martyrdom were first perpetuated by a beautiful church, which the venerable Bede saw, and spoke of four centuries after; in whose time it was standing. This fact and place are also commemorated by an abbey, which Offa, king of Mercia, founded in the eighth century; and the abbey church is still to be seen. The church, as your good lady here has often said to me, (for she is a native of Verulam, and which

fact is known to yourself also,) is, you are aware, an immense pile. Besides at the Council of Arles, (A. D. 314,) called by the Emperor Constantine to decide the Donatist controversy, there were present the Bishops of London, York, and Lincoln. British bishops were also present at the Council of Sardica, and the great Council of Nice, all in the same century; for the Nicene Creed is stated in the Acts of the Council to have been passed with the unanimous consent of the churches, of Italy, Egypt, Spain, France, Britain, and Asia Minor. The Pelagian heresy, started by a Briton, broke out in the fifth century; and a council at the instance of St. Germain was held at Verulam, or St. Alban's, which laid it to rest. The Saxon invasion was one hundred and fifty years before Augustine's arrival, and there were then more bishops in England and Wales than now;—fifteen of these bishops are mentioned by name, and we have reason to believe there were as many more at least."

"But," interrupted the colonel, "in the 5th century, the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa invaded England, and expelling the Britons, they must have extinguished, in part at least, the light of Christianity, and consequently a large part of England was heathen when Augustine came."

"Not exactly," replied the rector, "the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa took possession of a few of the southern counties of England. The other Saxon invaders did not penetrate into Wales, and some of the extreme northern and southern counties; and in them Christianity still flourished; for Bede mentions that seven British bishops and one archbishop were in Wales, when Augustine held his conference with the representatives of the British Church; which was under the oak, called Augustine's oak, near the river Severn, and in the vicinity of the monastery of Bangor. The British Church had no connexion with that one which Augustine had founded during his life. St. Augustine's labours besides only extended to the county of Kent, and to founding bishoprics in the adjacent cities of London and Rochester."

The colonel looked surprised. Parson Gordon proceeded. "At Augustine's arrival Ethelbert was king of Kent. He married Bertha, daughter of Chairbert king of Paris. Bertha was a Christian, and she brought over with her to Kent bishop Leirdhard. For him she repaired the old British Church of St. Martin's, which was before the Saxon

invasion; and hence you see that there was a Christian congregation, even in Saxon England, and a Christian bishop there, and of course, a branch of the Church Catholic there, before the visit of Augustine. But more, twenty years after Augustine's arrival, Bertha died, Augustine was dead also, Ethelbert's son apostatised to idolatry, and Mellitus, who was bishop of London, and Justus, bishop of Rochester, retired to Gaul; and Laurentius, who was Augustine's successor, was about to retire also. The last, however, pretending, as monkish historians say, to receive a command to the contrary from St. Peter, determined to continue. Under him the church slightly revived, and the dying sparks blazed forth anew."

"I see the force of this statement," said the colonel. 'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,' is not my motto, especially when I have so able a teacher as you at whose feet I can sit; but," and the colonel, evidently unwilling to yield the point, hesitated a moment; and then continued, "If the British Church did not spring from Rome, it is not indebted to her for her orders, and all spiritual power."

"By no means," replied Parson Gordon, "the bishop, or Pope of Rome could have no authority in England, because, a few years before Augustine's visit, it was not even known at Rome that the Britons were Christians. For Gregory, who, when Pope, sent Augustine to England, saw, when he was a monk, some slaves from Britain offered for sale in the market at Rome; and, when he was told they came from the island of Britain, did not know whether this island was Pagan or Christian; and yet bishops, priests, clergy, and Christian Churches had been in Britain about six hundred years. The British Churches also continued to receive their bishops by consecration from their own metropolitan the Bishop of Caerlon on Usk; and afterwards, when the metropolitan see was changed, from the bishop of St. David; so late as the time of Henry I. in the 12th century. Thus we see a church in Britain six centuries before an emissary from Rome visited the island; a church which was founded, it is believed, in the 63d year of our redemption, before there was a Christian Church in Rome itself. This church had martyrs and confessors, as St. Alban, St. Germain, St. David, St. Asaph and others; a noted historian Gildas; more than thirty bishops and dioceses, numerous churches, and more than one abbey; and was represented by her bishops

in the Councils of Arles, Sardica, Ariminium, Nice, and Verulam, years before the Christians there had heard even that there was a bishop and church at Rome. If these facts do not scatter to the winds Rome's priority and jurisdiction, what will ?"

"I was told," said Mrs. Annie rather modestly, and with some surprise in her manner at Parson Gordon's remarks, "that there was no church in England before St. Augustine came there; or if there was that it had almost died out."

"Mr. Hunter has the brass to assert, if he wants the power to make good," replied the rector warmly, "any slander which he thinks will help his side."

"I see all that you say," now joined in the colonel, "but perhaps St. Augustine's mission in England gave the Roman see foothold there? And if foothold, Father Hunter thinks it was a rightful one. Possession being in law more than half."

"A stranger vi et armis ousts you of a part of your house, driving you to one wing," replied the rector, "a visitor is received by that stranger, and allowed to instal himself in one or two chambers; are you to be considered as thereby rightfully dispossessed of your property? The Saxons were that stranger, Augustine the visitor, the old British Church the rightful owner. Why colonel, the 'Church of Rome can claim nothing de jure from Augustine's visit. The Catholic Council of Ephesus, (which Rome herself acknowledges,) says, 'no bishop shall occupy another province, which has not been subject to him from the beginning. Now in the beginning the province of England was not subject to the Bishop of Rome, but to the British metropolitan, the Archbishop of Caerlon or St. David's whose orders came either from St. Paul, or an apostolic missionary in the first century; to which British archbishop and not to the Bishop of Rome, the British province was subject. It is a singular claim also for Rome now to set up, when for twelve hundred years she had no authority over the British Churches; but when especially for six hundred years, her jurisdiction was not recognized as extending further than the middle and southern parts even of Italy; the northern part being then subject to the Bishop of Milan. It is very odd that the Pope should have authority in England, when, so late as the year 1100, Pope Pascal XI. did not claim to have any power out of the continent of Europe; the British islands

not being included; and if such universal papal domination were rightful, why did Gregory I. who sent Augustine to England, anathematise whosoever might claim to be universal bishop? But Augustine's mission could give the see of Rome no jurisdiction; for his orders did not come from Rome. Augustine was consecrated by the Archbishop of Arles, and the Bishop of Lyons in France; and the orders of the Gallic Church came from St. John, and not through the Roman see. Or, even admitting that, at the instance of Gregory, the French bishops consecrated Augustine, still Jerusalem was the mother church, she is called in God's word 'the mother of us all,' and is so termed by the fathers, and so known to be from the notorious fact, that, from Jerusalem, and not from Rome, flowed the fount of apostolic power. Jerusalem was the primal source, and Antioch, Ephesus, Alexandria, Rome, Arles, Lyons, Caerlon, London, and Canterbury, all churches and bishoprics before Augustine's mission to England, were only collateral branches."

"Very good," said the colonel, "but, I think, I have heard of a certain vestment, the pall, which the Roman see gave to the archbishops, and by which she bound them to her obedience." And he looked archly at Parson Gordon; evidently resolute to make a stand, in order to lead Parson Gordon on, and yet careful not to offend.

"This will not help Rome at all," replied the rector, "no, not even to bind the Saxon Church to the Roman obedience. Augustine, you know, as I have shown, had no authority over the British churches, and consequently nothing, that passed between the Bishop of Rome and himself, can bind or affect the churches in England which were in Wales, and the southern and northern counties adjacent. The question, therefore is, and the only question here, did it affect the church in England which he established in Kent? I stated that it could not, because, twenty years after Augustine's arrival, that church was nearly, if not wholly extinct. For, though Laurence, his successor at Canterbury, sought to resuscitate the church, many years passed before Christianity extended beyond the petty kingdom of Kent. And, Saxon England was indebted, after all, neither to Augustine nor his successors for the Gospel, and her orders; but to Scottish missionaries under Aidan, St. Chad and others; whose orders came not from Rome, but from St. John, in the seventh century; and they were instrumental in converting its

pagan population. Consequently the pall, received by Augustine and his successors, could have bound only that small part of the church in England, which owed its Christianity and ministerial orders to Augustine, Laurence and their successors during this early age."

"It bound *them*, however," interrupted Colonel Smithson, eagerly, "and through them may bind the Church of England afterwards, when their orders became all merged into one stream, which welled forth from his grace of Canterbury."

"It did not even bind the church in Kent," quickly rejoined Parson Gordon. "We read that in the year 601, Mellitus, Justus and Paulinus brought the pall to Augustine. This vestment, a scarf, which was afterwards worn around the neck as a part of the episcopal dress, was not only brought by the same persons, but they brought also with them, holy vessels, altar cloths, priestly vestments, a manuscript copy of the Bible, and a Commentary on the Epistles and Gospels. But the pall, whence came it? It is well known that the pallium pall, was the Grecian habit, as the toga, or gown, was the Roman: the Greeks being called gens palliata, and the Romans gens togata; the former a people wearing a cloak, and the latter a people who wear a gown. In St. Jerome's day, (A. D., 367,) the pall was not an archiepiscopal, or episcopal habit; for he states that Nepotian, who was a presbyter, wore it always, and makes the same remark of Heraclas, a presbyter of Alexandria. And Salvian states that the monks in Africa all wore the pall. It was comparatively late, therefore, that the pall came to be regarded as a part of the archiepiscopal habit. No metropolitan archbishop, or prelate wore it for centuries after Christ. It is inexplicable if the pall drew with it obedience to Rome, and obedience to Rome was bound upon all by the supremacy and universal episcopacy of the Roman see; and if all must receive the pall to act as archbishops or metropolitans, that centuries after Christ no such dress was worn by bishops and archbishops; and, as the pall was the habit of the Grecian philosopher, and afterwards of an African monk, I see no propriety in its becoming any part of the dress of an archbishop; I see no fitness, nor reason why a philosopher's cloak should invest any one with the august functions of an archbishop in the church of God. But how came the pall to be supposed so important? Why it was originally a mere

badge which the Emperors, not the Pope, gave the patriarchs. The first Pope who gave it had no such ideas of its importance or character as Romanists now ascribe to it. He called it symbolum fraternitatis, which means, you know, a mark of fellowship, and no more. With the same propriety the person who received it might have returned a pall to him by way of expressing his fellowship. But a mere cloak or dress, by ingenious twisting, since has grown to be a solemn investiture of archiepiscopal authority; a garment redolent with apostolic virtue and power. Pope Symmachus in the year 500 gave the pall to Cæsarinus, Archbishop of Arles, and this Pope Symmachus is the first who dared to advance the doctrine that no assembly of bishops is competent to sit in judgment on the pope. The pride and arrogance of Antichrist however did not then show themselves in the pretended robe of apostolic prerogative, as it did in the bold assumption of being irresponsible to all the bishops of Christendom. For afterwards the pall was not given to all, and yet their authority as Bishops, Rome did not deny. It was not before the twelfth century that the pall was said to draw with it obedience to Rome—seven centuries being necessary for what even Symmachus called a mark of fellowship to grow to be a pall of archiepiscopal authority."

"You said from Augustine's time," observed the colonel, "came the pall down to our day. He and his successors, by receiving it, perhaps, bound their successors after them in England; and if I were disposed to be contentious, might I not argue that he and they bound the church in England to the Roman obedience?"*

*In 1 Kings, xix. 19, the prophet Elijah cast his mantle on Elisha, and thus conveyed to him the office and authority of a prophet, and hence some have thought that here the Roman see derived its custom of investing an archbishop with archiepiscopal authority, by sending him the pallium, or pall. It is very possible, and indeed more than probable that, having concluded to make the pall the instrument of archiepiscopal investiture, Roman authors would see a type of the fact in the casting of Elijah's mantle, and the conveyance thereby to Elisha of the prophet's office. But the case of Elisha was no more designed to foreshadow the pall, than the ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen by Elisha, in the same verse, was meant to foreshadow the employment of oxen yoked together by Ceres and Bacchus anciently, or the farmers of our day. The same Roman authors say, as the prophet's mantle (Zech., xliii. 4, 2 Kings, i. 8,) was rough and heavy, therefore, the pall was made of wool. Durandus tells us that, on St. Agnes' festival, the nuns of St. Agnes offer two white lambs on the altar of their church; while the Agnus Dei is sung in a solemn mass; that two canons of the Lateran Church then take the lambs and give them to the pope's subdeacons, who put them in a pasture till the time of shearing. After

"You would argue too fast, if you did," said the rector. "The old maxim of Boniface here comes in force: 'Non firmatur tractu temporis quod de jure ab initio non subsistit,' time cannot strengthen that which did not stand rightfully at first. In the beginning Rome had no jurisdiction in England, and hence, even had the Church of England (which she did not,) tamely submitted to the jurisdiction of an Italian prelate, Rome's jurisdiction being a novelty, could not become of force by the lapse of time."

"How came the bishops then to take the oath of obedience?" said the colonel, "which I understand they took They acted strangely here."

"This was a sad departure," replied the rector, mournfully, "from the usages of the olden time. For the first thousand years after Christ, bishops, at consecration, merely made a profession of faith. The 8th general council, according to the Romanists, in the ninth century, forbids them to do more. Even so late as Hildebrand's day, bishops simply vowed to observe the rules of the holy fathers; and not till a century ago was the oath of obedience to Rome taken. Thus all past usage or prescription, is opposed to the high claims of the papal see. So modern is the date of papal tyranny! For the first six centuries after Christ our island knew but one head, even Christ, and Dinoth, Abbot of Bangor, told Augustine that Christians in England were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Caerlon upon Usk, that being the archiepiscopal see of the British Church. "Even in Augustine's day, and on to that of Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, four hundred years later, the Church of England kept her independence."

"Soon after this, however," interrupted the colonel, "came in subjection to the Roman see."

"Only gradually. The pope claimed that, having blessed the banners of William the Conqueror, he had a claim on him. Then he for the first time sent a legate into England: the Church of Christ there having known no papal superior, or legatine representative for a thousand years.

they are shorn, and their wool is made into the pall, mixed with other white wool, the pall is carried to the Lateran Church, and there placed by the deacons on the high altar on the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. Here the pall is watched, and during the night removed, and by the subdeacons deposited aside till wanted. The most absurd thing of this absurd ceremony is the idea that, because the pall is taken from the body of St. Peter, it imparts the fullness of ecclesiastical power.

In the reign of Henry I. bishoprics were by this king surrendered to the pope, so that, when a see became vacant, the pope, and not the king as now, by the ring and staff, named to the dean and chapter the successor. Stephen, king of England, allowed the pope to have the right of hearing and deciding appeals in ecclesiastical matters. In the reign of Henry II., the clergy were declared by the pope to be answerable for misdemeanours to him only, and not to the secular power. In the reign of Henry III. the kingdom was drained to pay taxes to the pope. Next came first fruits, and then the tenth, as ecclesiastical livings; and thus on by degrees; slily at first, more boldly afterwards, and by leaps, papal despotism made its strides. It came on like the leprosy of old,—a spot, or, simple swelling,—the tumescence of prelatic pride in the bishop whose diocese chanced to embrace the great city of Rome. He, like prelates now, measured his importance by the city or diocese he swayed; and this leprous spot of papal encroachment spread till it overspread the western part of Christendom. At the Reformation the energies of the clergy, king and people were roused to throw off the fetters of ecclesiastical servitude, and to stay the leprosy which made religion then a mere mummery, superstition the most blind, ignorance the most abject, and a cover and sanctuary to vices the most revolting. There were dumb prayers,—senseless forms, legends that were monstrous,—the clergy often could not read, and the seats of learning were hiding places of abomination. And God be praised that the same faith and worship, which an apostle brought to England, England has now in all its purity in our Church!" There was an earnestness in the rector's manner as he closed, which seemed to forbid further reply, and the subject was for the time dropt. He felt indignant at the shameful aspersions of Mr. Hunter,—anxious to vindicate the Church of England, and regretted that, in vindicating, he could not say one half what, if time were his, with all past history to help, he might say in her behalf.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORDERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"Holy and heavenly spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their new born church!"

WOODWORTH.

"WHAT think you, Annie dear," said the Colonel, after dinner, "of Parson Gordon's remarks this morning? I should be pleased, child, to see you back in our old father-church. His remarks have staggered me, and I think they must have had their weight with you." Annie replied that she had attended closely to Parson Gordon's conversation and hoped she might profit from it; but added that she fel great fear lest she might be doing wrong to listen to any thing on this subject. "I must think, Colonel," she said, "that Henry VIII. had no right to deny the Pope of Rome to be what all up to that time owned him to be. The other kings of England did not; and we know he was too wicked a man for God to make him the instrument of reforming the church."

"I once thought so," said the Colonel, "but, but,—" "You don't think so now," said Mrs. Annie, persuaded that the Colonel felt a delicacy in closing the sentence. Surprised that he had conversed so much on the subject, she was afraid he would not again advert to it; and when the Colonel turned away saying, "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" and then left the room, Mrs. Annie regretted that the discussion or investigation of the claims of the Roman See had been so abruptly terminated. During this time, Parson Gordon was poring over some books in the library, and appeared to be hunting out authorities or testimony. In about an hour afterwards he joined the ladies, and Colonel Smithson and lady were playing cards. Mrs. Smithson complained that the Colonel did not conform to the rules of the game, which the Colonel replied to by saying that in card playing old rules were obsolete. "I can-

not subscribe, my dear," addressing his wife, "to our worthy friend's doctrine, which in Latin is: 'Non firmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non subsistit,' but in English, Time cannot make good a legal title which was void from the first, and it may be true in theology. It is allowable, however, to depart from rules whose only recommendation is their great antiquity; though, according to my lord Coke, to the contrary thereof, the memory of man runneth not. Now, Annie, here, will allow, that in affairs of love that which is oldest has not the best title."

"We will not dispute about the exceptions to the general rule," said Parson Gordon, anxious to bring the conversation back to its former point. "It may be true in card playing, and in affairs of love, that antiquity takes not the precedence of more modern rules, or recent titles, while it is equally true in law and theology, that a claim takes precedence by date. The See of Rome had no authority in England the first twelve hundred years; whereas, authority there was held and exercised by the ancient British Church, and addressing himself to Colonel Smithson, he continued, "You alluded to the instrumentality of Henry VIII., in effecting the liberation of the Church of England from thraldom to Rome, and the impression sought to be conveyed by Mr. Hunter was, that Henry VIII. here did an act for which he had no authority; that Britain was always subject to Rome, and therefore, that Henry VIII. was guilty of a crying sin, in aiding the church in Britain to throw off this subjection; recognizing the very principle I laid down, that that authority, which did not stand at first, for the want of a title then, by time cannot become rightful. Now the statutes of Henry VIII., whereby the papal supremacy was thrown off, were no more than old statutes of Parliament revived, which, for the want of power to enforce them against a spiritual despotism which over-rode every one, had become obsolete, or as a dead letter. Thus, the first traitor in the Church of Britain, who appealed from its authority to the bishop of Rome, was Wilfrid, archbishop of York, in the seventh century; and both Egfrid, King of Northumberland, and the bishops of York protested against this appeal. Thomas à Becket, in the twelfth century appealed to Rome, but the constitutions of Clarendon at the same time asserted the independence of the Church of England, and the statutes of Carlisle in the next century affirmed this

independence. And, about the close of the same century, the statutes of Mortmain and Præmunire, together with those which were passed yet later under Henry VIII., likewise asserted the independence of the Church of England of the See of Rome. Mr. Hunter surely forgets that Edward I. in the thirteenth century, by the statute of Mortmain and other measures, struck at the pope's authority, and sought to prevent its excesses. He forgets that the statute of Præmunire, which was made in the reign of Richard II. put out of the king's protection all persons who shall obey the pope in matters where the king, and not the pope, has authority.

"When William, the Norman, invaded England, the pope consecrated his banners, and blessed his host, and, in requital for this favour, his holiness sought to extend his power, hoped the usurper would allow his spiritual power in England, which William felt disposed to grant as thereby he might humble the Saxon clergy, and elevate his own creatures, the Norman prelates, he brought over with him. And then, for the first time, we hear of legates of the pope in England, who undertook to decide ecclesiastical causes without deference to the clergy of the land. And the coward-hearted John, to strengthen himself against the barons, resigned his crown to Pope Innocent III., and then bought it of him as a vassal at the annual rent of a thousand marks. It was surely no great sin in Edward I. to endeavour to shake off this degrading yoke; no great sin in the parliament under Edward II. to deny the pope's authority; none either in the parliament of the next Edward to do the same; all estates of the realm then assembled declaring that king John's grant to Rome was null and void; for it was not concurred in by parliament, and against his coronation vow,—and it was a noble resolution of theirs, if the pope should endeavour to maintain his usurpations, they would resist him with all their power; and the several acts in the reign of Richard II. assert the inflexible purpose of the English church, crown, and people, to allow no papal interference in England; and hence Henry VIII., and his parliament, by forbidding appeals to Rome, or suing there for papal licenses, or dispensations, or for obeying any papal processes, only did what previous kings and parliaments had done."

"I would ask your reverence," said Mrs. Annie, modestly, "though I allow these high subjects to be above my poor

ability, whether we should believe that God would have employed so bad a man as king Henry VIII. to reform the church? His treatment of his wife, poor Catharine of Arragon, and his cruelty to his wives, and his wicked life, make him a sorry means to bring about a good end."

"Annie, like all other ladies," said the colonel smiling, "cannot forgive king Henry VIII. his want of gallantry, his degradation of the sex, and his assertion of a king's authority over his wives no less than over his subjects. He should have remembered, Annie dear, that kings when they marry are but men, that marriage makes every man the vassal of his wife, and that, while every one, like myself, holds it a privilege that his wife's arm should encircle his neck," passing, as he spoke, Mrs. Smithson's arm over his neck, "still, in this dear girdle of attractive flesh and blood, he recognises a yoke which binds him more forcibly than if it were made of adamant."

"Annie is right then," said Mrs. Smithson laughing, "in thinking meanly of one who set your sex so bad an example."

"The character of Henry the 8th," interrupted Parson Gordon, "neither reflects upon, nor is it a part of the movement called the Reformation. Jehu reformed the church in Israel, and God commended him for it; yet Jehu was threatened by the prophet Hosea with the divine vengeance: for, though an instrument used by the Almighty to punish the house of Ahab, Jehu had acted from his own lust of power and hatred, and not the divine motions—Jehu being an idolater, a murderer, and wicked in other respects. The temple in Jerusalem was not any the less God's temple, because it had been repaired by the wicked Herod; therefore the wickedness of Henry VIII. reflects, not on the Reformation, but on himself. But, even if it did, Rome allows that the end sanctifies the means, and therefore, according to her, wicked as may have been Henry VIII., if the Reformation be a good end, the king is sanctified by it."

"But," continued Parson Gordon, "this impeachment of Henry the 8th's character comes very lamely from the church of Rome; it is a limping, and not an honest, manly and erect objection. Pope Julius II. thought highly of king Henry when he sent him the golden rose, previously dipped in chrism, and perfumed with rich musk; because the wily

prelate wished Henry to take part with him against Louis XI. of France. Pope Leo X. entertained a high regard for king Henry, for he sent him a sword and hat which had been consecrated on Christmas day, in token that he, Henry, had distinguished himself as a chieftain of the church, when he was anxious to unite Henry to him and his interests; and the same pope could even say that king Henry's book against Luther was equal to a work of St. Augustine's and St. Jerome's; and this pope and his cardinals conferred upon him the title of 'Defender of the Faith.' Since then it has become the interest of Roman polemics to blacken Henry's character; but, in representing it as offensive, they should think of the fragrance of the golden rose; in speaking of him as the servant of the devil they forget that Pope Leo X. girded about and put on him a consecrated sword and hat, as a noted captain of the church, and that this pope and his cardinals conferred on him the title of defender of the faith. Did the golden rose lose its fragrance at the Reformation? the sword its power? and the defender of the faith sink into its calumniator and worst enemy? If king Henry had then anticipated how his papal ally would requite his services, he would have felt the force of a remark which was made by the court fool at the time he was dubbed 'Defender of the Faith:' 'O, good Harry, let thou and I defend one another, and let the Faith alone to defend itself.'"

"Cousin Annie," said the colonel, "you and I have heard say that, in reforming the church, the reformers established a new or different church from that which they found already established."

Mrs. Annie replied, that she had heard such a remark made both by Father Hunter and Miss Doolittle.

"I care not who made it," rejoined Parson Gordon. "It is either the prating of imbecility, or the venture of malignity. Man can no more make a church than he can a world. If man could make the body of Christ, in and through which we are rendered members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven, he can make his own Saviour; he could save himself, and would need neither a Saviour nor an atonement."

"You did not then pull down the old walls, and, partly with the old, and partly with new materials, re-construct the temple of the Lord," asked the colonel.

"Far from it," replied Parson Gordon, "we pulled down

nothing that was a part of the original Church of Christ. Thus the Preface to the Prayer Book speaks of the Church of England, not as a church, which at that time was established, but as 'this *Church of England these many years.*' Tonstal, a cotemporary, writes to Cardinal Pole that, in rescuing the Church of England from Roman encroachments, king Henry VIII. had 'only reduced matters to their *original* state, and helped the English Church to *her ancient freedom.*' It will do for Romanists to keep this charge of the reformers building a new church travelling like a ball, which, they hope, will travel till it gathers such a mass of absurdity as to shock all persons with the Reformation. Its falsehood may help their cause. On the other hand Miss Doolittle, and her class of religionists, entertaining views, which are endorsed by no respectable person before the Reformation, would fain make us believe their views came from the reformers; as if we could not remove the rubbish from a building without levelling the building to the ground; as if to reform were the same as to create anew; as if filth could not be washed off without marring the features that were soiled. Why, sir, the Church of Christ is 'founded on the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone.' Admit that Rome is and has been corrupt; to be free from her stains and sins, must we have new orders from heaven, new ceremonies, new doctrines, and a new faith? Displeased with the tags on the seamless robe of Christ, must we tear the robe to pieces, in place of removing the tags gently, and expect God to send us another robe of Christ as seamless and efficacious? A man had a dull knife, to make it sharp, he was not content with whetting it till it would cut as well as he might have desired; but must whet it till he had whetted off all the steel which once belonged to it. God forbid that sacrilegious hands should have undertaken to remove the Lord's candlestick, and substitute a miserable blotch work of man's contrivance! The reformers in England endeavoured to cleanse the church of the corruptions which were the growth of modern times! These corruptions were not an essential part of the church itself. When the face is cleaned of the dirt upon it, it does not become a new face. In recovering from a disease, which disfigured or defiled us, surely we do not lose our identity. Naaman, after he had washed off his leprosy in the Jordan, did not cease to be Naaman."

Col. Smithson then said, "Your reverence allows the see of Rome to be a branch of the Church Catholic; and schism, I think, I have understood, is a separation from the Church Catholic. Rome and our church charge each other with schism. Suppose now, sir, I should wish to maintain against Father Hunter that, to the charge of schism, he, and not ourselves, was justly liable. How should I make this to appear? For, allowing the full force of all that you have said, still here is a dilemma on which, I think, I might be impaled: schism being a separation from the Church Catholic, and Rome being a large branch of the Catholic Church. I am anxious, you see, to extricate myself from so horned an alternative."

Parson Gordon smiled at the good natured and courteous manner in which the colonel presented so delicate a question. "I see," he replied, "no dilemma, or, as logicians say, no horned syllogism here. Aristippus might, I allow, dissuade a bachelor from wedlock by arguing; 'The woman you marry will be handsome or homely, if handsome she will provoke your jealousy, if homely your dislike;' but it does not follow, that because the Roman see is a branch of the Catholic Church, and she refuses to communicate with her, therefore we do not belong to the Catholic Church. Schism, you should know, is a voluntary separation from the Catholic Church; a willful rending of the body of Christ. Now it cannot be said that the Church of England separated from the Church Catholic, because she freed herself from certain corruptions and errors of Rome; for the church is 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' and corruptions and errors are not essential or proper parts of the church: nor did she separate from the Catholic Church in casting off a papal subjection that was neither Scriptural, catholic, nor put on her by her own consent. Before these corruptions and errors, the Church of England was a branch of the Catholic Church, and she was so a long time before papal tyranny deprived her of her liberty. These errors, corruptions, and this papal subjection were not ties to hold her to, nor connect her with the Catholic Church. She could break loose from them, and yet be, as she was before them, and as she ought ever to have been, free and independent; alike of the errors, corruptions, and enslaving obedience of a foreign bishop. But Romanists themselves, and the Roman see, acknowledged that our separation did not put us

out of the Catholic Church. Thus this separation, and all that marks us as distinct from Rome, are set forth authoritatively in the book of Common Prayer: yet popes Paul IV. and Pius IV. consented to approve this book, and hence acknowledge our orders and catholicity; and for twelve years, after we had cast off papal supremacy and papal errors, Romanists scrupled not to worship with us, conforming to the worship of our church; but Queen Elizabeth, refusing to allow the papal jurisdiction, was by the bull of Pius V. excommunicated."

"Why," interrupted the colonel, "I read somewhere that Pius V. was a man of singular zeal and piety."

"That is possible," continued Parson Gordon. "He was certainly singular in cruelty while inquisitor for the holy office; being detested for it by the people of Milan and Lombardy. When raised to the popedom, he was furious against all Protestants: he also condemned a very great ornament of that age for learning to be burnt for saying, 'the Lutherans are to be excused for calling the inquisition a dagger drawn against literature in general.' It was this Pius V. who had the impudence to cause his bull, excommunicating Queen Elizabeth, to be posted at night on the palace of the Bishop of London. Again, our act was not a schism. By the iniquitous pretences and oppressive exactions of the Roman see,—by requiring that as faith which was novel and false, and by insisting on hard and improper terms of communion, she forced us to separate. It was not schism to refuse to acknowledge obedience to Rome; for, if so, then the Church of England was schismatic from the beginning, and continued in schism for twelve hundred years; and if so all the churches of Christendom, except those which were immediately adjacent to the city of Rome, were in schism from the beginning, and so continued for centuries; since centuries past before the papal supremacy fettered the churches of Christendom. From heresy we are also as free: unless it be heresy to deny to the blessed virgin the worship which is due to God only;—to deny the horrible doctrine of the mass; the unscriptural invocation of saints; transubstantiation and the like. Surely a Roman prelate is not God that he can put forth doctrines, which we must swallow on pain of damnation! If one brother refuses to acknowledge the other, because he will not consent to play the part of a truckling

vassal, is the brother so refusing to be proscribed? Herein you see our position. Consequently, there was neither schism nor heresy. It was a reformation, and to reform is not to separate."

"I see the force of all that, worthy sir," replied the colonel, "but my impression was that our church meant to separate from the see of Rome."

"Such, I am aware," rejoined Parson Gordon, "is the opinion entertained, and erroneously too, by some. But it is strange that we should have separated from the see of Rome when we allow her baptism and her orders; while we disallow the baptism and orders of the dissenting bodies. No, far as we can go ourselves towards it, we continue still in fellowship with Rome, though we charge her with errors and corruptions. But she has excommunicated the Church of England, and has declared she will not commune with her; till the former shall subscribe to Roman errors. A strange charge is this of schism. The Church of England holds "the faith once delivered to the saints," and the Roman see has added to this faith certain dangerous and unscriptural novelties, for, at the Council of Trent, she anathematized all who did not believe in the twelve new articles, which Pius IV. inserted in his creed; thus adding twelve new dogmas as de fide, and declaring that belief in them was necessary to salvation. If the Council of Trent, and Pius IV., could add twelve articles to the Christian faith, they may add five hundred. But, in adding, they alter the faith, and hence the faith they enjoin is not 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' and of course not that of the Catholic Church. Strange liberty this! Presumption unwarranted,—impudence that is almost incredible! That portion of Holy Scripture only is to be believed as necessary to salvation, which is contained in the creed. The see of Rome, however, claims the right to add to the creed; and this is the same thing as giving us a new revelation from heaven. According to her we must believe, not what God has revealed by His Prophets and Apostles, but what the Council of Trent and Pius IV., or any Roman synod and bishop shall enact as de fide. Because the Church of England would not acknowledge Rome's supremacy and infallibility, the Church of England was excommunicated. Who will say that Rome, by her outrageous presumption and high-handed and unscrupulous tampering with things

which belong to God only, is not guilty both of schism and heresy, and that the Church of England is not to be commended and loved for her manly firmness in standing up for the truth?"

There was a pause for some time. The colonel seemed not anxious to continue the conversation, and was about to change it. Mrs. Annie asked "if the Church of Rome did not outnumber in members the Church of England? and was it not more reasonable to believe that she and not the Church of England was the Catholic Church?"

"The many," replied Parson Gordon, "make not the Church Catholic. Our Lord said, 'Fear not, my little flock, it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Both are branches of the holy Catholic Church. Now a large branch is no more a part of a tree than a small one which grows out of it. The same ocean-tide, that ebbs and flows in a large river, ebbs and flows in the insignificant creek. This argument of numbers is a vapid one in truth. Athanasius stood at one time almost singly against the world,—and still with him was the Catholic faith; he and the few, who agreed with him, alone then held the Catholic faith on the article of Christ's Divinity; for this faith is to be known, not by the numbers who hold it, but its agreement with what was believed at all times, in all places, and by all persons: 'quod semper, et quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus.'"

"Will Parson Gordon say," interrupted Mrs. Annie, "how we are united to the Catholic Church, or may know we are Catholics?"

"There are three ways," replied Parson Gordon, "in which we show we are Catholics. The first is by descent, or origin. The Church of Christ was founded on the apostles, and hence must have a line of clergy traceable by descent or ordination, to the apostles. This the Church of England had, even by Rome's acknowledgment, and this she had long before a Roman emissary or legate crossed the British channel. Another is by doctrine. We must believe what the Catholic Church believes, and this the Church of England believes; for she holds the creeds of the Catholic Church, and conforms to the same in worship; and the third is by government. And it will not be denied by any Romanist that the episcopal regiment, which we have, always existed in the Catholic Church. Consequently, be-

ing united to the Catholic Church by the same apostolic origin, by holding the same faith in our creeds, articles, and worship, and by the Catholic government of bishops,—the Church of England is a branch of the Catholic Church; she is united to and in communion with it;—and so much so that the excommunications of a Roman prelate and his coadjutors will act upon the links which connect the Church of England to the Church Catholic, even less than the repeated electric shocks of the torpedo eel would upon an iron chain. They might possibly shock them, but would leave the chain unbroken, indissoluble, and strong as ever."

"His reverence would maintain," said Colonel Smithson, addressing Mrs. Annie, "that the excommunications of the bishop of Rome cannot harm the Church of England."

"Certainly not," continued Parson Gordon, "a bishop, or a pope of Rome, once excommunicated St. Cyprian and the Churches of Africa. But his thunders neither drove them, nor put them out of the Catholic Church; for Rome herself, afterwards acknowledged the catholicity of St. Cyprian and the bishops of Africa; and these primitive bishops laughed at her fulminations. And why should not the Church of England, while she mourns over the pitiable folly and arrogance of the Roman see, treat her excommunications as the explosions of prelatic spleen and tyranny? Why, colonel, if numbers constituted the true test of a church—returning to the argument, that the Church of Rome outnumbers the Church of England, therefore the former is the true church—then the true religion would be the Mahommedan and not the Christian: for there are many Mahommedans to one Christian in the world. If numbers denoted the true church, then the most popular form of religion only would be the true one. But this sign of a true religion would be ever shifting; as that which is most popular one age will be least so another. We did not then separate from the Catholic Church, nor did we attempt the absurdity of making a church; for as Archbishop Bramhall justly declares, 'We do not arrogate to ourselves a new church, or a new religion, or new holy orders. Our religion is the same that it was—our church the same—our holy orders the same; differing from what they were only as a garden weeded from a garden unweeded.' A church may be corrupt without losing its

identity; as it may be reformed without losing it. The ancient Church of God was none the less His Church because the Pharisees had greatly perverted it. 'The whole world,' says St. Jerome, 'groaned, and was amazed to find itself become Arian;' referring to the time when Athanasius almost alone, as it seemed, held the Catholic faith, 'yet still it was not the less the Catholic Church.' Wherefore I maintain that the Church of England is a pure and true branch of the Catholic Church, and that they are mad religionists who say, the religion of Protestants began with Wickliffe, Huss, or Luther; for these three reformers, be it remembered, themselves declared they taught no new doctrine, and started no new faith, and established no new church."

"But, if the corruptions which the reformers in England," asked Colonel Smithson, "freed the church from, made a reformation necessary, did they not make the Church of Rome cease to be a true church?"

"By no means," replied the rector, "for, as archbishop Laud declared in his conference with Fisher, the Jesuit, 'as a thief is a true man in verity of essence, but is not a right one, so a church, though exceedingly corrupt, is still a true church in verity of essence.' For, during this corrupt period of the church, there were, as now, the sacraments; then, as now, the word of God; then, as now, an apostolic succession; then, as now, the Lord's Prayer, the Creeds, and the Ten Commandments. Wherefore, the Church of England, while asserting that the See of Rome 'erred not only in living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith;' in her 39th article the Church of England calls Rome a church; and her 29th canon, says it was 'not the purpose of the Church of England to forsake and reject the churches of Italy.'" Colonel Smithson was then called out of the room by company, and his lady and Mrs. Annie retired. Parson Gordon sat in the bow of the window for a while, and then paced up and down the chamber. He felt much for the estranged position of Mrs. Annie, saw that her mind was greatly exercised, and regretted her estrangement the more because she was the grand-daughter of Parson Yeo. For this clergyman had done good service in days gone by in St. Mary's, towards giving the church a foothold here. "Something, I trust," said the worthy rector, to himself, "has been done towards opening Mrs. Annie's mind to the

truth. It is inconceivable, did we not know it, in how many falsehoods Roman craft and delusion will involve us. Poor girl! they had made her believe Rome was the only true church; that the bishop of Rome always had authority in England; that the reformers foolishly attempted to make a new church; that the Church of England was in schism; that Henry VIII. was the head of the church of England; that that church or religious body, which was the most numerous or populous, was the only true church; and other absurdities and slanders that it took a Jesuit to fabricate and circulate with impudence unabashed, and a confiding zealot to believe without questioning. God grant," said Parson Gordon, continuing his soliloquy, "that she may yet free herself from the meshes of Roman craft! But then conviction," he added, "is not the work of a moment. To be worth any thing it must be gradual. The mind does not come out at once from midnight darkness to midday light. By degrees only does light break upon it, as the sunlight breaks upon our world; and it is only as the light breaks upon it that the fogs rise, the vapours ascend, and we have a bright day before us." In the interim Mrs. Annie sat in her chamber, painfully and carefully revolving the subjects and matters which Parson Gordon had discussed. "I see the abyss," said she, "over which these cold men would have thrown me. My grandfather's and my mother's church is the true and pure church of Christ. I feared to think it might not be, and had already come to this sad conclusion."

Mrs. Annie might well say she feared to think that the Church of England might not be a true branch of Christ's church. For, poor girl! though young in years, she was old in sorrow, especially in that spiritual exercise, wear and tear of soul, that counts up more heavily against us than years. Her history will be more particularly given at another time. Suffice it now to say, as illustrating her interest in Parson Gordon's remarks, beyond what we have already said, that some time before the date of our story, she became a Roman pervert. And like most new converts, her zeal boiled over. Stillingfleet said of Dryden after his perversion to Romanism, "zeal in a new convert is a terrible thing, for it not only burns, but rages like mount Etna." She was anxious to excel in the new phase of religion which she had embraced. She was conspicuous by her attendance

at the chapel, her frequent devotions, her earnest efforts as chorister, her reverence for the least injunction of Father Hunter, her devout reading of the sickly legends of fabulous Christian Rome; and, as her character led her to look to practice rather than theory, and as she was far more a woman of the affections than of the intellect, she rather concerned herself about the duties than the doctrines of her new faith. But in doing this she had unveiled to her anxious, wondering, amazed, alarmed, and then saddened and trembling heart, the complex machinery of satisfactory penances, and the like, which are the very life blood of the Romish system.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent solemnly declares, "there is a purgatorial fire, in which the souls of the pious are *tormented* for a certain time and expiated, in order that an entrance may lie open to them into their eternal home, into which nothing defiled enters." And Father Hunter in declaring this teaching to her, and by lending her the lives of such saints, (Romish,) as were in illustration of this doctrine, brought this machinery to bear upon her. She was taught that, while God on the sacrament of penance, forgives the eternal punishment of sin, He will not remit its temporal punishment but upon prayers, fastings, alms deeds, the sacrifice of mass, and personal tortures, self-inflicted, on the offender. This lesson inculcated on a mind of Mrs. Annie's sensibility, and there would never be an end, or enough in quality or quantity of satisfactions to make atonement to infinite justice; in order to avert the dread fire that burned in the other world. All Romanists do not feel this anxiety, as all churchmen do not live up to the discipline of their church, though so much milder and more scriptural. But Mrs. Annie did, and as far as she could, lived up to what her nervously anxious fears or hopes led her. She practised with scrupulous fidelity the penal satisfactions for sin which Roman disciplinarians inculcate, fasting rigidly on certain days, reciting her beads and prayers on her knees, or with her arms stretched out in the figure of a cross before an image in the chapel, robing herself with an underdress of sackcloth, and at nights lying down on the hard floor instead of on her comfortable couch. And, if her strength had allowed, and her resolution or faith in Rome had continued, it is more than probable that she would have gone to the ridiculous extremes, practised by some Roman devotees, of mak-

ing the sign of the cross on the ground with the tongue, wearing iron hoops around the body, and, like St. John Joseph of the Cross, kept her eyes for hours rivetted to the floor, denied her ears the sweet sound of music, and abhorred the fragrance of flowers. Whether like St. Pacificus, she would have ate putrid pork in preference to sweet, we know not, though we doubt it. But her strength and health gave way, and her appearance indicated it. Hard as were the self-inflicted tortures, she might have borne them, if her mind could have been stayed the while. But these tortures brought no hope with them to minister to a suffering body. Take away the light of comfort from the heart, the prospect of relief and recompense; and resolution dies, and the body fails. The Roman system works harder than the galley-slave discipline, any one, who, like Mrs. Annie, will endeavour to act it out. She was told that, though God had forgiven her sins, still that His wrath would not be satisfied, unless she suffered so as to make atonement. "True," said her confessor, with something of the spirit of one of Job's friends, "God, on account of your repentance, loves you, and eventually will admit you to unending blessedness; but His infinite justice must be appeased. Hell in a shorter fire, being only some months and years, than awaits the impenitent, is to be your portion after death, unless here, while life is passing," (though every day adds sin to sin, do her best, and of course increases the danger of purgatorial suffering,) "you expiate the Divine wrath by acts and sufferings, which God will accept instead of your suffering in purgatory. I can absolve you, I can give you the sacrifice of the mass, I can give you even indulgences; but they may all be insufficient. It is safest to torture the body, to inflict upon one's self, by way of anticipation, what purgatory might be." Great comfort did such teaching impart to one like Mrs. Annie! It professed to open the door of mercy, but showed that before that door could be reached, a sea of trouble and pain, and denials and tortures must be endured; and even then a material fire, differing from that of hell only in duration, must, perhaps, be endured after death. And no wonder Mrs. Annie's heart sank within her. No wonder the thought of the oncoming wrath took the roses from her cheeks, and the lustre of hope from her eyes. No wonder that after the excitement of the new convert had subsided, and she felt the galling and ruinous operation of this Roman teaching, life

seemed not to her as formerly. Nature ceased to have its Easter-robe when she looked upon it, but was draped in the Lenten garments of heaviness. The splash of St. Mary's river, once so musical to her, and the melody of the night winds in the forest, soothing and suggestive of pleasant meditation, and the sweet moonlight on Elfin Creek, in sight of her residence, to her sad stricken heart gave no intimations of that land of refreshment and peace, where, beside the still waters and in the green pastures the Shepherd of Israel maketh the cup of His chosen ones to run over with goodness and mercy. While thus tried beyond her strength, and breaking down under a cruel and unnatural, and, therefore, stupid and unscriptural system, Mrs. Annie made a visit to Julia, at Pleasant Lodge. Here she met Parson Gordon, whom she had been almost taught to loathe by Father Hunter. The good rector no sooner saw her, than he read the language of suffering in her face. A few words by him spoken in kindness, brought the tears to her eyes. With her tears her heart slowly unlocked a part of its secret. The rector saw enough to divine the balance, and, spending an entire day in her company, managed to prescribe for her case, in such a way that she could not reject the proffered remedy. He showed the unsoundness of the Roman doctrine of atoning for sin by satisfaction, which we can render to infinite justice. He told her that afflictions in this world were not atonements for sin, but trials of faith; that reviling and persecution, and tribulations and chastenings are blessed, because, as St. Peter declares, "that the *trial of your faith*, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, *might be found unto praise and honour and glory* at the appearing of Jesus Christ." He quoted the case of the prodigal son, and showed that instead of wrath, vengeance and a requirement of personal sufferings or penalties, or satisfactions from the prodigal, God received him at once; "had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him;" put on him the best robe, a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet; killed for him the fatted calf, and rejoiced over him. And at length he gave so different, so much more refreshing a view of the love and compassions of our heavenly Father to His penitent children, than the cold and terrible one presented in the Roman view, that Mrs. Annie could but see her error, and in the bottom of her heart, wish that all scruples

being removed, she could return to the fold she had, she feared, inconsiderately abandoned. She rejoiced then to hear Parson Gordon on the orders of the Church of England; and, foreign as such a subject was from the course of her reading, was surprised to find how much she understood, and how readily she could follow him. The rector saw her position, and while anxious to shake the indifferentism of his host, strove also to enlighten the earnest mind of Mrs. Annie, and to lead her on by well-considered steps to that position where she might stand with the blaze of Divine truth around her, and with the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope. Such being Mrs. Annie's state, she thought much during the interim referred to.

"Oh!" she continued, "divines may wrangle about the true church, and the right doctrine and right way; they may talk about such things in cold blood, as mere questions that their wisdom or research may answer; but these subjects touch me more deeply. I know my ignorance. I know that in a moment of weakness, and perhaps," she added, weeping as she thus communed with herself, "of sin, I yielded to Father Hunter's persuasion. He told me it was want of faith that made me hesitate, and that I had but to believe, and the way would be made plain before me. I was willing to go where I knew nothing, trusting that I should every day see more and more reason to rejoice at my step. But what know I? Nothing, or next to nothing." And she rose from her seat, and walked silently up and down her chamber. "Ah!" she continued, "I can't feel right. I want something more. What is it? Peace, peace, peace!"—groaning,—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding;' something to stay my poor heart on; for really I seem to have nothing. Yet it cannot be want of faith; for I believe I would do any thing to know I may call God Father, and that His gracious promises are made to me. Will I ever know,—will it ever be my happiness to have peace and joy in believing?"

She sat for some time thus communing, tossed by emotions she could not quiet. Becoming more calm after awhile, she added: "Here's another difficulty. It seems that the Nag's Head Tavern ordination of Archbishop Parker, was an ugly business. Can it be true?" A ray of hope darted across her mind, and she added, "If all be a fabrication, then the Church of England is a true, and

pure, and good, and holy, and right church after all. And, oh! how have I been deceived! and my poor heart been wrung! But.....No, no," she added, "I will find the truth out."

She went to the drawing-room, hoping there to find Parson Gordon. He had walked out,—and Mrs. Annie saw him standing on the river's bank, and looking on the calm and placid waters of St. Mary's bay. "Oh!" said she, "that the power, which bade those waters be still, would give me peace!"

After tea, Mrs. Annie drew her chair near to Parson Gordon, and mildly asked, "Did I understand your reverence to say you put no faith in Father Hunter's account of the Nag's Head consecration?"

"I believe as much in it as he does," said Mr. Gordon. "It will do to prate about for the want of something better. This tale is a sort of tub thrown out to the whale, to keep Papists and Protestants from laying violent hands on the true question at issue between the Church of Rome and England: that question is, who were Parker's ordainers? For, even were the absurd story true, that, at the Nag's Head Tavern in Cheapside, London, Parker was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, (instead of at Lambeth), this would not affect his episcopal orders; as his orders derive their efficacy from his ordainers, and not from the place. For any persons, less than bishops, having no authority to consecrate, could not have made Parker archbishop at Lambeth, any more than they could have made him archbishop at Nag's Head Tavern; and if his ordainers were bishops, (all due forms being by them at the time observed,) the place of a tavern, being only an unusual place, and not a legal, or canonical impediment, while this place would be an offence against former usage and decorum, still it would not and could not invalidate his orders.

"But Parker was consecrated at Lambeth, where Archbishops of Canterbury are consecrated, and not at Nag's Head Tavern. Because that fact was never questioned, till this Nag's Head story was circulated, and then only by Romanists. And the story is evidently false from beginning to end. Thus, when did it get abroad? In 1604, forty and four years after Archbishop Parker's consecration. A pretty story this to question his consecration! In what form was this Nag's Head story published? In Latin, and hence

meant only to circulate among Roman priests, to whom that tongue was most familiar; the writer not meaning or expecting it would be seen or read by the English;—fearing if in English they would see it, and expose its falsehood. Where was it first circulated? In England it should and would have been if true; for truth skulks not as a coward, and those only who 'do evil and do not the truth,' said our Lord, 'love darkness,' or concealment. No, it was first published in Italy, where was no one who could or was likely to know to the contrary; and where there was every disposition to disparage the Church of England, by believing a story so discreditable to the orders of its archbishop. When was it heard in England? As nearly about the time referred to as possible, it should have been, in order, if true, its statement might be corroborated, and if false its untruth exposed. No,—this would have enabled the Church of England at once to expose it. But it was first heard in England in 1608, forty-eight years, nearly half a century, after Archbishop Parker's consecration. A brave story truly! long in coming to the birth, and, when born, like Romulus and Remus, nursed by a wolf on the Tiber till it had strength or audacity to crawl out. It was kept with its Roman foster mother four years, and then the bantling is allowed to show its face in old England. It is passing strange that this story was not known to the Roman clergy of Parker's day, who were anxious to deny his orders;—whose interest this story would have promoted, and to whose custody the miserable eaves-dropper, if the thing had happened so, who reported that he saw through a keyhole, unknown to all, the circumstances of Parker's consecration, would have gladly confided it. It is very odd that Heath, the Roman Archbishop of York, who was metropolitan of York in bloody Mary's reign, before Parker became Primate of Canterbury, and who lived twenty years after Parker's consecration, and outlived him, knew nothing of the Nag's Head story. It is passing wonder, if true, that the persons about the Nag's Head neither knew, nor had heard any thing of this farce at the tavern; but that, after all the actors in Parker's consecration in Lambeth Chapel had died, this Nag's Head story or fable should be found circulating with the eagerness with which falsehood ever is received, among the enemies of the Church of England: and even then, like guilt, afraid to look up and come boldly out,

it crept snake-like cautiously from its hole. To believe such a story one must be demented, or reduced to second childhood, in want of a nursery tale."

"Will you be so kind as to say what is the true account?" Mrs. Annie timidly asked.

"It is this," replied Parson Gordon. "Reginald Pole, by death November 18, 1558, vacated the see of Canterbury. Seven months thereafter exactly, Queen Elizabeth issued her writ of Congé d'élire to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury to fill the vacancy. The queen nominated no one, though the successor is always named. Matthew Parker, Archdeacon of Lincoln, and the queen's spiritual adviser was elected; the queen's wishes no doubt being known. The 9th of the next month, December, was the confirmation of the election, and in the Church of St. Mary le Bone, Sunday, December 17th, in Lambeth Chapel, he was consecrated. The archbishop in his parchment journal records this fact; 'The 17th of Dececember, 1559, I was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.' His consecrators were bishops William Barlow, John Scory, Miles Coverdale, and John Hodgkins. Andrew Pierson, the archbishop's chaplain, said morning prayer, Bishop Scory preached on the text, 'The elders which are among you I beseech, being also a fellow-elder.' The archbishop elect was brought by bishops Barlow, Coverdale, and Hodgkins before bishop Scory; saying, 'Reverend Father in God, we offer and present to you this godly and learned man to be consecrated archbishop.' Thomas Yale, doctor of laws, then read the queen's mandate for the consecration, and then after prayer, and the singing of the Litany, and some questions, and further prayers, the four bishops laid their hands upon him. And so minutely given is the account of this consecration that we are told that the bishops of Chichester and Hereford wore their episcopal robes,—surplice and chimere, while Coverdale and Hodgkins had on only their long gowns. How idle and stupid then is the Nag's Head fable! Yea more, how wicked to attempt to support the despotic intrusion of the Bishop of Rome by a wilful lie, a base slander on the Church of England, and a total perversion of an historical fact that is as well authenticated as any other fact on record! For the statement I have given is to be found, with many particulars I cannot remember, in the MS. Library of Benet's College, Cambridge. And in 1513, when the Nag's Head fable

had been in England a few years circulating, Abbot, then Archbishop of Canterbury, assembled the Roman priests then in England, put 'in their hands the original documents' of Parker's consecration; to convince them of the soundness of the orders of the Church of England."

"I fear," interrupted the colonel, "that Father Hunter talks at times without authority. He wishes a thing to be so, and then jumps to the conclusion that it is so; or not caring to enlighten himself takes on blind trust what Roman controversialists assert. But pray, how about Henry VIII. being head of the church? You know what we lawyers are apt to think of the regal supremacy."

"Henry," I admit, said Parson Gordon, "having deprived the pope of his unjust power, wished to stand to the church in the same relation that the pope had been supposed to stand. He ardently wished to be acknowledged the head of the church, and threatened the clergy of the Canterbury convocation with the severest penalties if they should withhold it from him. But, to the credit of the clergy, be it said, that, when the proposition was made, the convocation of Canterbury firmly refused him the title; and, absolute as was Henry, he was obliged to accept from the convocation the equivocal compliment, that, so far as it may be permitted by the law of Christ, he is head of the church.' 'Quantum per Christi legem licet.' But the law of Christ recognizes no visible head of the church; for Christ Himself by that law is styled the head of the church; consequently Henry could not have been. A head however, in temporal matters, regulating its civil and not its spiritual concerns, in the opinion of many a king might be. Wherefore Bishop Burnett, of Sarum, says, in his late work, 'the clergy recognized in Henry VIII. only a temporal authority in temporal matters;' and wherefore Archbishop Bramhall terms the kings of England 'political heads' of the church. And so unwilling were the clergy to allow him any headship at all, even thus rendered comparatively harmless, lest it might grow into what unscrupulous Romanists represent, and thus the 'quantum per Christi legem licet' might be disregarded, that they dropt the title after the reign of Edward VI., twenty-two years afterwards."

"His late Majesty, James II.," said the colonel, "affected to believe that the supremacy in spiritual things, as well as civil, belonged to him. He forgot that Parliament also had

taken away from the crown, visitatorial power over the church. Hence, the new commission court he created, was an illegal tribunal. His command to the clergy of the Church of England, not to touch on Roman differences from them, and his attempt to put down Dr. Sherlock, and Dean Sharp, particularly, the present worthy Archbishop of York, for his sermon on popery, your reverence well remembers."

"Yes, and I have not forgotten that Archbishop Sancroft, involved as his style was, has ably shown that the king's powers in matters ecclesiastical reaches not to a spiritual headship. A piece with James II.'s attempt to subjugate the Church of England, was his allowing a vicar apostolic, as Romanists call it, to come to England, and a papal nuncio, when for half a century, England had not been defiled by such an intruder from an Italian prelate, and for nearly a century and a half she had been delivered from papal nuncios. We have no reason to be ashamed of our Reformed Church of England. The good work began, not like popery, by tyranny, but it was the act of the entire body of clergy in the land—not one in thirty holding back—throwing off the unrighteous usurpation of the bishop of Rome. In the minds of the reformers subjugation to Rome was associated, (for so reads the order in Edward VI.'s reign,) with a 'bondage and heavy yoke,' 'fabulous stories and lying wonders,' 'robberies, rebellions, thefts, whoredoms, blasphemy, idolatry,' and the like. To have submitted when redress was practicable, would have been culpable weakness and indifferency. We cannot love Rome without loving the corruptions of which she is the fruitful mother. To come out from her and be separate, is as obligatory as it was to Lot and family to fly from guilty Sodom. Henry's instrumentality, I repeat, imparts no taint to the Reformed Church of England. Constantine the great committed many crimes, and yet he was God's instrument to establish Christianity in the vast empire of old Rome; and it was none the less God's work because Constantine was not pure and faultless. The term universal bishop, was applied first to the Bishop of Rome by the cruel, bloodthirsty Emperor Phocas. So bad a man is a poor originator of a title on which Rome predicates her all; yet Rome values the title none the less."

"Ah! I see how it is," said Colonel Smithson. "Father Hunter treats you as we lawyers at times do an adversary; not believing a word of what we say all the time, we resort

to abuse when argument fails. We pelt with mud, and hope to shame him off, when our balls and bullets will not tell. He has no good argument against the Church of England, but it is convenient to cast upon it some of the odium which attaches to Henry VIII."

"How this may be, I say not now," replied Parson Gordon; "I leave the case with you, and hope you will attentively consider it. You see on what high and impregnable ground the Church of England stands. I wish you to stand with her on the rock, even Christ; and through the Church, His body, be kept united to Him, Who 'is Head over all things to the church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all.'"

After Parson Gordon left the castle, next morning, Col. Smithson and Mrs. Annie looked serious and thoughtful. Mrs. Smithson observed it, and, laying her hand on her husband's, she said: "I wish our rector would let us see him shortly. He might prevail on you to think now and then of God and His praise, rather than the praise of men."

"I am greatly his debtor," said Mrs. Annie, "but," she added mentally, "I cannot now rest till I know more, and I tremble lest the peace of God will not be mine for some time; if it should be at all."

CHAPTER VII.

EMMA GORDON AND JULIA DELAFIELD.

"'Tis not wealth, it is not worth,
Can value to the soul convey;
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shows;
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light."

BICKERSTAFF.

WE mentioned that Emma, the daughter of Parson Gordon and Julia Delafield, her friend, after the death of the Indian woman, returned to the Glebe.

The two friends were sitting by the fire-side of the Glebe mansion. Emma had some needle work in hand, and Julia was reading aloud occasionally, and then commenting on Dryden's Poem of the Hind and Panther. Adaratha, whose mother's history we gave, was seated on a low chair between them, working with beads on a moccasin slipper, while a large white cat was sleeping before the fire. Here was a picture an artist would have been pleased to paint; and the repose of all parties was not only favourable to a faithful delineation, but what a master of the art would have wished. Their chefs d'œuvre exhibit generally the inaction which follows upon the workings of great passions, and not the passions in their turbulence and play. The Apollo Belvidere is exhibited, not in the act of discharging his fatal arrow, but watching its effect on his victim. In the Venus de Medicis we see none of the passion and fire we are apt to associate with the Cyprian goddess; and the Laocoon, though supposed to be in the greatest agony, evinces no distortion of limb or feature.

The light of the window fell so directly on Emma's face, as to bring out distinctly her features and their expression, and at the same time so defined her person as to exhibit its undulations and contour. Her face was marked by dignity and calmness, and lit up with "softness and sweet attractive grace." Her person would have been pronounced by old

Cleomenes a few inches too tall for a perfect figure, and by the admirers of England's virgin Queen, it would have been considered many inches too short. Her figure had something of the stateliness we see in the statues of Juno, and her face expressed a little of the abstracted wisdom of Pallas without her severity. Her head was large, well-shaped, and set off by black and silky hair, which was parted over what Scott would call "an open and regal brow." Her eyes were hazel, and had a mild and earnest expression, and a character in them that intimated they could at need kindle or melt, intreat or command. Her complexion was cloudless. A soft tint of rosy health was painted on her cheeks as delicately as we see it on the down of the peach. Her features were regular, her nose was nearly Grecian, her lips nearly rivalled the cherry in fullness nor had they the compression of her father's, and her chin was just long enough to give due dignity to the lower part of her face. And, but for the softness and heart that beamed forth from her eyes, cheering as a wintry sunbeam, one would have said, she would have graced the position of the lady abbess of a sisterhood of nuns. Dignity, calmness, and authority sat naturally and gracefully upon her. Her age, alas! cruel time spares none; and alas! that one who morally seemed able to live on and live out changes placid and firm, physically had to share the wasting wear of a few years. Her age, we hope to be pardoned the liberty, seemed to be a little under twenty-one. How old she was in thought, in moral purpose, in the knowledge and mastery of self, in a just discernment and appreciation of the world, and of things it behooved her to know, our story must disclose. If this kind of years be ours, we need not care whether we stand on the sunny or shady side of any number of years in the ordinary calendar. However, being so constituted and blessed, Emma in girlhood, much more now that she was on the threshold of womanhood, was not unlike Sir Thomas Overbury's fair and happy milkmaid: "She dares go alone, and fears no manner of ill because she means none; yet, to say the truth she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations."

So endowed, it was but natural that more hearts than one had confessed her power—a power not less because she

seemed "pure as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple." Many youths thought her looks said, "procul, oh, procul, este profani," and Emma may have wished to say as much to a certain class. To her father she was a jewel of the first water, and the father deemed himself rich in possessing her. Paternal fondness occasionally forced the remark: "I had the best of wives, and a kind God has given me the best of daughters."

Julia was sitting rather in the shade of the window. We would we had a pencil delicate enough to touch off the contours and proportions of Julia's person, and the nervous and significant changes of her face. A slight form, a fragile person, a thin but not wan face, a complexion transparent as alabaster and changeable as an April sky, a forehead arched and prominent, in which the protuberances of ideality and comparison stood as watch towers, and like watch towers lighted, doubtless often shone more or less brightly, according as the murky atmosphere without made proper, and you have, if not a very intelligible, yet as good an idea as we can give you. Her hair was of a rich golden colour. Having the same coloured hair, is perhaps the reason why Laura was loved by Petrarch twenty-one years during her life, and mourned when dead twenty-seven years more. And, as Julia sat thoughtfully looking up, she passed her fair fingers through her hair, disengaging a curl, and causing it to fall over her face, partially shading it. If each strand of hair that fell were not golden, it looked hardly less beautiful.

Her features were small, being cast like her person in a delicate mould. Her nose was partially aquiline, her lips thin, her mouth rather small, and her eyes were full and expressive. "Proportion," says Burke, "has but a small share in the formation of beauty." Hence there is no proportion between the stalks and leaves of flowers, or between the leaves and pistils, and much less even between the slender stalks of the rose and its bulky head under which it bends. Yet the rose is, notwithstanding, a beautiful flower; beauty being rather owing to than diminished by disproportion. Hence Julia, though according to the rules and measurements for determining mathematically a fine figure, would not be pronounced beautiful, still, in contempt of all rules, her appearance could not fail to command the homage of admiration. Her small person, its etherealness and delicacy even to fragility, made her, in rare

and winning loveliness, a sweet orange blossom that the beneficent Gardener had placed here to bloom and delight the beholder. No one can lift the curtain of events; yet a shrewd observer, which we pretend not to be, would perhaps pronounce Emma to be a woman admirably adapted to this earthly condition of being, and would describe Julia as a creature almost entirely of the imagination, such as youthful poets dream of. And we, if we had sunbeams for tints, and the azure of heaven for shading, and a brush made of the gossamer web, and the photographer's power to transcribe at once, we might venture to paint one so nearly ethereal that she would be as difficult a subject for the pencil, as Byron's Hebrew Maiden, who

> "Walks in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes, and sunny skies."

Some circumstances in the history of the two friends may have contributed to bring out more clearly these peculiarities in their characters.

Soon after her arrival in the province, Emma became acquainted with a youth, Shepard, a relation of the Shepard who is mentioned in Parson Gordon's letter to Dean Aldrich. They met frequently at St. Mary's,—and Emma conceived for him a regard stronger and nearer than she knew herself till some time after. He had uncommon faculties, while a certain recklessness of manner, and wilfulness of daring and opinion, keeping, as Emma believed they did, within the bounds of virtue, invested him with attributes that no other youth possessed; and, if this feeling had continued to deepen and strengthen unchecked and unreproved, with all her sagacity and purity, Emma, like other noble women before her and since, might have been doomed to pour from the deep of woman's affection its sumless riches on a comparatively worthless object; making an idol of him whom her pure mind and discernment would have detected and despised afterwards as but common clay in a moral aspect. Shepard lavished upon her the sallies of his poetical fancy, and it chanced that one of them met her father's eye. The lines were these:—

> "Come to me, love, and be to me
> The sun that lights my pathway here.
> Come to me, love, and thou shalt see,
> I fear no ill when thou art near.

"Come to me, love, and no tears
Shed from the font of sorrow's urn,
Will pour their stream in after years
Upon thy path, and make thee mourn.

"Come to me, love, and let that lip,
Than Hybla's honey far more sweet,
Be pressed to mine, and I will sip,
And die with pleasure at thy feet.

"Come to me, love, and let thine eye,
Its dove-like sweetness on me beam;
No clouds shall darken my pure sky,
But all shall light and gladness seem.

"Come to me, love, I ask no more,
Oh share with me the cup of life!
That cup with bliss will aye run o'er,
When thou becom'st my loving wife."

"Were these lines addressed to you, my daughter?" asked her father. Emma blushed, but had the firmness to answer affirmatively. "From whom?" continued her father.

"Augustus Shepard," replied Emma, looking in her father's face, and, conscious of having done or meditated no harm, not afraid to speak the truth. And Emma then, be it remembered, was not quite sixteen, (for this happened a few years before the date of our story,) and speaking in maiden simplicity: having received the lines and others similar from Shepard, rather as a boyish compliment than as a serious or reliable token of the feelings of the youth. Her father said but little; not knowing how far Shepard had made an impression; and, unwilling to speak in a tone of authority or severity, lest he might wound rather than heal the tender sensibilities of his innocent child, for the time he made no further allusion to the subject. A few months afterwards, Emma and her father had been to St. Mary's on a visit to Colonel Smithson's, and were strolling together on the banks of St. Mary's river, when the loud tones of two youths in conversation were heard. The speakers were advancing towards them. Parson Gordon at once distinguished Shepard's voice, and, from Emma's paleness and starting suddenly, saw that she had made the same discovery. "We will draw aside a moment, my child," said the father, "and let the revellers pass," Some bushes concealed them, while within a few feet of them passed Shepard, and another youth, who lived in St. Mary's. Shepard's face, tone, and manner bespoke intoxication; and amid much that was wild, hyperbolical, and indeed at times

evincive of intellect and wit, there were oaths that made Emma tremble. Mr. Gordon said not a word, but his silence, and the expression of his face, spoke volumes to Emma. She walked on silently with him, unconsciously pressing at the time the whole weight of her person on his arm, and showing him by signs unmistakeable that she was struggling with the first shock to the bright and golden dream of girlish fancy. Alas! that such awakenings ever should be! The scene just witnessed cured Emma of her fantasy for Shepard, and may have been one, perhaps the leading cause of her reserve afterwards. It rendered her slow and cautious in trusting the other sex, imparted more firmness to her character, enabled her better than before to say no, when unsuspecting confidence would have prompted compliance; gave a tinge, though slight, of melancholy to her feelings occasionally, and was calculated to fix in her mind a standard of excellence, perhaps, higher than any gentleman in the colony with whom she was likely to become acquainted, could presume to have attained unto.

But shortly after this discovery of Shepard's foibles, Emma became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Blair, a relation of the Rev. Dr. Blair, who at this time was the commissary of Virginia, and the worthy and efficient president of William and Mary College. It was no objection to Mr. Blair that he came from Emma's dear "land o' cakes and brither Scots," nor that he was a poor missionary who had been sent by Lord Weymouth to itinerate and preach the Gospel in the northern province, of what is now called North Carolina. There was much in this zealous man's character and manners to gain upon the affections of a girl like Emma, who was ever ready to own and admire moral worth, however poor its trappings. He had seen her in Annapolis, and St. Mary's, and found himself much cheered, even when away, by the sunlight of Emma's smile, and the fatherly counsels of Parson Gordon. But at length, overborne by excessive travel, and most arduous duties, shattered in constitution by the fevers on the coast of Carolina, and "sunk with poverty," he returned to England: and Emma heard no more of him. Thus our affections, like spring flowers, are nipt by unkind frosts, and the earliest and sweetest buds rarely come to maturity.

The reader may now ask, who was Julia. Besides what has been already told, and the story will unfold, she was the

niece of Mr. James Holt, who has been already introduced. Her mother, sister to Mr. Holt, died in England, and various reports were afloat about her father. Her mother having died soon after her birth, her father, disheartened by the loss, and looking upon William of Orange, as did many others at that time, as the champion of the Church of England against papal encroachment through the late King James II., he accompanied King William to Ireland, and with him fought bravely at the battle of the Boyne, when the forces of James II. were, as is well known, completely routed. He afterwards returned home, more disgusted than pleased with the after conduct of William to the Church of England; and not only inclined to the tories, but became almost a nonjuror in feeling. Julia was the youngest of three children. The eldest, a promising youth, was as wilful in purpose, as decided in parts. Her father, high-spirited and authoritative, perhaps held the reins of discipline too tightly over him, and the youth in a passion left college without consulting any one,—and sailed, it was believed, for America. His father tracked him to the vessel, but too late to prevent his embarkation.

The vessel encountered a heavy storm off the Eddystone rocks the day after she left Plymouth. Here the swell is known to be awful, and it was believed, if the vessel survived the storm, she sunk or was buried under the growing swell, which has been known to rise nearly a hundred feet high, washing over the lighthouse at this place. The news sunk like lead upon the susceptible sensibilities of Mr. Delafield. He left England,—lingering just long enough to consign his second son to the grandfather's care, and Julia, then an infant, to the care of Mr. James Holt, who he knew would rear her as tenderly and carefully as if he were her father. Except Mr. Holt, Julia knew not that she had a relative in the new world, and her intercourse with the old world was kept up by a monthly letter from her brother Charles, and an affectionate note every Christmas from her grandfather, old Mr. Delafield; the latter conveying the wishes of the season, and was accompanied always by a valuable token of affection. Her brother Charles was at Oxford when last heard from; but the last month had passed without a letter. Every vessel that came might bring the long expected letter and present from her grandfather, and news of her brother also, if it did not

bring a letter from him. Julia's wishes travelled also across the broad Atlantic in quest of news of one, who, though not so near, may have been not less dear than her grandfather and brother. A youth, Johnson, had been her avowed admirer from childhood, and so intimate and long had been their attachment, that for years Johnson, at least, had thought of the future always and only in connection with her in the bands of Hymen. He had visited the province of Maryland once since Julia had removed here, and as it was during his collegiate term, he had some difficulty on his return in gaining readmission into the university. The last evening they were together had seemed ever since to Johnson fragrant with thoughts that would ever shed their influence over him. The vessel, that was to take him back to England, lay in the harbour. It was a moonlight eve, and the ethereal mildness of gentle spring rendered the air balmy, sweet, and burdened with happiness for all who could appreciate its influence. Julia and Johnson, descending the State House hill, arm-in-arm, walked to the end of the long strip of sand that makes what is now known as "Church-point." The sweet south wind, nearly as sweet as if it came from a bank of violets, "stealing and giving odor," blew just enough to ripple the river gently, and to make that soft low sound glide as the voice of a gentle spirit over the waters. The moonlight stole softly, soothingly down, silvering in one long streak the pretty bay of St. Mary's; while the blue woods on the opposite shore, and the woods on both sides, far as the eye could travel out to the mouth of St. Mary's river, were calculated, like certain airs of music, to waken responsive echoes in the bosoms of young people so situated. Like that sweet south wind, musical and low, stole prophetically upon them the voice from their future, whispering happiness. Brighter than the moon's long line of light, seemed to be the path of life before them; and, carried away by their feelings for the moment, they stood upon the point for some minutes without breaking silence. Johnson then turned, and gazing fixedly on Julia, whose bonnet was off, and whose face was all radiant with the Titian painting of hope, felt that an angel from the spheres stood beside him, and almost held his breath from a delirium of joy. An anchoret who had practised the austerities of St. Anthony in the desert, would have been moved by the sight; and Johnson, hardly con-

scious of what he was doing, raised her unresisting hand to his lips, and speaking with some emotion, said :

"Before that moon shall go down, I turn my face to England."

"No, not so soon as that?" said Julia, starting, and too intent on her question to be aware that her hand was still in Johnson's.

"I would I could say no, dearest Julia," replied Johnson. "The captain told me at sunset, just before I met you in the State House grove, that he had received to day orders to set sail for England before another day had dawned,—and he judges the wind will freshen before morning."

A cloud had passed over the fair heavens of their happiness, and a wind had ruffled its azure surface. Julia changed colour, and taking his proffered arm walked slowly on the river bank. An hour's conversation passed between them, and at the gate of the castle, where Julia had been spending some days, they parted; Julia in unsophisticated guilelessness allowing Johnson to see the depth of her affection for him. and he, vowing all love and devotion, which he truly felt,—spoke of returning to the province after his collegiate course was finished, and asked to be permitted to write to her. Both said and felt that it was a cruel destiny that separated them by a deep, and wide, and dangerous ocean. Julia communicated her engagement to no one; but Johnson in due time apprised Mr. Holt, and asked his approval.

The singular history of Julia's family doubtless contributed to attach Emma to her, as one who needed a sister's love and counsel; and the feeling of desolation, which occasionally came over Julia, in spite of her wonted hilarity and hopefulness, drew her to Emma, as the weak object naturally clings to the stronger, and one who is defenceless, from an instinctive sense of dependance, seeks shelter and protection under one stronger and less dependant. And it is not unlikely also that the dissimilarity of their characters may have increased this mutual attraction. For personal attraction seems to be regulated like electric attraction, the opposite poles of electricity and character manifest a disposition to unite, like repelling like, but opposites being inclined to come together. And, perhaps, attraction acts not unlike chemical affinities. Hence, as acids readily combine with

alkalies, so dissimilar social qualities combine and their combination leads to results as agreeable in the social, as chemical affinities are in the chemical world. Thus Julia's mind found support in Emma's less imaginative judgment, while it was both a pleasure and relief to the latter to unbend herself in the airy sprightliness of Julia. Emma was happy occasionally to lose herself with her friend in dreamy "haunts in dale and piney mountain, in forest, in slow stream and pebbly spring, and in the clear and watery depths." And no less pleasant was it to Julia to leave dream-land for a season, (for as dream-land too often seemed this earth to her,) to walk arm in arm with Emma among the common sense, every-day realities and beings of this matter-of-fact world.

We said that Julia had been reading and occasionally commenting on Dryden's Poem of the Hind and Panther. Father Canon, whose letter we gave in the fourth chapter, had lent it to her, and commended it to her careful reading as a poem remarkable for some of the finest writing of the justly celebrated John Dryden. He had said nothing of its Romish tendency, nor had he prepared her to guard against its perversion, by saying any thing more of it than this praise of its literary merit. He was anxious to warp to his side the susceptible mind of Julia, and calculated that Dryden's ingenious and captivating poem, which speaks forcibly in favour of tradition and authority, would do more with Julia than Bossuet's "Explication of Catholic Doctrines," or his "Variations of Protestant Churches," even could she read them in the original French, or any other favourable exhibition of the Roman question. The first lines of the poem:

> "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd:
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
> Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds
> And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
> Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
> And doom'd to death, though fated not to die,"

were really so musical, and presented so engaging a picture that a sensitive imagination was at once interested, and led to wish well to the Roman Church, so agreeably represented. The overstrained allegory, amounting at times to absurdity, where, while "wagging their tails, and licking their paws,"

the two beasts, the Hind and Panther, the Churches of Rome and England, talked learnedly about transubstantiation and the authority of popes and councils, was not likely to offend the taste of one so little critical as a lady of Julia's years and education. Her preferences for the Church of England were not likely to be shocked till the argument of the poem had told on her judgment; for in the opening the Panther was spoken of kindly.

> "The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
> And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
> Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
> She were too good to be a beast of prey!"

And, though not fully understanding the force of the positions Dryden lays down and seeks to make good, Julia read particular passages over repeatedly, and tried to get Emma to admit their beauty.

To captivate her to the side of Romanism it was necessary to pursue a different plan from that adopted, and for the time successfully, as the reader is informed, with Mrs. Annie. Julia was a creature not so entirely of the affections as Mrs. Annie, but more of imagination. Her fancy must be interested. Something striking as new, fanciful, beautiful, piquant, or exceedingly clever must be presented, and if her mind could thus be enlisted, her preferences and feelings might in time come round. She had more than once, on previous occasions, accompanied Mrs. Annie, with whom she was very partial, though less intimate than with Emma, to the Romish chapel, and the service had rather pleased her. Father Canon, whenever he met her at Mrs. Annie's residence, Elgin Hall, or at Colonel Smithson's, always paid her particular attention. She was fond of writing verses, and aware of this fact, on the plea of getting from her poetic versions of certain incidents in the lives of the saints, he had more than once awakened her imaginative sympathy for the legendary fictions of the lives of their saints. She was now reading a graver production, which in a poetical dress commended papal authority to her acceptance,—and thus the way was preparing to undermine her faith, and to infuse into her more and more of the insidious poison of Romish error. Emma suspected something of the kind, though she knew hardly more about the scope of the poem than Julia. She knew where Julia got it, and she

looked suspiciously on every thing coming from Father Canon. She knew also that the general tone of Dryden's poetry was licentious, and thought Julia would derive no benefit from reading it. This she told her,—and yet more objected to it, when, on Julia's reading the poem aloud, Emma saw that papal authority was maintained in captivating verse, and by a weapon so formidable the Church of England was assailed. She then remembered having read some time previously Dryden's comedy, "The Spanish Friar," written before his perversion to Rome, and she told Julia that one statement of this writer was an offset to the other. In the Hind and Panther, Rome was

"Without unspotted, innocent within,"

but, in his Spanish Friar, Father Dominican, by his gluttony, avarice, sensuality, and hypocrisy, represents her through her priests, as but too spotted without, and too little innocent within. Julia therefore did not readily yield. In place of seeing the case as Emma presented it, she kept insisting on the charms of the poem; maintaining that it was very fine. Her friend shook her head, and remarked that she might read other and better poetry. Julia did not see this to be so, and concluding that Emma was either notional, or disposed to be captious, said with animation :—

"Come, Miss Critic, put on your wisdom cap, and tell me what is poetry."

Emma smiled. "It is easier to know what a thing is than to define it. I know my friend Julia, but would be puzzled to describe her."

"I am a nondescript," said Julia, "and so is poetry. Good—a compliment from one who never compliments. But this is no get off. Come, as Spinster Shooter, my old schoolmistress would say, define this word, and if you prove Mr. John Dryden not a poet, then I'll read, in preference to Whitsuntide, Plutarch's Lives, no," laughing, "Baxter's sermons, and nothing else."

"A poet I should say," replied Emma, "was a magician who could make persons and scenes to us strange and wonderful come and go, and who skilled in painting can colour highly and fantastically and even naturally very common things, and can dress up things as if his wardrobe had suits for all."

"Mr. Blount of Plymouth," said Julia, archly, "by

your definition, in taking lessons under Sir Godfrey Kneller in painting, was only taking lessons in poetry. For Sir Godfrey made aunt Sally's portrait so natural that she looks as if she was speaking to you. Does Mr. John Dryden do any more, or don't he do this? Why object to his poem?"

"He paints and colours high enough," replied Emma, "but I can't say he paints truly. For, after running down the Church and laws of England, because there Churchmen, Dissenters, and Quakers, as well as Romanists, live, whom he calls the Panther, Bear, Boar, Hare, and Hind, he speaks of the pope's country, and of the country of the dreadful inquisition,

> "O happy regions, Italy and Spain,
> Which never did these monsters entertain."

Now it may be poetry to paint extravagantly places that are given up to Romish vices; but truth is better than this sort of poetry."

Julia then asked if she thought she ought to read this book no further. Her friend answered that she did, and spoke of the readiness with which Fathers Hunter and Canon availed themselves of every means of sowing disaffection to the Church of England among its members; adding that this "Hind and Panther" was lent to her to corrupt her. Julia then asked, "Pray, what sort of poetry would you like? What would you have one read? I understand Governor Effingham won't allow any printing press in Jamestown. Shall I read that witch-ridden paper, the Boston Gazette? I believe I had as lief study out the hard things which an inspired mathematician, Newton, speaks of, who, by the way, is as great a poet as Shakspeare; for he hangs the planets and stars all in empty space, and says that a power we can't see keeps them in their places, and whirls them on round the sun. Or must I," continued Julia, waxing warm, "read the opera of Rosamond, written by Lord Halifax's secretary, one Addison. The story is pretty—and reading it I feel like one sailing down a gentle river under the motion of a summer breeze. But the songs are bad. I can't set one of them to my harpsichord. Or shall I bring my mind down to see my sex lowered, and believe that every woman is an Oriana, taking all disguises

to win back an inconstant lover? No, I can't bear Farquhar."

"His principles are worse than his manners," interrupted Emma, "but I fear he is not far out of the way in describing the world over the ocean."

"Then what sort of poetry do you like?" persisted Julia. Before Emma could reply, Parson Gordon entering the room said, "I verily believe you and Emma have been keeping the fire warm, and were so earnest in conversation, as to forget the afternoon is passing away without your usual walk."

"That is so, dear father," said Emma, rising quickly. "So, let us forth, Julia. See, Adaratha has been so interested in our argument that she has fallen to sleep, and pussy cat is snoring finely. Adaratha, now awake," and the three being bonneted and shawled, walked out.

It has been said that "rich honesty dwells, like a miser in a poor house, or as a pearl in a foul oyster." And it will be found that wealth of soul or intellect often abide in the poor man's dwelling, and in the homely attire of poverty. In the ground swell of a revolution, and in the sweeping flood of necessity, the pearl of worth will be expelled from its shell, and the rich honesty of thoughts and emotions that money cannot set the value of will come forth and take a stronger position. But especially is it true, that rich honesty, miser-like, dwells in a poor house, or pearl-like in a foul oyster, in reference to females. Around "the wee bit ingle," and "the clean hearth stane," of an humble man, and under the roof of a poor man, we are as likely to see the truest and best specimens of womankind, as in the glare of a court, or the hot-bed of wealth and fashion. For home is woman's sphere. Her virtues thrive best by the fire-side, and under the paternal roof. The blaze of the world would rather wither than strengthen her engaging qualities, and its hot-bed would smother them by the foul weeds that in it grow faster than virtues. The touch of the world also hardens, but it does not improve. While it gives confidence it is apt to corrupt. Many a woman has frowned down another who was vastly her superior in every thing but assurance. Wealth and education may do much to mould the mind and mend the manners, but to be well educated and well mannered it is not at all necessary that a

lady must have caught the air of a city, and be initiated into its customs.

Besides, says Dryden:

> "A country lip may have the velvet touch;
> Though she's no lady, she may please as much."

Generally, therefore, female loveliness, like the wild rose, grows best in retirement; where the Simoon-breath of fashion and folly come not, but flourishing "beside the still waters," sees in its depths only its own pure image, and is radiant with the comeliness of Him who was as guileless as He was good. Nor is it fatal to this result that a woman be educated, provided that her education be not of that sort which will make her a blue stocking. For Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was said to have been innupta, always unmarried; doomed to maiden loneliness by knowing, or professing to know more than the other inhabitants of Olympus.

But, while love may seem to "wear the cap and bells of folly," women to be loved long or truly must cast them off, and be more than mere butterflies, or dollbabies, or the playthings of amorous dalliance.

At the time of our narrative, and afterwards, most females were unable to write a grammatical sentence. Pope, a cotemporary then, said:

> "Most women have no characters at all,
> Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Our readers will see that Emma and Julia had characters, and that any circumstance could not colour them at will; but, thanks for this are due, not to the age, but to the sedulous and judicious care with which their minds had been tutored. The age, it is true, in the mother country, was rich in intellectual lights; but alas! how little were they appreciated! A Mrs. Masham (a name perhaps significant), "who had no more sense than would have sufficed to smooth a crumpled riband, or comb a lap-dog," ruled Queen Anne, while Swift and Bolingbroke waited in the antechamber. And in the province of Maryland, ignorance was not less in the ascendant. It was seen in the vapouring Governor Seymour; and the leading characters we are sketching were, as compared to the great mass,

> "Rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

CHAPTER VIII.

TRADING FOR A HORSE—THE CASTLE BOARDED—THE HUNT, &C.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight-lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep mouthed bloodhounds' heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from further distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

SCOTT.

WE left Montrose on St. Agnes' day just as he parted from his unknown friend, and, to take up the thread of our narrative, we must ask the reader to go back a few days to the period just mentioned. When Montrose arrived at the tavern of the Free Briton, which was on a street that ran parallel with St. Mary's river, and not far from Chancellor's Point, he found an invitation for the captain and himself, from Colonel Smithson, to spend the evening at the castle; and was further informed in the note that the fete would open at sunset, and continue till midnight; and that their host had arranged a stag-hunt, which was to begin a little before dawn, and to consist of a dozen riders. Montrose received the intelligence with very great pleasure, and bestirred himself the meanwhile in looking out for a suitable horse; as the hunt might be no less hazardous than agreeable. And, as he and the captain would need each a horse on other occasions also, they concluded to purchase one.

The county court was then in session, and hence there was a goodly number of horses at the two taverns; Montrose, with the shrewdness of a horse jockey, criticised, and then rejected first one, and then another, and another of the horses, which were offered to him.

"Why man," he said to one owner, "this horse is very sorry. His ears are too big and not straight enough," and on the man seeming incredulous, he added, "I want a tough hunter: I mean a horse whose ears are long and erect as those of a fox."

"I have the horse for the young master," said an old man leading forward the animal. Montrose laughed, and said. "Why, sir, a horse's head is proverbial for its length, and, old man, your horse's head is nearly as short and as narrow as your own."

"What say you, mister, to mine," said a third rustic. "Ne'er horse 'tween Jimstown and Boston kin match him. See what a fine neck, so purty curving."

"Very curving indeed," replied Montrose. "The horse is worthless. He is not even equal to a quarter nag. He would break down by the time a good horse would just begin to get warm." There was a laugh in the crowd, and a by-stander said, "This stranger don't want to buy, after all."

"Yes I do," said Montrose. "Give me a horse with a large throat, and that will not curve, but straight, and I'll wager, he'll hold out, when your curving neck horses are gasping on the ground."

Having settled the material points of horse-worthiness, no less to the amazement than the edification of the gapers and loungers at the inns, and to the vexation of some of the disappointed venders; who, having affixed a high price on their horses, hoped to make a bargain out of him, he found one at length which was equipped by nature in all the points essential. His crest was fine and elevated; his breast was broad and strong; his legs were clean, flat, and straight, and his mane and tail were thin and long; besides possessing the other excellences stated. And then our hero, with the practised judgment of a veteran sportsman, and, having ascertained that he was obedient to the bit, spur, and voice, and in such keeping as ensured endurance, felt nearly as impatient for the hunt as any ambitious squire is to win the spurs on the eve of a first engagement.

The captain, however, did not select his horse with like judgment; but supposing that the larger and heavier the animal, the better he could stand a hunt, he bought one that looked to be as unwieldy as an elephant.

Night came, and before dusk a merry but small company met at the castle. The belle of St. Mary's, Miss Evelin of Evelinton manor, and Mrs. Annie Jones, the widow, eclipsed all other fair ones who were there; and, as these ladies may be described particularly hereafter, it will suffice to say, that Miss Evelin did not inspire either Montrose or the captain, while Mrs. Annie impressed them both most favourably;

and that a few of her warm and sunny smiles acted on the susceptible heart of the captain, as so many sparks would have done on well prepared tinder. On Miss Evelin, Montrose felt disposed to play off those airs and speeches, which young men are so apt to do on a coquette; while he felt drawn to Mrs. Annie, as to one whom he must esteem, and under certain circumstances might love. The captain entertained for the belle of St. Mary's a kind of distant homage, which kept him respectfully at bay; but, when he looked at Mrs. Annie, he felt inclined to take down sail, let go anchor, and lay within speaking distance.

About ten o'clock however, pursuant to the good habits of the olden time, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen, who were to be of the hunting party, also retired to make their preparations. As they were leaving the castle, the captain in a low tone said to Montrose, "Ahoy! messmate, I'm bound on another chase afore weighing anchor for this cruise in the forest. And, egad, I think 'twill be easier to get in her wake, and under her windward. For, look ye, Master Montrose, this is a sail worth the boarding."

"What means the man?" said Montrose. "Why captain, the pretty widow, or the apple-toddy, has turned your head. You are going to give chase to whom."

"Well, the upshot is, 'tis, as we were told, St. Agney's night, and they say the very time to go a cruising for love. Mrs. Annie, that girl with the eyes of a Spanish Donna, sleeps in the right wing of this castle, and I'm sure the charm will work. For aint she put out her light, and gone below."

"The charm will work! She has put out her light! What nonsense is all this? Come, captain, if you talk so, I shall think the best thing to be done is to put you to bed. With so little ballast as you have on board, you will capsize."

"Hold on there," said the captain. "I overheard Hackett, the fellow with the brocaded waistcoat, say to Lawyer Brief, the little attorney, that he meant to board the outside of this castle to night, and going aloft to Mrs. Annie's birth, spin out a bit of poetry."

"Well," interrupted Montrose, "you mean to break the fellow's head, and get your's broken for intermeddling?"

"I have no fears of having my bows run into by a craft like him," replied the sailor; "but I won't say I won't

shiver his bows. But, as I was telling you, Hackett dropt the bit of poetry, and here it is,"—producing a piece of paper,—"and I mean, now that I have got the fellow's papers, to clap on all sail and take the prize from him; for you must know, this being St. Agney's night, wind and tide favour me."

"How, in the name of wonder! with this paper do you propose to bring about this matter?" asked Montrose, more and more persuaded the captain was cracked.

"Easy enough. You'll see after I've boarded the castle," replied the captain.

"What! like Jachemo in the play, who stole into Imogen's chamber, you mean to take notes of your sleeping beauty, sing next to her a catch, which is to wake her up, and, no sooner has the pretty Mrs. Annie got a glimpse of you, than away you dodge out of the window?"

"Why not?" said the captain, resolved on the experiment.

"Hoity toity, captain," continued Montrose. "You served under Admiral Benbow, eh?"

"Ay, Master Montrose."

"And your rough commander couldn't whip Du Casse, the Frenchman, with but one ship against a fleet?"

"Ay, ay!" replied the sailor.

"So neither will you, with the force you have, take Mrs. Annie in the castle. But let me see the bit of poetry you have." And, taking the paper by the light near, Montrose read as follows:

"List! lady, your lover is here,
Mark him well, while he is near:
See a gallant, bold and true,
Who loves none so well as you,
And would on thy sweet brow
A kiss imprint,—and let thee know
It will his happiness be
Ere long to marry thee."

"First rate," said Montrose. "So a son of Neptune has left the briny sea to wet his feet in the dews of Helicon?"

"Lawyer Brief wrote it," said the sailor.

"It is to be hoped," said Montrose, "that in the court of law he draws up his pleas better; if not his suits will go against him."

Montrose now urged the sailor to lie down, and rest

himself a few hours,—gave orders that he himself should be called up some time before day, and then, throwing himself on the bed, was soon asleep. The captain, however, on amorous thoughts intent, sallied forth for the castle, with a rope; by means of which he hoped to reach the house, and afterwards to escape from it. On reaching the castle, he saw that Hackett was before him, whose figure he detected stealing along under the shadow of the wall on the right side, and whom he next saw climb up into a tree that projected over the wall, and by a limb of which, he observed, he descended into the yard. The captain followed close upon him, and having reached the top of the wall, looked about to see what had become of Hackett, being anxious to know how he proposed to scale the house and effect an entrance through the window into Mrs. Annie's apartment. He saw Hackett seize a small ladder, which was in the yard near him, next plant it gently against the side of the house under the window, and slowly ascend it.

"'Twill be time enough for me to try," thought the captain, "when the fellow runs aground, or gives up the chase: and how can he navigate without this bit of a paper?"

Hackett reached the top of the ladder, and there stopt. The window was fastened down by a catch, or fitted very tightly in the groove. Hackett, resolute on succeeding, shook the window violently, and made such a rattling noise as to awaken the fair sleeper within. For starting up alarmed, and thinking more of robbers than St. Agnes or a lover, she threw a robe de chambre about her, and, hurrying to the passage, gave the alarm: which alarm, however, neither Hackett nor the captain immediately knew of.—Colonel Smithson came out at once at the summons of his fair guest, and Hackett soon saw, to his consternation, a light in Mrs. Annie's room, and heard voices below stairs. He hastily descended, climbed the wall, and was congratulating himself on his lucky escape, when he heard the heavy growl of a large mastiff, that a servant had just unchained. Hackett waited no longer. Fear lent him speed. He descended the outer side of the wall; but ignorance how to proceed here detained him a moment. Servants of the castle might be in the main street waiting to intercept him should he take this route. A wide field lay before him; but should he trust himself in this direction, the dog would unquestionably overtake him before

he could reach the cross-street, where the field terminated. There was one, and but one avenue of escape. He could run close outside the wall in rather a north by east course, and, turning then to the left, cross a foot-bridge that spanned the head of St. John's Creek. This would soon bring him to the ford just outside of the creek's mouth. Here he might cross, and for the night, or the time, find shelter on the other side. But, in effecting this feat, he must be quick about it, or the dreadful mastiff would be upon him. This was Hobson's choice,—no better, or other as good, offering, it became Hackett's. He ran as he had never run before, and gained the bridge before the dog was outside of the walls. He was soon at the mouth of the creek, preparing to ford just beyond it, when the woods rang with the heavy and deep toned bark of the mastiff in pursuit. Hackett heard no more, paused no longer; but pushed into the creek, cold as it was, waded across, and, breathless and dripping with water, pushed forcibly against the door of one Snarler, whose house was on the hill, near the creek's mouth. Providentially, perhaps, for Hackett, Snarler had not yet retired, and at that instant was in the act of bolting the door, as Hackett kicked and beat at it, clamorous for admittance.

"Open the door; open the door I say," bawled Hackett.

"I must know who you is first," said Snarler.

"Would you have me murdered?" again bawled Hackett, kicking and beating yet harder.

Snarler caught the word murdered in part, sounding to him as murder, and he strove now to shoot the bolt inside; seizing at the same time a stick, as if he would contest the entrance.

"Then, fool!" said Hackett, maddened with fear and desperation, (for the dog was crossing at the ford,) "I'll break open your door, and your head too. I'd fight a dozen like you before I'd fight that dog. I thought Colonel Smithson had sent him away."

Thus speaking, Hackett caught up a log of wood from a pile near by, and drove it forcibly against the door. The door gave way, and Hackett, like one possessed, burst into the house, and, before Snarler could do any thing, or recognize him, he ran hastily up stairs, and shut after him a bedroom door, which he fastened at once inside. This was the work of a moment, and just in time to save him; for imme-

diately afterwards in rushed the dog. Snarler, like one bewildered, stood irresolute what to do, and wondering who could be the unceremonious intruder; when the dog seized upon Snarler, threw him down, and would have cut his throat, if the servants rushing in had not beat him off. All this time the captain saw only a part of Hackett's movements, and being further out, had means of clearing himself and reaching the main street, which he did, just as the servants at the castle were coming out of it. In no pleasant mood he returned to the Inn of the Free Briton. On the way he passed some revellers who were out on a spree, and were going, as they said, to wet their whistle, and fill their horn. The captain saw them walking arm in arm, two by two, and heard them lustily sing:—

"Old Bacchus is a merry fellow;
One quaff of him is worth a crown;
For whomsoever he makes mellow, ——
He makes a king, though before a clown."

The captain had not been in long, before Montrose was called up by the servant, and was surprised to see the captain sitting moodily in a chair, looking into a fire of half dead embers.

"The widow still, captain, eh! I fear man this thing called love has broken your rest. Oh! 'tis a sad enemy to sailors—worse than crossing the line. Cupid tosses you tars on a rougher sea than Neptune does; knowing that tossing is only in the way of your profession. But, bless me, you seem to have had more than the usual tossing to-night," surveying the captain more closely. "Shipwrecked, eh?" Still the captain made no reply. "How long have you been up?"

"I've not been below to-night," said the sailor.

"What? Not taken to your berth yet?" continued Montrose.

After a long pause the captain mentioned his abortive attempt, and Hackett's flight; at which Montrose laughed heartily, and in which, after a while, the captain joined.

Servants entered then, and reported that the horns were sounding, and that lawyer Brief and the collector had just passed on their way to the castle. Montrose walked out with the captain.

"Ah! whose hounds are these?" he asked, seeing some fine hounds.

"They belong to Colonel Smithson," said the servants.

"See, captain," continued Montrose, "what fine eyes, black as the widow's, and nearly as soft. Notice what fine rush tails, and what round and cat-like feet. And then their ears! Yes, by Jove, captain, the hounds of Theseus could not have surpassed them; for these also have

"Ears that sweep away the morning dew,"

"There's no mistake about them," continued Montrose, inspecting the hounds closely, with all the interest of a veteran sportsman, or hunter. "What can be more elegant than the gait of these hounds? Equal almost to that of an English fox-hound—equal, you would say, perhaps, to a ship under sail. No, no, now that you are smitten of the mischievous god, it would be the highest compliment to say their gait was equal to that of Mrs. Annie, the lovely widow, especially, captain," slapping the sailor on the shoulder, "when you were giving chase to her, and she outsailed you. Why, captain," continued Montrose, not observing the moody silence, and the disconcerted look of the sailor, "to raise such hounds as these; raise them well, I mean, as these seem to be, it needs more pains than it would take to educate a country gentleman; for most of the country gentry raise themselves. Like the weeds in their fields, they grow up without raising; but a first-rate hound requires every pains," and he was proceeding to describe their education as a theme he loved to dwell on, when the groom admonished him it was getting late; and here breaking off, Montrose and the captain, mounting, rode off. All were in movement at the castle, and lights streamed forth from the large windows upon the court in front. The colonel, with the manners of a courtier, met our acquaintances at the door, and with a bow, which Lafontaine would have called a note drawn at sight, requiring instant and due acknowledgment, full of grace and dignity, and with a courtesy that obliged and pleased, he ushered them into the parlour.

The colonel was about the average height of men, though not large. He was neat, but not foppish; courtly and imposing in tone and in manner, and in all was made to move among men, and impress them favourably.

"The large meadow," said the colonel to his guests, "lies to the north-east of the town, and here is probably our game. But we must be cautious. Remember it is an old hart. He was seen grazing in that meadow yesterday. Now these fellows at this season do not herd together as in December; but go generally in fours. We must, therefore, separate him from his companions. His layer we may, perhaps, find in the thicket near by, and may easily distinguish it from the bed of any other deer. But then," and the colonel spoke as gravely as if he were planning an assault on an enemy's outpost, "let us be sure we have found it, for if the hounds, by mistake, should get on the wrong scent, our sport is spoiled. I can tell it, however, when I see it, and I am anxious that the hounds should strike his scent, and keep it till they track him to his layer to-night; and this cannot be far off. Let us be careful to unharbour so as to make no mistake. For, from the hart's age and strength, it will be no child's play to hunt him down."

"His age?" asked a short, thick man dressed as a Roman priest, "then you believe in the longa et cervina senectus of Juvenal? and in the Gælic notion that the stag's life is thrice as long as man's?"

"To some extent," said the colonel, "and we shall say this old hart has lived long but to learn wisdom and craft to baffle and foil us."

"So much the better," interrupted Montrose, "and only what deer stalkers count upon at times. The ready and certain sagacity of the stag has outwitted many a Nimrod."

"All the more glory in winding the most at his death," said Lawyer Brief; a prim little man, whose body was in perpetual motion, and whose chief ambition, it seemed, was to put on all the dignity imaginable, and which evidently cost him an effort. "All the more glory, colonel," he continued, "I feel as much ardour for the hunt as if I had always heard the music of the cry of the hounds, instead of the wrangling discord of a court-room."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the portly priest we mentioned, whose blooming face, ruddy complexion, cheer-loving eye, and open countenance made him look like any thing but a priest of the order of Loyola. "You have had the very practice to make an expert sportsman. For never was stag or hart so hunted down, as you hunt a poor fellow, when you have a suit against him; and, being so adroit by

your capias in ferreting the defendant out of the thickets, and always ready to sound the mort huntsman-like, when you have him in your clutches, you will beat us all."

"Even so, Father Canon," said Colonel Smithson, looking archly at the company. "Ah! father, you know the attorney well. Often has he confessed the quips and turns of his profession to you. We must be up and stirring then; and, besides, I understand, he has promised the antlers of the hart, as a present, to Miss Evelin."

"They are to be hers, gentlemen," said the little attorney, colouring a little, and then straightening himself to look big.

"Provided you can get them," said Montrose, who conceived no fancy for the attorney, "one little obstacle is in the way, the conjunction *if*. Get over that, and you may have the antlers."

"Very true," replied Father Canon. "The conjunction *if* might be in his way, if it were not a copulative conjunction, but, as the worthy counsellor has thought of coupling, it won't be in his way, and I'll wager, should he need stag's horns to win Miss Evelin, he'll even put them on his own head, and cutting a more graceful figure than Falstaff did as the stag of Windsor Forest, he will look so very engaging under the old mulberry at moonlight, (I will not say under the apple tree, close by where the thirty-nine are given,) that Miss Jane will pity his bachelor-loneliness, and——"

"Exactly so, Father Canon," said the colonel, interrupting him, "and relieve it:" laughing as he spoke. "So, gentlemen, before we go, fill round a bumper to the amorous stag of St. Mary's. Better luck to him than his illustrious predecessor."

The glasses were filled and emptied, and the oaken roof echoed with the glee of the company; in which Brief, though smarting a little under their gibes, was too politic not to join.

"We are losing time," said the colonel.

The company then rode off, taking the road towards a large meadow, which was to the north of the town. The moon shone brightly; the air was mild for the season; a gentle wind from the west was just perceptible, and but little, if any, frost was falling.

"A lovely night this for a hunt," said Montrose, as he and the colonel rode on together.

"Divine," replied the colonel, stopping a second, and looking inquiringly about him. "Not cold enough, nor dry enough to destroy the scent. To hunt such a time would tempt a gouty man out of bed."

"That aint all," said Montrose, "I have heard my father say that King William, impatient at old Duke Schomberg's tardiness, remarked he had not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet. I should say from Cæsar's movements," pointing to one of the two fine hounds, "we are near the hart, and will have a busy time of it."

"Yes, yes," said the colonel, quickly. "Look Cæsar, look," cheering the hound. He had hardly spoken before the hound gave a deep yell, and it was so full and strong that it went travelling on the morning air, floating out of the meadow river-ward, on reaching which, it rolled onward, and lost itself in distant echoes on the other shore.

The colonel, a true huntsman, ordered the groom not to cast the two hounds till he had given the usual signal. And, addressing Montrose hurriedly, urged him to keep close to Cæsar, and see whether he snuffed the scent of a roe, or fallow deer. On the two followed, without loss of time or speed, and were led by the sagacious dog to the point desired. The colonel's face brightened up, and his voice assumed that wiry tone which excitement is apt to produce. "Here he has been. Yes! now I'd give something to find the layer where he was harboured to-night." Cæsar, the meanwhile, sagaciously busy, snuffed the air, and quickened his pace, and then unable to keep in his joy, barked and yelled. The hunters were on the look out, and kept as close to him as they could. All at once, Montrose, raising himself in his stirrups, and pointing to the right, cried out in a loud tone: "Here! here he is," when a noble stag or hart, with lofty antlers, sprang from his couch in the thicket, and with the speed of the wind seemed to bound across the meadow, proud, doubtless of his strength and activity; and, like men at the onset of the race of life, expecting easily to distance all in pursuit, and to be able to reach a sheltered nook, or commanding eminence, where he might look disdainfully and securely down upon his enemies. Colonel Smithson gave instantly three blasts of the horn. The hounds spoken of were instantly uncoupled and put upon the scent; and then the whole pack snuffing the tainted air, each in a tone peculiarly his own, and which chimed in with all, opened

in a concert whose music a hunter will declare was second to none. One voice after another of the excited hunters cheered. Deep went the rowels of the spur into the flanks of the horses. Crack went their whips; and, with yells like Indians, splashing in the mud, and clearing the brooks and bushes in the way, with a hunter's recklessness, on they bounded. But none more so than Montrose, who with face flushed and every muscle strained, felt as proud as did Conrad on a different element:

> "Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
> To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

No money at that moment could have bought his horse from Montrose. They next pressed through a heavy growth of oaks. Behind Montrose, and just ahead of Colonel Smithson, the Captain was plunging fearfully upon his unwieldy beast, shouting as if he had a trumpet, "Ship ahoy! heave to there! or I'll run you down."

"Have a care, captain," said the colonel, catching the sailor's bridle, "or you'll break your own neck, and your horse's too, in the ravine just ahead of you."

The hart made for St. Mary's river. Montrose had pushed ahead of his company, and by dint of excellent horsemanship, and the protection of Providence, had been saved from more than one break-neck disaster; and as he came in sight prudently reined in his steed, and stopt to observe where the deep mouthed baying of the hounds would conduct him. The sound coming to him from the north, he pressed up a high hill on the river's bank, where he might make his observations, and guide his movements with judgment. The hill on which he stood is elevated about a hundred feet above St. Mary's river, and a mile and a half to the north of the State House, on the river's right bank. Here there was a little clearing, which was a part of Snarler's farm, to whose house Hackett, it will be remembered, made an unexpected visit in running from the dog.

The sun's red beams were just visible in the highest window on the south side of the castle. A mist hung upon the river as if nature had cast a light and gossamer veil upon it. The water was still and peaceful. The blue of the wood lined the shore, and Montrose stood for a moment listening to the blended cries of tenor and bass of the different hounds. Leaving all behind him, the stag stood on a lofty eminence

just beyond, and above that on which Montrose had made a momentary halt.

The eminence was crowned with majestic oaks, which were few and far between; and it was so open that Montrose distinctly saw the hart stop, and, throwing his antlered frontlet proudly aloft seemed to be listening, as if anxious to catch the different cries of the hounds in pursuit, who were winding along the curving shore of the river below the hill. Oh! that man, whose passions like well trained hounds, hunt him down from dawn to the sunset of life, would thus gain the summit of an eminence in his furious career and stop; and noting his foes in pursuit, would turn to the only safe retreat which the Gospel offers, to the right, the narrow, and upward path. A moment more and the hart was gone. In the meanwhile the early risers in the town heard the merry horns ring out their peal, and Mrs. Annie Jones, and the inmates of the castle, were awake, and listened anxiously to the sounds which came into their chambers with the morning air. Mrs. Annie had recovered from her alarm, and stood at the window, looking towards the sheet of water, whence came the sounds of horn and hound. And, as she was looking out, the servant entered, and delivered the bit of poetry which our friend, the captain, had dropped in his flight.

"This is Lawyer Brief's work," said Mrs. Annie, recognizing the handwriting. "He is smitten with Jane, and by mistake took my window last night for hers. Surely he couldn't think that St. Agnes would favour his suit."

She immediately dressed herself, hurried out, and showed the paper to Mrs. Smithson, and the two then bantered Miss Evelin, telling her this was a love-token of the attorney, whose enterprise the night just past had failed; and they were much amused at the indignation with which the haughty beauty received this supposed evidence of the attorney's regard.

During this time the huntsmen pursued their way with unabated zeal, and when they reached the lofty hill, where the hart was last seen by Montrose, they sent up a shout and blew blasts that made the woods and waters to ring again. As it was a primitive forest, many a deer was roused from his lodge, many a fox scared from his kennel, many a timid hare driven from her seat, and many a fish-hawk startled from his airy nest on a dead tree. Only

on days of yore had the Indian hunters, chasing the fallow-deer and roe buck, sent up and down the glens and hills of the Yaocomoco a more deafening shout; but horn and hound then, did not, as on the occasion referred to, deepen and improve that yell, and make it musical. Further up the river stretches a meadow, where were some deer whom the noise had startled forth, among whom, with the craftiness peculiar to the stag, the hart dashed, driving at the same time the herd together, and among whom he fled, in order hereby to deceive his pursuers and lead them off on a different scent. This artifice succeeded in part. The younger hounds, who had outstripped in the race, were thus led astray.

"We are alone," said Colonel Smithson. "The captain, to my surprise, is yet in his seat; Father Canon and the counsellor are behind; while the rest of the party have been misled by the young hounds after a roe or buck of the herd, that just now was grazing in this meadow. I'll sound my horn and call them back;" which was done nearly as soon as said.

"The hart, I should judge," said Montrose, "from the actions of your fine hounds, has pushed towards the head of this river, and we shall then have a hunt in the forest."

In the meanwhile Father Canon had taken the hunt rather coolly for a sportsman, and was dragging along in the rear with the attorney. The latter had already conned a set speech, representing that his tardiness was caused by his reluctance to leave the priest alone; though he had found the latter of service to him. Brief was a sorry horseman, and timid, being afraid to ride faster than a certain gait, while the priest, who asked nothing more than a subject for his wit, unable to repress his merry mood, as he rode alongside of the attorney, while he jogged him, said,—

"Confess, friend Brief, if Miss Evelin were only here that she would be a dearer deer than any which feeds in the forest; and closer to your heart than this hart of an old stag we are chasing."

"What then, father?"

"Why," continued the veteran joker, "confess, man, and be shriven. You love the girl out of reason, and I'll make it reason by giving you absolution."

By this time the stag had reached the head of St. Mary's river; and, here changing his course, he doubled for some hundreds of yards, and appeared inclined to return to his old range. This partial retracing of the route brought Montrose and the colonel once more together. The colonel's horse was nearly spent; though his rider, now falling in with the whole pack of hounds, and the main body of the sportsmen, felt no discouragement; but cheered on the pack, called to the hunters to push on, and, spurring his jaded steed, his party co-operating,—he and they renewed the hunt with energy.

"The hart makes for the forest," shouted the colonel. "He means to push for the Patuxent."

"Cheer on, boys," cried out Montrose. "A bold push now, or we lose him. If he takes soil, our hunt is spoiled. He won't hold this long."

The hart was evidently failing. He ran in a high and lampering gait. His mouth was black and foamless, and his tongue fell out; unmistakable signs that he had run his best, and, if he were well pushed, his race would soon be over.

So thought the hunters, and as the poor hart, with the energy of desperation, struggling for life, after a second's pause, as if to collect breath and strength, and perhaps snuff in wind enough to hold out upon, then darted into the forest, which stretches between the head of St. Mary's river and the river Patuxent, deep went the rowels of the spurs into the jaded horses, up rose the desperate shout of the riders, "On, on." The clanging horn sounded if possible louder than before; and the two favourite hounds bayed deep and strong. Poor beast! Not one of the eager and anxious sportsmen thought of the pain he was inflicting. Even the hounds, dumb beasts also, were as pitiless. Men, even so, hunt down their fellow men. When the hard-chased human stag, almost spent, with a commendable courage, bears himself up, and makes one last effort, instead of admiration and pity, his pursuers say, "We shall have him now." And they shout after him with redoubled hatred and virulence, "Down with him! Down with him!"

Colonel Smithson came to a fence, which he attempted to leap; his horse fell, and threw him, without hurting him, while the poor animal, with a groan, lay down to die.

The collector, Mr. Craft, was not far off. He had abandoned his horse as nearly dead, and was seated under a tree soliloquizing: "How unprofitable is this hunting! I've lost a valuable beast by it; yet I durst not refuse the colonel's pressing invitation. A man must make sacrifices now and then to keep on the bright side of such men as the colonel. His support got me my office." Another of the party had been unhorsed, and others were hors de combat,—in hunter's phrase, hors de chasse,—in reality, hors d'haleine, out of breath,—and perhaps considered a longer hunt hors de raison, very unreasonable.

The captain had fared no better. It was not his fortune, like Commodore Trunnion, to find a river in his way, in which he might get once more into his native element; though doubtless, like the commodore, on a similar occasion, he thought the hunt had been against all the rules of sailing; being often in the teeth of the wind, and almost always with the certain prospect of capsizing, or being wrecked. More than once he had called upon Neptune and his horses, and vowed, if out of this gale, he would never trust himself on land in another, especially on so crazy a hulk as he attempted to steer. For he had been thrown. His left arm hung nearly useless by his side, and his face was almost as badly scratched as if he had been in a Kentucky fight. Fortunately, however, the captain found what was next as good as water. His horse landed him in a morass, from which, with difficulty, he extricated himself; and, as he was walking to a house near, he muttered: "Right glad am I to run into a harbour at last. I was a great fool to go a cruising after a stag that outruns the devil." Still the hart kept ahead, and Montrose and the two hounds kept close to him; all three being nearly spent. At length they ascended a hill, which afforded a fine view of the Patuxent, and of the hills and woods of Calvert; but vexed was Montrose also to see that the hart lost no time in descending the hill, while the two faithful dogs almost hung upon his haunches.

"Oh!" said he, "that I had a mile or two to stretch further, and he should be mine. He may be mine yet," said the youth; pressing his horse to the utmost the tired beast could bear up under; and he hurried down the hill, shouting loud as he could. His voice however was too hoarse to be heard far. Close prest and hard beset, the hart,

though within almost a stone's cast of the river, turned and stood at bay; prepared to do execution against the dogs and even Montrose, should either or all venture to attack him in his extremity. "I must call in the dogs," said Montrose to himself. "Perhaps," he continued, drawing a short and stout sword that he wore at his side, (for, like ancient knights, he was "gladio cinctus,") "I can manage him with this." So saying, he called off the dogs, dismounted and fastened his horse; and then advanced to an encounter which no practised hunter enterprises without some concern; well aware how very perilous it is to assail a hart at bay. The hounds stood off and barked, as Montrose slowly and cautiously advanced; by dexterity hoping to give the stag a side thrust, and counting on the stag being too exhausted to drive either very hard, or correctly. The crisis was at hand; but the hart at once turned, gained the river bank, and plunged in.

"Too bad," said Montrose, "too bad." The jaded stag, with his person nearly hid, made the stream as is usual, and kept far enough from the bank to leave no scent. The baffled dogs stood and howled, and Montrose, deeply mortified, looked after the stag, saw his ripple and a black something just above the water move the river. "Where was he? Where was the captain?" were his next thoughts. To the country he was an entire stranger, and night was not far off.

For the first time Montrose began to feel much fatigue, and having fasted since over-night, he was very hungry. "It is possible," said he, as he slowly retraced his course up the hill, "I may fall in with some of the party. Perhaps the sound of my horn may bring us together." He blew his horn long and loudly, and the echoes travelled in the woods and along the river; but no answering horn was heard. He ascended the hill, and there stood dubious what course to take; for there was no road near. "My horse," he continued, "cannot carry me much further. What shall I do?"

At this moment he heard the noise of a horse's hoofs not far off. He hallooed, calling on the person to stop. A voice replied. He followed the direction of the sound, and found quite a tall, stout person, dressed as a clergyman, waiting for him. Montrose, in courteous terms, stated his difficulty, and the stranger, who was Parson Gordon,

assured him that they were near the house of a decent forester. Here they would stop for the night, and could promise Montrose comfortable quarters. The latter expressed his surprise in finding a clergyman in these wilds.

"I held Divine service this morning," said the parson, "in a chapel in this neighbourhood, and I administered the sacrament of baptism to some children. I reside in St. George's, whither I am bound."

"You are acquainted then with Parson Gordon?"

"I am Parson Gordon himself."

Montrose expressed his pleasure at the discovery, announced his name, and stated that an intimate friend, Charles Delafield, had often spoken of him as rector of the parish where his sister resided.

"Charles Delafield? Why he is the brother of Julia, and nephew of Mr. James Holt." Montrose assented. They continued the conversation till they came to the forester's house. Here Montrose found the captain, who seemed not sorry to have found a port. And we shall leave them for the present, with the remark, that the day following, Parson Gordon, on his return home, was informed of Father Hunter's sermon, and that on the second day he had the conversation which we have given, at the castle, on the orders of the Church of England. We will add that Montrose had the hunt over again in his sleep that night. The sound of the horn rang clearly in his ear, and all the night he was chasing a phantom stag. He often came near, but found it as hard to run him down, as he had the stag he had chased while awake.

Colonel Smithson, after losing his horse, walked on a few miles, and finding and hearing nothing of the party, turned about, and bent his course towards St. Mary's. After going, as he supposed, in the neighbourhood of his associates, he determined to try the efficacy of sounding his horn. He accordingly blew a treble most as spiritedly as if he had killed the stag, and was exulting over his fall. Hardly had he sounded before a number of horns, answering in a general recheat, were heard from a thicket to the right, near the banks of the river. He hurried to the spot, and, on ascending a hill, saw his compeers in the chase, (Montrose and the captain excepted,) sitting on the ground by a large spring, making merry. A shout went up from the party,

as the colonel came in sight, and, among the voices greeting him, Father Canon's was most distinguishable.

"Right welcome, worthy Venator," said the priest, "after your successful hunt! You have killed the stag, given the hounds their reward, and have come to call on us to help you dissect him, and being very considerate and benevolently disposed to distressed corydons, you have left the antlers on him for the counsellor, that he may keep his promise with the belle of St. Mary's?"

"Oh, certainly," said the colonel, entering into the joke, "and if I had thought a moment, I should have known why Father Canon did not anticipate me in this pleasure."

"Yes, yes," said the priest, "I am a true Israelite. I have a hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt."

"And do not object either to the grapes of Eshcol," said the colonel.

"How could I? Worthy sir, I am not so wicked as to have forgotten St. Paul's advice to son Timothy: 'Do not still drink water; but use a little wine for thy stomach-sake, and thy frequent infirmities.'"

"Which infirmities, father," said the colonel, "being frequent, require frequent use of the remedy prescribed."

"Most wisely reasoned out," said the priest. "Besides, I go for the otium cum dignitate; that sort of dignity which is most comfortable, as I would paraphrase it. You have not forgotten old Catullus? Not his memorable lines?

"'O quid solutis est beatius curis.'

You know them. Great, he says, is his happiness who, throwing aside all cares, coming home overworked, takes his ease on the wished for couch. Now, I would improve this. He is yet happier, say I, who, before lying down, uses 'vino propter stomachum suum, et frequentes suas infirmitates.' Ah! that is it," laughing heartily. "Yes, takes a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities. This helps digestion, and enables us all the better,

"'Desiderato qui acquiescere lecto,'

to lie down on the wished for couch. But come, sir," rising and making room for the colonel, "you are just in time. We have settled the knotty points, disposing of the substan-

viands of duck and venison, and were about to finish off by a spirited and especially spirituous application."

After further pleasantries, the colonel and collector, taking each a horse from their grooms, made all haste towards St. Mary's, hoping to reach there by bed time. As the two, Father Canon and Colonel Smithson, rode on together, in a tone pleasant and yet meant to be more, the colonel said to the Roman priest:

"It must be your love of good fellowship, or perhaps your desire to accommodate your friends, and not a hunter's passion, which gives us the pleasure of your company on such occasions?"

"Who says I am not as ardent a sportsman as Nimrod himself?" replied the priest. "I'll defy the counsellor to go beyond me. He goes for the stag's horns and I for the stag's meat."

"How happens it," asked the colonel smiling, "that you always bring up the rear?"

"Ah, good sir, I am kept in terrorem of a canon of Egbert, who was an Archbishop of York when England was in dutiful obedience to mother church. This canon imposes an abstinence of three years from flesh upon any priest who shall go a hunting. Wherefore I wait in the rear for the deer in the basket, instead of leading the van after the deer in the woods."

"But seriously, father. We have hunting parsons in the Church of England, and you, as a Catholic priest, do not think there is any incompatibility or incongruity between hunting and your priestly calling?"

"Why should there be any?" replied the priest, raising himself in the stirrups, and looking fixedly at the colonel. "Why, sir, it was thought no sin but in the archiepiscopate of York. In the reign of king Edgar, the bishop of Rochester kept a nag that was noted throughout the kingdom, and his lordship's hounds were so famed that, by the laws of Canterbury, the archbishop fell heir to the bishop of Rochester's nag and his famous kennel of hounds; and in default of an archbishop living at the time, the nag and hounds became the property of the king."

"Why, Father Canon," said the colonel, looking at him archly, "I thought you hailed from Cork. How is that you are familiar with the customs which prevailed in England?

a place your countrymen are not apt to speak of favourably, much less to quote with approbation."

"I have the misfortune to be an Irishman, though born in England," said Father Canon. "In sight of old Rochester castle, my infant eyes first saw the light, and there had I my childish gambols. Well do I remember the banner, which, on St. Andrew's day, floated out from the ruined tower, as a notice to the tenants to come forward and pay their rents, under the penalty of having them doubled at every flowing of the tide of the Medway. My father, a native of Cork, moved to England, and farmed it on a patch of ground in sight of the old castle. Always would he grumble when he saw the flag out, and I have often since thought that this penalty on the rent payers was of a piece with the abominable cruelties which William of Orange and his Protestant army committed, retreating from Limerick."

"This custom about archdeacons hunting, must have been peculiar to Kent," asked the colonel.

"No," said the priest, shaking his head, "hunting was anciently a general thing. Archdeacons used to visit parishes with such a train of followers and number of hounds that the poor parish priests found their little stores for the year nearly if not quite consumed, at times, by the visitation of their superior. Why may I not hunt, then? Especially why not, when the pack is not mine, and when, like an archdeacon, I eat of my entertainer's store? Yes, when I am not tied down to the slavish rules of the gospellers? For," added he in a peculiar manner of mimickry, which made the colonel laugh:

"'Quoniam meæ sunt omnes feræ silvarum.'

May not an humble servitor at the altar hunt as well also as do the uncircumcised and Philistines?"

"True, father," replied the colonel, laughing.

"I see a great reason why a reverend father should give us his countenance on such an occasion," interposed lawyer Brief, who rode just behind. "The moving disasters of field and flood make it proper that the mediciner of the soul should be near, no less than they require the presence of the mediciner of the body; in the event of an accident from overventuresomeness in the riders."

"Of which necessity," jocularly replied the priest, "The worthy counsellor can testify. He knows that a priest can

play the part of a squire as well as of confessor. Ah! you know not how his valour outran his discretion. Indeed, Miss Evelin must know with what difficulty I restrained the impetuous lover. I feared, lest, in his eagerness to wear the stag's horns, he might get horned himself."

"Come father," said the attorney, slightly flurried, "I have the misfortune to mount a worthless nag."

"Who doubts it?" said the priest; "wherefore my kind offices were needed on this score also. And, colonel, we poor priests, appear to be designed to act in many capacities in the distribution of parts, allotted to mortals. Boccacio's Priest of Varlungo, you know, contrived to make himself acceptable to the women, not only by quavering out his kyries and his sanctuses on Sundays, but by daily presents of cake, holy water, and candle ends, at the time he gave them severally his benediction. We are frocked, and denied the privilege of a beard, which, in seeming to unsex us, gives us a claim to the sisterly regard of the daughters of Eve."

"Which sisterly regard," said the colonel, laughing, "begins with the bits of candle ends, till the women let you burn your fingers and theirs; as did the reverend lover of Belcilore in the story mentioned."

"Ah! colonel," said Father Canon, trying to look grave, "This is a slander by a merciless satirist of our holy order. Many masses, many pater nosters, and many ave marias have yet to be said to fetch him up from the depths below."

"But, father," said the colonel, "I see, from the lights at the castle, that Mrs. Smithson is still up, and here the road forks. Ride in with us. By another spirited and spirituous application, I'd give you a chance of showing, better than you could in the forest over the basket, the otium cum dignitate."

The jolly priest laughed very heartily, shaking his fat sides at the time; but, after awhile collecting himself, and looking quite grave, he replied:

"It might be otium to night, but it would be dolor et moestitia, grief and repentance, to-morrow. Father Hunter is rigid as a puritan about late hours. So adieu. And take my blessing, and, as it may not be out of place, my parting advice." And lowering his voice so as to be heard only by the colonel, he added; "When you go in chase of

an old hart, take a more efficient help than a brief attorney, who is in pursuit of the will of the wisp of a sweet heart." And then turning to Brief, he said: "Pleasant dreams to you, counsellor. I hope soon to hear of your dearlike endearments under the mulberry; and I promise you that mother church will noose matrimonially so closely the stag and hind of St. Mary's, that even the counsellor himself, with the scissors of Themis, cannot cut the knot."

The next moment the witty priest was out of sight; jogging on to St. Inigoes' house, distant about six miles; while the colonel and company, wishing and saying many kind things of Father Canon, pursued their way to St. Mary's. Cowper detested "a cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest," and an habitual humourist in the ministry, with all his social cleverness, cannot command for his office the respect due to it. Father Canon here however both followed his natural bent, and took that course which in rendering him popular, would advance his church. Romanism is tied down to no absolute rules. Its clergy can and do play the ascetic or the bon vivant according to circumstances. They are "all things to all men" that they may "win souls" to St. Peter. Baxter, the puritan, on the other hand declared late in life that his conscience then smote him more for having joined in youth in the then usual recreations of a Sunday evening, than it did for the sins which he then committed, lying, disobedience, and stealing. Moliere's Tartuffe, or Hypocrite, imposed a heavy penance on himself because he had killed a flea in anger. Such overstraining on the other hand does quite as much harm to the Gospel of Christ, as Father Canon's too great accommodation to the world. The result for the time however is that Father Canon and the like win their way; if they leave souls as dead as they found them. The Tartuffes and puritans gain upon the weak-minded, and undiscerning, while with Macaulay, all, who have judgment, must look with loathing upon the class he describes, who esteem "the sad coloured dress, the sour look, the straight hair, the nasal whine, the speech interspersed with quaint texts, and the abhorrence of comedies, cards, and hawking, the signs of true holiness."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROBBERY.

"For thee the robber's sacrilegious hand
Plunders the shrine; for thee the murderer stains
His arm and soul with blood; at thy command
Sudden rebellion frights the peaceful plains;
Traitors for thee in horrid council sit,
And sconc'd in night on kingdoms downfalls meet,
Pernicious Gold! Thou poisoner of the mind!
How dost thou cherish guilt of every kind!"
THEOBALD.

HACKETT had locked himself in a room in Snarler's house, hardly conscious in his fright of what he did. In the room was burning a candle, and on the table lay a bundle of papers, tied with a red string, and marked on the back "Valuable." Snarler was rich, and Hackett knew that he had one valuable in his possession, viz.: Hackett's note for one hundred pounds, the immediate payment of which Hackett feared would be pressed. Hence, alarmed and and perturbed as he was, he no sooner saw this bundle, than he seized it, hoping to get back his own note, which he meant to destroy. He next looked about for means of escape. The room overlooked the garden, and Hackett trusted, should the garden gate be shut, to escape alike, at the same time the clutches of Snarler and the dog. He raised the window, and getting out, descended by means of a projection of the chimney.

In the meanwhile, Snarler, followed by his negroes, (for he was the only white person in the house then, his niece being absent that evening,) knocked at the door of the room in which Hackett had locked himself. They received no answer; they pushed, and next endeavoured to force the door; but, being bolted inside, it resisted their efforts.

"We'll break open the door then," said Snarler, impatiently, "though it's a new lock that cost me all of five shillings. I'll teach this scamp, this dog of a villain, to come to my house at night, and to treat me so." But the door was not easily forced. Snarler stamped with rage.

"Open the door I say. Open the door." No answer

being returned, he ordered an axe, and several blows being given with it by a stout negro man, the door came open. Snarler was standing at the time with a gun in one hand, and a club in the other. One of his negro men stood to his right, armed with a large stick. Another negro, the one who held the axe, stood to his left with this formidable weapon prepared to cut down any one who might show himself; while a negro-wench stood with a savage looking carver's knife at her master's back.

"'Tis well you aint here, sirrah," said Snarler, talking between his teeth.

"Yes, yes, massa," said the negro wench, "Old Sall fight for true:" brandishing the large knife.

"Dis strange," said the negro with the club. "Nobody here, yet him knock massa down, and den him lock de door. Ky, me fraid, no good come of dis."

"Good!" said Snarler, greatly vexed, and gritting his teeth. "The devil's in it. He's run off with all, every thing,' and like one demented, he pulled his hair, beat himself and cursed furiously.

"Money gone, massa?" asked the negro woman, who was allowed as much freedom as a white person; "money gone, massa?" and she rolled up her eyes so that little but the whites of them were perceptible. "Fore God! me eat him what rob massa so."

"Money gone?" in a tone of violence replied Snarler, clinching his fist, "yes, by the smoke of the pit, and——" His eyes flashed, and his voice became hoarse; and the poor man for awhile between rage and regret was beside himself.

"Why, massa," said the negro with the axe, "dat critter what come in house, go out dis window," pointing to the window.

Snarler caught at the suggestion, and offered to reward handsomely any one who should catch the thief, and especially who should recover the stolen package with its valuable contents. They looked out of the window; went round the house; explored the garden, and inspected every thing and every where immediately about the dwelling, where a thief would be like to hide himself. But all was in vain. Hackett had got out by the window, and escaping from the garden, gained his room at the tavern, and was there busied examining the papers in the bundle, not long after the captain had returned from his ill starred expedition.

Valuable as were the papers, the paper that Hackett wanted was not in the bundle. The package consisted of deeds and notes, which Hackett either did not know to be valuable, or which he was afraid to appropriate. What to do with them was now the question to be resolved. He knew that Snarler would be unwearied in his efforts to ascertain the thief, and it is quite certain that the poor simpleton would not have been guilty of the theft, if he had not been urged by the fear of legal pressure on his note, which Snarler had lately threatened, and which he knew, from Snarler's avariciousness, would be enforced to the utmost rigour of the law, and to the payment of the last penny.

"I'll see Lawyer Brief," was Hackett's conclusion, "and ask him to get me out of this scrape." For he wanted sense or integrity to perceive that restoration was the Christian and honourable, as well as the safest way of extricating himself from his embarrassment. How many persons are rogues, wanting either nerve or intellect to do the thing that is honest! Though it is possible, even had the right way been discerned by Hackett, whether his knowledge of Snarler's vindictiveness would not have deterred him from pursuing it. In his anxiety about the papers in his possession, Hackett forgot the hunt, in which he expected to take part. On the morrow, still forgetting the hunt, he called at the office of Brief, and there being informed that Brief would not be back before night, his engagement was brought to mind; and he felt uneasy lest his absence and the robbery of Snarler, being connected together, would fix the charge upon him. He had not time, however, to turn this matter over before, to his consternation, Snarler himself entered the office. Hackett, by most men, would not have been termed a coward; but a sense of guilt will make cowards of the bravest. His first thought was, Snarler knows I robbed him, and here he has come after me; and so strong was this idea that his legs nearly gave way under him; his heart beat so loud he was afraid it was heard by others, and with a trembling hand, he began to pour out water into a tumbler from a pitcher that stood near, and which he drank in order to be doing something by way of concealing his fears, and also to relieve a dryness of throat, which fear is apt to beget.

"Where is Lawyer Brief?" asked Snarler of the youth, who was reading in his office; and, without waiting for a

reply, he proceeded to tell of the affair of the night just past, representing it as one of unparalleled atrocity, exaggerating the value of the papers missing, denouncing the utmost vengeance against the offender, and concluding by saying, he meant to advertise him, and start in pursuit every constable in the county. Surely never had man before been so outraged, never had thief taken off such a prize, and never would vengeance so bitterly pursue and overtake the guilty. With the hyperbole of passion he added, "I know the rascal. He can't escape me. I'll make him sweat."

"You know him, Mr. Snarler?" asked the law student, "suppose you describe him then."

"Don't I know him," replied Snarler, "why, yes, I know that man there," pointing to Hackett, "and mayn't I know the thief what robbed me?" and Snarler seemed greatly moved.

"Mr. Hackett, are you sick?" asked the student. "How pale you look!"

Hackett became yet more faint at this remark, and sank down in a chair. Fortunately, Snarler was not looking at Hackett, being too much excited to observe the effect of his words, and not suspecting Hackett, was not likely to suppose his remarks could have any bearing on him.

"Lawyer Brief aint in, eh?" continued Snarler, "I heerd say at the tavern that he'd gone a hunting. A pretty business indeed! for Mr. 'torney, court time too. The colonel can 'ford it. But I must lose my property that Mr. 'torney may play the big gentleman. I cause no one to lose by me, and I want a writ at once. But I can't do nothing afore I know what to do. But so it is. 'Tis too, too bad. I've been robbed, and I mean to catch the fellow, that do I. But Mr. 'torney aint no better than the lazy lords over the water. 'Twon't do, no indeed! I'll, I'll," and the incensed and disappointed Snarler, wanting words to say what he meant to do, bolted out of the office and rode down the street. It was some time before Hackett could summon resolution to return to his lodgings. Judge his alarm on finding that Snarler had posted up at the Mulberry in the State House yard, and at the two taverns an exaggerated account of the robbery; and had warned all persons from trafficking for, or receiving the stolen papers, which he particularly described. Hackett dreaded now to see any one, and was even afraid to lock himself in his room, lest he might be there arrested. He

walked out therefore, and, carefully avoiding to meet or accost any one, unconsciously strolled in the direction of, and over the narrow footbridge, he crossed the foregoing night, and when he came to the strip of water over which he had waded in his flight, saw a young woman, Snarler's niece, at the water's edge, who had just landed there in a boat.

"You is the very person I wants to see, Mr. Hackett," said the young woman with a little embarrassment. "Here's your handkerchief, aunt Sall picked up under my window."

"It ain't my handkerchief," said Hackett, with ill feigned spirit, and in a manner so guilty as to contradict his words, "I've not been to your house, Miss Euphy, in a week."

"Your name's on it," said the maiden, colouring slightly.

"I may as well tell all at once," said Hackett mentally, and he was about thus to relieve himself of the weight which bore him down, when Miss Euphy continued :—

"There's no great sin in coming to our house, Mr. Hackett," and this was said with an air of offended dignity, "if uncle didn't mightily fuss about it."

Hackett breathed more free. The secret was not out, he was still safe.

"But," proceeded Miss Euphy, "don't leave any thing for uncle to get hold of. He frets my life almost out now."

The simple maiden suspected that Hackett was in love with her, and that having called the evening before to see her, he had dropt his handkerchief in the garden.

"I will not," promised Hackett with more calmness than he had felt for an hour or two; and with some kindliness and courtesy in his manner, he added, "You were going towards town. If you'll walk the back street, I'll walk with you."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Hackett," replied Miss Euphy. "You're too proud to walk with me before the castle, now that Mrs. Annie Jones is there. I can walk by myself," and she turned away, seemingly vexed. Hackett thought it would be well to keep on terms with the imperious miss, and it occurred to him that by exhibiting himself in the public street, and along with Snarler's niece particularly, he would lead the public off from his scent. For guilt is most apt to escape detection when it puts on the bold front of innocence.

Their walk ended at Mr. Durford's, whose wife was Hack-

ett's aunt. Here they found, which was no unusual thing, Father Hunter, from whose sermon we gave extracts. As Miss Euphy and Hackett entered, the priest and hostess were closing a long chat on the event of the foregoing night. After a few minutes, Mr. Hunter whispered to Hackett, and the two left the room.

"Do you mean to marry that young woman?" asked the priest, looking searchingly, as if he would probe to the inner sanctuary, Hackett's hidden purpose, and in a tone of voice that implied no equivocation.

Hackett hesitated a moment; ignorant how to reply, and wondering at the question. At last he faltered out,

"No. I believe not."

"Why?"

"Well, well, I—I."

Don't love her you would say?" corrected the priest. "You are smitten with Annie Jones. Young man, it is the misfortune of fools either to leap beyond their mark, and be where they can do nothing, or to leap into a pit, and short of their mark, by leaping too high. Annie Jones you never can win, the other you might."

"Why not?" asked Hackett, who, though awed by the priest, did not relish his dictatorial manner.

"Think you," and his eyes looked through Hackett, and his manner made him tremble, "that Annie Jones, whose hand is sought by Augustus Shepard, the first man of his years in the province, would mate with you, William Hackett, who any how,—even with a name for honesty, could not be higher than that of sheriff of the county?"

"Why aint I good as Augustus Shepard?" asked Hackett, getting bolder.

"Because brains will weigh more in public opinion than ignorance and conceit. But would you know further?" Hackett thought he saw a still darker shadow pass over Father Hunter's face, and a scornful smile follow it, as he proceeded, "Because Annie rates herself too high to mate with a thief."

Hackett's countenance fell, gasping for breath, and speaking with difficulty, he asked:

"Who told you I was a thief?"

"Did you not try to force Mrs. Annie's chamber window last night? Did you not promise to be one of a hunting party, and breaking your promise, did you not force Mr.

Snarler's front door, and take from his bed-room some valuable papers? And then running away that there might be no mistake about it, did you not leave your handkerchief in the garden, a tell tale on you?"

"Who told you them tales on me?" asked the accused, faintly.

"Some scratches of verse were found, which Lawyer Brief gave to you, and these prove you to have been the genteel gallant, that attempted to slip into a lady's sleeping apartment. Your absence from the hunt, and your handkerchief in Snarler's garden, convict you of being at his house that night. Whether now, you did more than pocket his papers,—and entertain no improper wishes about them, your future conduct must show. And this is my object with you now. Your aunt and myself would save you."

"How?" asked Hackett, catching at the hope thus held out.

"Make your suit to Mr. Snarler's niece, and the note he holds against you will never be sued upon, Euphy Snarler being your wife."

"How about the papers?"

"Give them to me, and I'll be responsible that all ends well."

This assurance lifted a load from Hackett's mind. He surrendered the package, and going from one extreme to the other, felt that never was he happier than when he left the house with Miss Euphy. Their walk was now on the back street, through a forest of large trees, and, either from the exuberance of joy, which is apt to break over in an extravagance, or in order to obey Mr. Hunter's orders, which, as a Romanist, he deferred to generally, he made a declaration of very tender regard for Miss Euphy. The lady was not prepared for this avowal, and treated it at first as the mere explosion of eccentricity, and was a little indignant at his trifling with what, in her opinion, was a serious subject, and, in her heart, a sacred one. But he counterfeited so well the lover's part, and pressed his suit so earnestly, that she could not doubt him. Her regard for him was the growth of many years. However he may have stood in the estimation of others, he was her Magnus Apollo, and what we wish to believe we are easily persuaded to. In her honest simplicity therefore, she allowed him to hope for her affection, and, in a time undefined, her hand. Poor Euphy, like every

other dreamer in this world, calculated on a day not distant when all obstacles would be removed, when opposition would yield, and a cross uncle would be very kind.

Mr. Hunter examined the papers, and at first was nearly as much disappointed as Hackett had been. "If Hackett marries that girl," he soliloquized, "he will get Snarler's fortune, and through him the church will gain another family, and the influence money ever exerts. This is something. But the deed I want of St. Mary's church-yard I do not find. Well, finesse now must effect what fraud began. I have other papers. 'Tis as well."

The afternoon therefore of that day he called at Snarler's.

"You have lost valuable notes and papers, and have, I suppose, no clue to the thief?"

"I didn't say," replied Snarler, not liking this prying into his business by a Roman priest, and whose visit even very much surprised him; (for he professed to dislike cordially both the papacy and papists,) "I could not find the thief."

"You do not care then to recover your papers," rising to go.

"I didn't say no such thing," replied Snarler; "can't you tell me who's got them? Come now, you knows, maybe."

"I never intrude my kind offices," said the priest, "and even were I disposed, as you know the thief, 'tis unnecessary."

"You know the thief what robbed me of my notes and deeds, and won't tell me, eh!" said Snarler.

The priest looked very sternly, and fronting Snarler, said, "You must not so misrepresent me. Because I offered my services to help to the recovery of your property, it is construed as proof I know the thief. If an officer of the law, or friend, aids in recovering a thing stolen, is he to be charged with being particeps criminis in requital for his services? Persons who deal so largely in the current, but perilous and wicked coin of defamation, merit no kindness, and I am not disposed to show them any."

"Stop, if you please," said Snarler, beseechingly, calling him back. "I'll do any thing that—that," hesitating how far it was safe to commit himself, and while so undecided Mr. Hunter finished the sentence for him.

"Any thing I please to ask, you were about to say? Eh!"

"Yes—no—yes—no," answered Snarler, perplexed.

"Very good. I ask a surrender of your title to the ground, occupied by St. Mary's Church, and grave-yard."

"May I be—" said Snarler, and we care not to write it down; and kindling as he spoke, "What! Give up my title to forty acres in the valuablest part of St. Mary's town?—a title that in a few years longer, as you haint got possession, will be mine agin the claims of your church! Give up the best chance I could have of breaking down your pope's rookery in these here parts? Give up?"

He wished to go on, but spoke so hurriedly, becoming too vexed to think or speak clearly, when the priest, interrupting him, said solemnly:

"Your title came by fraud, and is no title at all. A wicked and illegal Act of Assembly closed St. Mary's Church. While it was closed, a person who never had foothold on the premises, nor the shadow of a title, gave you a deed; you and the alienor knew at the time that your act was roguish. Now, on the faith of a deed so unrighteous and piratical, you have taken possession. I hope you Protestants may have a better title to heaven. Your possession however, wrong as it is, counting on the known unwillingness of the courts here to do us justice, you think we cannot dispute successfully. A few years more, (and fraud always makes such drafts on time, expecting to see them honoured,) and, by virtue of the very Protestant Statute of Limitations, you hope to have a clear and good right to the ground, now covered by St. Mary's Church and grave-yard. A most holy statute! like that of Mortmain, worthy of Henry VIII. and your Protestant sovereign James I." Snarler appeared anxious to interrupt him, but there was a something in the priest's manner that kept him quiet. "Be it so," continued the Jesuit. "If you prefer property so obtained to the notes and property you have lost, nil disputandum. There's no disputing about preferences for one sort of property over another, more than about tastes. Some birds and animals prefer to drive away other birds and animals, and take their nests and lodges from them, and hold them in preference to their own. And men, I suppose, may be allowed the same natural preferences of property got dishonestly over that which comes righteously. But anathema maranatha be to him, who will not suffer the Lord's people to make their nest in the courts of the Lord's house, and rear their young there; but who, laying unholy hands on the ark of God,

shuts out the priest of the altar, and seats himself in his filthiness, with his forged and wicked papers, in the sanctuary!" And he turned angrily away.

"'Twon't do," muttered Snarler. "I can't get my papers except at his own price."

So hurrying after him, he offered to sign any paper Father Hunter might draw up.

The latter slowly returned, and with Snarler entered the house. Pen, ink, and paper were produced; and an instrument in due form was written out, relinquishing all title, claim, and interest in the property mentioned, and handed to Snarler to sign. Biting his lips, and too greatly vexed to conceal it, Snarler was about to affix his name to the paper, when the priest checked him.

"One moment. You have a niece. She is in the house. A witness is necessary. I'll call her."

And, before Snarler could reply, in an authoritative and calm tone, he called Miss Euphy, who came, and while Snarler, with increased reluctance and vexation, signed the instrument, signed her name as witness, and retired.

"Now I want my notes and deeds," said Snarler impatiently.

"In good time," rising and closing the door, and then the priest folded up the instrument just executed, and put it in his pocket. He had also bolted the door inside.

"Promise me now," said he, "that you will make no efforts or inquiries to ascertain, much more that you will make none to prosecute the person you may suppose stole your papers."

If wrath ever was before pent up in the bosom of the choleric Snarler, and burnt to find vent, it did then. He clenched his fist, and, pressing his teeth together, and looking fiercely, while his eyes flashed, he said:

"No, by the smoke of the pit, I won't."

"Why seek out the thief?" said Mr. Hunter calmly, seeming not to have noticed Snarler's agitation. "You have your property. What more?"

"I want to teach him, and them that's like him, to keep hands off what's mine," said Snarler. "I want to let him know who I am."

"If that be all," in the same calm tone, "you take much trouble to do what might be done with less; and, perhaps,

what being done already, there needs no repeating a lesson which is already known."

"How?" asked Snarler, looking up, amazed and puzzled.

"Why, your character, I presume, is well known, and if it be not known by this time,"—and he laughed scornfully,—"the lesson you would give by an act of vengeance will not help it. But, if you would make this character respectable, make it a character,—and not be merely Mr. Snarler, now's your time. Example, you know, is better than precept. You have laid violent hands on property not yours, but belonging to the Catholic Church. Now, in surrendering that unjust hold, you teach the lesson your character needs to raise it out of the quagmire of contempt, and you teach it, besides, in a way to be remembered and respected."

"Curse him!" muttered Snarler. "There'll ne'er be no end of this here charge about that popish church, which this dog of a Jesuit keeps throwing at me. I wants vengeance; I means to have it."

"That is the secret then," said Mr. Hunter, catching the last sentence. "Poor fool! What would it profit you if your worst enemy were in your power, and you could wreak your revenge upon him. But perhaps 'tis well. You cannot do a righteous act except by constraint. The spider has venom, and so have certain reptiles; and it is not only their natures, but necessary to them occasionally to relieve themselves by discharging it. And you must get rid of the gall and spleen, which are no doubt oppressive to you. Be it so. Be it so. Besides, it might be supposed that you relinquished your claim to the property of the church from motives of integrity; and such a supposition would belie your character. It is well that roguery should be undisguised. Prosecute, then, and if you can find him, hunt down the poor wretch who only did what you are doing, take the property of another. When rogues prosecute rogues, we may look for justice. And, yea more, every body will say, 'This is so like Mr. Snarler. He thought it no harm to rob the Catholic Church, but felt a holy horror at being robbed himself.' And, if people before doubted, none will hereafter doubt that you have the heart of a beast under the sorry image of a man. We do not expect a wolf to be merciful, nor a hyena to be good tempered."

Snarler sprang to his feet, and quivering with passion, rushed to the priest with a large cane to strike him. The colossal frame of Mr. Hunter swelled out beyond his usually large dimensions, at this proffered insult. He wrenched the staff from Snarler, broke it as if it were a pipe-stem, and throwing him on his face, held over Snarler a part of the broken cane, as if about to administer to him bodily chastisement; and the whole passed in as little time as it has taken to tell it. After holding Snarler down a moment, he raised him slowly, and very quietly asked if he had any further reason to allege why he ought not to abandon all thought of finding out and punishing the thief. Snarler's feelings were indescribable. Fear, anger, shame, and mortification, each in turn, and to a certain extent, disturbed him. He walked up and down the room, hoping to collect his scattered thoughts; and was undetermined how to respond to the question just put.

"I should be pleased," continued the priest, "to have a longer conference with you. But night approaches, and I must have your promise before I go, that I may leave the papers with you."

The calmness with which this was said, and the resolution and great physical strength of Mr. Hunter, convinced Snarler that he must do as he was bid, or lose his papers. Sweet seemed to him the pleasure of revenge—too sweet to be wholly abandoned—and he determined to make the promise exacted, but break it at the first opportunity. After a pause, therefore, he said:

"Give me the papers, and I promise."

Father Hunter had looked into the human heart too often and long to be easily deceived. He knew what was passing in Snarler's mind, nearly as well as he could have told him. He produced the notes and deeds that were stolen, and, making Snarler acknowledge over his signature that every paper missing was found again, he delivered them into his hands, and, as he was at the door, about to take leave, he said to Snarler in a tone of great solemnity:

"Beware! of either saying, or even breathing, much more of attempting aught against the supposed thief. It will be followed, if you do, by consequences you will regret. The cricket in the crevices of your wall sees and hears you when you know not, and I will have my eye upon you when

you least suspect it. Beware! No precautions can protect you. You have no safety short of a faithful performance of your promise."

He turned away, and as his heavy person moved to the water's edge, where a boat was in waiting to take him to St. Inigoes', Snarler looked after him, and heard the warning of the priest ring in his ears for some time. He stood in the door as one spell-bound, and felt afraid lest even his thoughts might tell upon him. At length he raised his eyes, to be assured the priest was really gone; that he might breathe free. He then walked back to the sitting-room, and was muttering to himself, "How strange Father Hunter should have discovered the papers!—Who could have stolen them?—Why did the priest wish to protect the thief?" when negro woman Sall entered, and asked if massa Priest Hunter had gone? "Mighty glad, he come see massa. Him know ebery ding. Him git massa property for he."

"How you know that?" said Snarler, peevishly.

"Who don't know dat, massa?" replied the wench.

"So 'tis," he muttered, "this wench, my negroes, all keeps no secrets from this here priest. They tells him every thing. He's God to them, and finds out things I can't even dream. Let me do never a thing and they blabs it to him. But I've lost forty acres in town, worth many pounds, and this is the blessing of popery. A nice religion and cheating 'tis;" and, Snarler, smiting his forehead, sat down in a chair; chewing the bitter cud of mourning over property that was as dear to him as his heart's blood. Such regrets give the miser here a foretaste of the hell he is to know hereafter.

Snarler's advertisment was, as we stated, publicly posted, and, of course, publicly commented on. Various conjectures and surmises were thrown out as to who could or was likely to have committed the theft. Some wished to have it believed that they were wondrous wise, in certain inklings that they could tell, which could not fail to reveal the thief. Others, that were not exactly free from the stain of Adam's sin, and who possibly might be tempted under very extraordinary circumstances to break the eighth commandment, expressed a holy horror of the dreadful crime; and said that no means ought to be spared which might lead to the ascertainment and summary chastisement of the robber. A third class laughed and said; "Well, old Snarler is robbing every day by dexterous shifts to make those who borrow from him,

pay more than the six per cent., allowed by the assembly. 'Tis all right."

With different feelings the advertisement was read by Mr. Holt. No sooner had he seen it, than he discovered that a certain will, whose existence he had long, suspected, establishing the right of his nephew, Charles Delafield, to a most valuable body of land in the province, was among the papers stolen. It was the will of Snarler's relative, deceased; which by withholding from the public, Snarler fraudulently held this land as his own. Accordingly Mr. Holt appended below a notice, claiming this will for his nephew, and offering a reward to the finder.

Good reader, the world is not overstocked with clever folks. Allow me to say a word about Mr. Holt. He was said to have been a grandson of Sir John Holt of Oxfordshire, and cousin to Sir John Holt, the great Chief Justice, and Privy Councellor of James II.*

We know not at which of the colleges at Oxford Mr. James Holt graduated, nor at which of the five Inns of Court he studied law. But his great diffidence, sensitiveness, and almost feminine delicacy, it was said, prevented his arguing cases in court; for, while a student at the Inns of Court, he was never known to take part in the usual exercises and readings in the public hall, obligatory as they were. His father was a merchant, and left him property enough to support him without looking to the bar for it. Soon after his arrival in Maryland, his wife and only child died; and a tombstone, still in good preservation in Poplar Hill churchyard, which stood in the aisle of the first church there, and is dated 1701, it is believed, marks the last resting place of the latter, his son Joseph. Severely did these afflictions wring his heart. He thought he was crushed beyond the power of recovery when his dignified and engaging lady, though long a sufferer, was taken from him, and his heart then clung to the child Joseph, and hung and doated on him with a fondness that seemed to master every other feeling. It was an engaging sight to see the little prattler seated on his father's knees, toying with his father's face, while the parent bent over him and kissed, and kissed again his sunny

* Sir John Holt, in 1689, was elevated to the post of Lord Chief Justice of the King's bench, and continued in this high office till his death, in 1709; living at the period of our narrative, and being in his 66th year.

face and curly head. Never seemed a flower in a prison as lovely to the inmate as Joseph to his father. But that sunny face was soon clouded with death, and those golden locks were cut off, and treasured as dear but harrowing memorials of the angel boy that a Heavenly Father had taken to Himself. And from the grave of his child Mr. Holt turned to the resting place of her who had been for many, many years the wife of his bosom. The sob of manly grief, and the ill-repressed groan, spoke more than words. He turned his face homeward, and it seemed he was turning his back on those who loved him better than all. He hurried on, unconscious of the notice of the attendants upon the funeral. He entered his gate, and in the pathway to his front door a little prattler was wont to greet him with tones more than musical, and at the steps was wont to stand, with hand extended and face so bland and welcoming, she who loved him next to heaven. But that little prattler was gone, and that angel wife no longer stood in his door way. He tried to eat his solitary meal, and then sat, with bosom bursting with emotion, in his desolate chamber. The past, where was it? There, to his right, she had sat times uncounted. Her sweet kindnesses, her sleepless attention to his wants, her love that had been one thing ever, all were his now only as of the past. Had he prized them as he ought? And that bright sunlit face, so confiding, all soul and all ingenuousness, which looked up to him from the innocent on his lap, he should see no more this side the judgment day. Oh death! we can only look up after your blow, when we can say, we shall live again.

As we mentioned, Julia, after her mother's death, was transferred to her uncle's care, and the heart-stricken mourner found much to cheer him in her winning ways. Merciful dispensation of a merciful Father, that causes spring flowers to grow after the heart has become so dead in appearance as to be covered with withered leaves and blasted boughs!

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING—A DISCOVERY.

"If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs;
Else they are all, the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first;
Who, in His sovereign wisdom, made them all."

COWPER.

THE week following, Emma and Julia were making their preparations to ride to Pleasant Lodge, where Julia lived with her uncle, Mr. Holt, when Adaratha, the Indian girl, with a rueful face and dejected manner, approached Emma and said:

"Adaratha no go home now. Mother gone to Great Spirit, and me no stay here."

Emma was slightly moved and said, "A thousand pardons, Adaratha." And smiling at the needless fear of Adaratha of being left alone at the Glebe, Emma, by way of experiment, added:

"Can't you stay here till we come back? Robin will be here. Here are the keys, and cook won't neglect you. We'll return by Sunday."

And this was said so quietly and naturally that Julia herself was hardly less deceived than Adaratha, for Julia was about to protest against this arrangement, as Adaratha rose, kissed Emma's hand, and in a tone of distress, said:

"Bye, bye, we go—go"—pointing—"where Adaratha and Croshaw gone. Great Spirit have house big enough for all."

"No, no, Adaratha," replied Emma, "all in fun. I wanted also to see if you wished to ride with us. See, Robin has a horse for you likewise."

Adaratha was satisfied, and cheerfully rode off with them.

The morning after their arrival at Pleasant Lodge, Emma, on descending the stairs, found that her father, Mr. Holt, and Julia were walking in the garden.

"Here is the first crocus of the season," said Mr. Holt, presenting the flower to Emma. "Like the child of misfortune it comes in cold weather, and unbidden, asks of us a smile."

"Quite poetical, uncle," said Julia. "But," looking, as she spoke, archly at her uncle, "a sweet crocus seems too pretty a flower to be compared to a beggar. Never is his face so smiling, nor he so well dressed. What think you, Emma?"

"I would say," replied Emma,

"As I did," interrupted Mr. Holt, smiling.

"That the crocus," continued Emma, "by blooming in a chilling season, teaches us to look happy and unchilled in the midst of trouble."

Mr. Holt smiled, and said, after a moment's pause, "I feel ever sad at the return of the crocus. Its appearance calls up painful remembrances. True, it comes the harbinger of Nature's spring; but it admonishes all like me, that our spring in this world is not to return. Flowers," he continued, addressing Parson Gordon, "are most fitting symbols of purity and innocence. We decorate a bride with flowers, and strew them in her path, and thus intimate the personal and moral beauty which we associate with a bride; and also express a kind wish that in her path through life may ever spring flowers of hope and happiness. And, when death has marred God's fairest master-piece, we scatter flowers on the coffin and grave, to denote that the human plant, 'cometh up as a flower and is cut down.' I love symbols, sir. I love especially whatever around me addresses itself to an inner nature that is not of the earth earthy; that seems prophetic of on-coming events, and that shadows out a deeper meaning than the dull sensuous eye and ear alone take in."

Parson Gordon assented to this remark, and commented on the fact, that the sacred utensils in the tabernacle were fashioned after flowers; that the ephod of the Jewish priest was embroidered with flowers; and above all that the loveliness of flowers never has been marred, nor their fragrance made fetid by their perversion to idolatrous purposes.

Early that morning after breakfast, Julia, Emma and Adaratha sallied forth to enjoy the morning air in a ramble through the meadow, which lay between the house and the river. They reached the banks of the Potomac, which

were covered with a growth of forest trees, and the ladies and Adaratha were standing near the banks, listening to the splash of the waves on the beach, which was about fifty yards off. Old Homer knew well the music of the billow dashing on the sand, which he expresses in his memorable line "παρὰ ϑῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο ϑαλάσσης;" and Newton was content to stand upon it, and pick up pebbles as a child. The friends were commenting on the pleasant lullaby of the waters, and Julia was giving utterance to a wish that, like a fish-hawk, she could erect her chamber so near as always to hear its splash and roar; when Adaratha's quick Indian ear caught the voice of a man singing. Their conversation was suspended, and, listening attentively, they distinguished, as Julia said, that he was singing a sonnet.

"Few better judges than you, Julia," said Emma, in a low tone, archly, "to know a sonnet to a lady from a march or other song. Perhaps he is one of your girlish flames from old England, who has followed you to these wilds."

"Hush!" said Julia, laying her hand on Emma's mouth. "I want to hear him." Emma, who was a little in advance, and taller than any one in company, raised herself a little and said:

"Here is our serenader just under the bank to our left. Minstrel-like, he's lying at his ease, with gun and game near."

"I think I know the song," said Julia. "Yes, they are lines by the court poet, Waller, which, I have heard, he wrote to Lord Leicester's daughter, and that she made him sing in vain."

The lines ran thus:

"Oh, how I love my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade; and all the day,
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the muses, and improve my vein.
No passion there in my free breast shall move,
None but the sweetest, best of passions, love!
These, while I sing, if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute, and wings the strings so high,
With the sweet sound of Saccharissa's name.
I'll make the listening savages grow tame."

The voice was melodious, the air well sung, and there was a striking boldness and free-heartiness in the manner.

Having sung the sonnet, the minstrel yawned, heigho! "Well," said he, "I fear I may not see much here but savages. Two good specimens of womankind I have seen;

where's the third? Waller hoped to tame the savages of Bermuda. I have no such ambition here; I may as well hang up my lute, and expect old Eolus to fetch music out of it."

"We had best return," said Emma, and the three ladies were returning in a quick gait to Pleasant Lodge, Mr. Holt's residence, when the stranger sprang to his feet, gun in hand, and quickly ascended the bank. He thought it was a deer he had heard, but, on gaining the bank, and finding himself within a few feet of the party, he seemed embarrassed. The stranger, who was Montrose, in a moment recovered himself, took off his cap, and made a courteous bow; displaying in the act a face beaming with health and intelligence, a light and graceful figure, and a fine head of hair; part of which fell down below the shoulders, and on this occasion was tied by a fillet. The party stopt.

"Fair ladies," said Montrose, "no harm or offeuce, I assure you. I was about to do a very savage act." He paused a second, and then added: "I took you for game; but," he was about to add, "such game is more likely to catch than be caught;" but he only thought it. "Let me not interrupt you," he continued, moving slowly to his horse near by, which they had not seen before.

"Our walk," replied Emma, thinking it respectful to answer a courteous speech made by one who seemed to be a gentleman, "ends here. The creek interferes with our walking further in this direction."

Montrose was a little dubious whether to join them, or let them retire without him. Like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, who love the ladies more than they are afraid of them, and believe our sex all the better for their company, he concluded to accompany them; and leading his horse by the bridle, with a smile, and something about pleasure, &c., he placed himself between Emma and Julia. Pleasant Lodge was a mile off. The road curved; for Mr. Holt had not fallen into the depraved taste that then prevailed with many, of making straight roads,—trimming trees according to mathematical lines, and the like, in imitation of the Chinese. His house was on a commanding height, and afforded a fine view of the meadow, the Potomac river, the bay of St. Leonard's to the right, and a native

of the old dominion would add, of the Virginia shore. Montrose broke silence.

"I hope, ladies, you did not hear my silly remark?"

"About what?" asked Emma, with as much naiveté as if she did not know what.

"About savages," smiling as he spoke. "The mere freak of an idle moment. An idle brain, you know, is apt to betray us into indiscretions and follies."

"We had no right, nor did we mean to intrude," replied Emma. "We were not expected to hear, certainly not to take note of your words." Whether Montrose was flattered by this last remark we know not. "But,"—she hesitated: his frank countenance and manner encouraged her to say on,—"you must impute our listening to our native wildness. A gentleman fresh from England we do not see every day."

"Yes," added Julia, colouring, "and savages may be pardoned a little curiosity."

Montrose was not to be beaten.

"Savages, indeed! Allow me, fair ladies, to say, in the words of Massinger, "These are the flowers of the country's garland."

Emma and Julia coloured slightly; and Emma after a moment said,—

"A rude country like this has a garland whose flowers are trifling, compared to those which grace the courts and halls of the old world. We are content, and even thankful, to resemble the wild rose, or the dogwood blossom. The bee may notice us, and the winds blow on us. He who gave us an humble lot, will not forget us in our obscurity."

Montrose bowed again, and in a manner rather affected, said: "As one Joseph Addison says of the great qualities of the great Duke of Marlborough, I must say of yours, fair ladies,

> "Raised of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
> And those who paint them truest praise them most."

"We believe as much of that as you do, sir," replied Emma, with dignity,—"No more, if you please."

Montrose understood the hint, and anxious to find a pleasing subject, began to descant on hunting, its joys, and advantages. The friends let him run on, and Emma at

length asked, thinking it became her to say something, if he was fond of hunting. He assented, and asked if it was wrong?

"I should say it was wrong," replied Emma, guardedly, "to take pleasure in whatever gives pain, much more death, even to a poor bird or beast."

"What?" asked Montrose. "No, surely. Why there are no game laws here. What harm can there be, then?"—and he appealed by his looks to Julia, as if he wished to elicit her opinion.

"I think shooting is wrong, sir," said Julia. "I can see no pleasure in it. It is very cruel, and very unnecessary," betraying quite as much aversion by her manner as words.

Montrose was not so easily put out of conceit with an amusement which he ranked among the first of manly accomplishments, but with a bow and smile said,

"You ladies think hunting is neither a refined nor a manly sport?"

Julia assented.

"May I know the name of my fair antagonist?" asked Montrose with some emotion, and then rallying, added, "for, when challenged to the most difficult of all tournaments, a contest of wits, in which we have to parry the sword of a lady competitor, that will cut where a heavy battle axe can make no impression, it is comfort to know, when vanquished,

'Deinde magni dextra cadis,'

by whose fair hand we fall."

"Julia Holt Delafield," replied Julia, colouring.

"I might have known it," muttered Montrose, as if talking to himself.

Emma and Julia exchanged glances.

"What do you mean?" was on Julia's lips, as she rather advanced towards him with brow flushed.

"An unexpected pleasure this," said he, announcing his name, and handing, as he spoke, a package of letters. "Here are letters for Mr. Holt as well as yourself." The current of conversation was at once changed, and Julia made many inquiries after her brother, which Montrose with some embarrassment answered.

"I have been told," he continued, "that your brother Charles and myself are very much alike."

"So much so," replied Julia looking at him narrowly, "that I would take you for him; though brother was not as stout as you are when I saw him last."

"Well," said he in a tone of exultation, "I know your brother's opinion to be as mine about hunting."

"Oh, Charles always was a wild half-tamed colt," replied Julia. "I'll venture that he often thinks more about cruel sports than his books."

"Stop Julia," interrupted Emma, "here's a letter dropt out of your package."

Julia took the letter, and, recognizing Johnson's hand, coloured a little.

"I would say that this gentleman, who is coming towards us with the ladies," said Mr. Holt to Parson Gordon, "may be nephew Charles. He looks like him."

"No," replied the rector, and mentioned having met with Montrose.

"This won't do," said Montrose to himself, "I shall be found out. I must make my answers short as I can, and lead off the conversation on hunting, or any thing but myself." Consequently, after an introduction to Mr. Holt and the company, by Parson Gordon, who kindly greeted Montrose, and which introduction seemed to cost the latter an effort to go through with, he adverted pleasantly to the discussion in the meadow on the merits of hunting.

"I was vanquished, and was about to beat a retreat when the discovery of the sister of my friend, Charles Delafield, enabled me to change the subject. But now that I may enlist one of you gentlemen on my side, I would ask Parson Gordon if I am after all a heretic in advocating hunting as not an ungodly amusement? For Nimrod, if I remember, was a mighty hunter before the Lord; and it does not appear that he is condemned for being so."

Parson Gordon smiled, appeared to see nothing in the question, more than was seen on the surface, and, with due seriousness, explained that Nimrod was not spoken of as a mighty hunter before the Lord, in approbation of his life or habits as a hunter; "for the words," said the rector, "simply mean he was a hunter in the superlative degree; and, as his name imports, a rebel, I should infer, he was a bold hunter, and bad man."

"Bacchus and Nimrod," joined in Mr. Holt, "you are aware, Mr. Montrose, were one and the same person, not that I have read that Nimrod was intemperate; and it is unjust even to Bacchus to say he was so. For on the ancient gems he figures as a young and graceful god; Psilas, or wings, being his name, to express his joyousness. Silenus was a drunkard, not Bacchus."

"But hunting," said Emma, "is apt to lead to drink, and perhaps this is why Bacchus, being a hunter, was suspected of indulging in liquor."

"Well ladies," replied Montrose, "I cry quarter, you heard me try to sing a sonnet of Waller's. Now this poet, having complimented Cromwell, on the restoration of Charles II. congratulated this monarch also. How is this, asked the king, your piece to me is inferior to that addressed to Cromwell. Waller replied, poets always succeed better in fiction than in truth. And ladies I failed because I plead for the truth."

Having retired for the night, Montrose said to himself. "Here am I in my uncle's house, with my sister, and yet am known to neither. How foolish in me to bet Johnson I could conceal my name Delafield, and take that of Montrose; though, by my uncle's will, who was displeased with my father for leaving his family, I must take it hereafter to entitle me to the Coverdale estate. Now, being so bound, I must keep dark. But this is no child's play; my tongue burns to speak out. Julia suspects me, though she has not seen me for a long time. Uncle looks hard at me as if he would look through my disguise. But the time for which I am bound will soon fly by,—and then I'll turn the joke on Johnson. But ah!" he added, struck by a new idea, "there's a difficulty; from an advertisement I read yesterday, I see that the will proving my right to a whole continent of land, as we say extravagantly, is in being, and Uncle Holt and I should put our heads together, and do at once what's necessary in the matter. I see I am a fool then, and Johnson will have the laugh on his side. This won't do, no it won't."

He pondered the subject for some time, and appeared to be much perplexed. "I wish Johnson were here," he added, "his head is full of expedients. It is but right, as he got me into a scrape, he should get me out. But my head to-night is too full of something else for bright discoveries."

And Montrose, finding no avenue of escape, but that of divulging his name, which he did not mean to do,—realised what thousands have done before and since, that man's wit, with all its cleverness, cannot get out to daylight in the labyrinth of deception.

He mused some time, and then shaking himself, continued:

"Here is an acquaintance I have formed, Miss Emma, and an angel she seems to be. What a day have I passed? It will be to me the day of days. That lovely woman, my beloved sister, my dear good uncle, and that noble specimen of a man, Parson Gordon, what a group to be thrown in. And to-night, when I stood with them in the front yard, the moon shone brightly, the broad Potomac rolled majestically in the distance, and the stars looked sweetly down. 'Twas too charming almost to be reality. At one time, while gazing on Julia, I thought she looked unearthly, and Emma stood where fell the broad blaze of the candle on her brow. She turned, and what a look! My poor heart drank it in as the thirsty stag drinks the cool waters on a midsummer's day. But this will not do. I must go to bed."

He tried to sleep, but sleep is a capricious goddess, and Montrose very soon and for some time lay a castle building. He was to wed Emma, and take her with him to England. They would make Coverdale a paradise, and to bring it about, he revolved how and when he might again see her. He must keep his engagement to be at the castle on the morrow. At length he thought, there will be service in Poplar Hill next Sunday. Emma would be there, "and so will I." Calmed by this hope, an emollient to his mind, and ice to his fevered brow, he fell asleep. The next morning he rode off to St. Mary's.

"This is a fine youth," said Mr. Holt, "very like Charles. He has the earnest manner which his father had before him, and his head is not unlike his also, though less so than yours, Julia. Are you willing to own him for your brother?"

"Really, uncle, I know not what to say. If not Charlie, he might pass for him. I could hardly keep from throwing myself into his arms and calling him dear Charlie."

"Let him be your brother," said Emma, smiling. "We shall see more of him. And let me tell you, I thought he was a particular acquaintance of yours in disguise."

Julia coloured, but made no reply. Sunday came, and

the usual congregation gathered in Poplar Hill church yard. The church was a plain wooden edifice, about the size of the present plain and indifferent one. It was long and narrow, however, and had a steep roof, which gave it more the appearance of a church. For, at that day, the people had fresh in their recollections the noble edifices which the wisdom and piety of an age less worldly than ours, had erected for the worship of God. Then, barns and tobacco houses were not the models after which, we will not say churches *are* fashioned, but they seem in some places now to be fashioned. King David could say, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing." The cant of the present day, however, is that God asks the worship of the heart, and hence meanness can keep its money and put up a sort of Bethlehem stable for the sanctuary. But, as Dr. South justly observes, "God will not endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn worship nor their hog-sty worship, no, nor yet of their parlour or chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build him churches. For he that commands us to 'worship him in the spirit,' commands us also 'to honour him with our substance.'" The very fact of costliness is the thing most wanted. The spirit which leads us to erect an edifice to the Most High, should be one of sacrifice. No money should be spared, no labour withheld, no decoration wanted, and every thing should be there which is necessary to render it outwardly and inwardly meet for the offering of praise and prayer, meet as the sacrifice of our first, our best, our costliest to Him who made and hath redeemed us, and meet for the habitation of His holiness.

About the church was a promiscuous group in which the castes of society were more distinctly marked than they are in our day of levelling down. There stood Colonel Smithson, affable and accessible to all, but still repelling familiarity by a dignified self-respect, which protects better than a body guard. Here stood the worthy rector, whose bland welcome warmed where it fell, and to approach whom was felt by the parishioners generally to be a privilege. At that period, even among the puritans, the minister was regarded as the "ambassador of Christ." The lower classes knew their places from those above them. The few rich, and they were rich compared to the small fortunes which fill their places now, stood rather to themselves, as rank then, like rank in

England now, being in an imaginary circle, into it no one in the lower ranks could pass without certain outward forms which for its own protection society imposed. A bell tingled, and in a few minutes the crowd were all reverently in their places, and among that worshipping family Montrose saw his sister, uncle, and Emma. The responses went up loud and in good time. An air of devotion pervaded the congregation who sat or rose, as the service required.

The grey head and youthful locks were alike bowed, as Parson Gordon said, "Let us pray." Their metrical psalmody, then just introduced, was rough indeed, and greatly inferior to the noble chaunts it superseded; still, when the clerk gave out the psalm, with harmonious concert ascended the voices of this little assembly here gathered beneath the shadows of a primitive poplar forest. No stray sheep wandered or held back outside during the prayers. For, bad as were some of the laity, and sceptical as had been others, their badness and scepticism made no demonstration in the house of God. Nor, at that day, had either so far extended as to cause any during the service to stay out of the church, and, with their feet resting upon a grave, to discuss the merits of horses, the price of grain, the proper time of seeding, the prospect of the crops, or the scandal of a neighbourhood. How lovely is devotion in the house of God!

——— "How lovely to see
Matrons and sires, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on Fast, or Festival,
Through the long year the House of prayer seek,
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds unscared from Hut or Hall,
They come to lowly bench, or sculptured stall;
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety forever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have worn
Their pensive light from a departed sun."*

As Montrose came out of the church, he felt some one touch him. He turned, and the stranger, who had enlightened him on the services of the mass, on St. Agnes' day, said:

"This preacher is not as unfair as Dr. Barrow, leaving nothing to be said by any other. His manner is quite as

*Wordsworth, slightly altered.

earnest as Bishop Burnet's, though he preaches from a manuscript, and does not extemporize; Atterbury with his memoriter is more artificial. He is after Nathan's sort. We wish to hear him further; but like not ourselves the better for it." Montrose was about to reply, but the speaker hurried away, mounted his horse, and, waving his hand, said: "We meet again."

Montrose accompanied Parson Gordon and Emma to the Glebe, and during this visit his mind drank in the father's solemn and engaging wisdom; while his heart quaffed as nectar, it could quaff always, and not tire, love, hope, and happiness from the presence of Emma. But such is youth! The nectar of the daughter's presence was more likely to intoxicate, than the father's wisdom was to keep sober.

CHAPTER XI.

PLEASANT LODGE—MRS. ANNIE JONES, AND OTHER CHARACTERS—DANCING.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

BYRON.

A FEW days afterwards came Julia's birth-day, and Mr Holt, in compliment to his niece, invited a goodly company from the city of St. Mary's, and the country immediately adjacent, to Pleasant Lodge. According to the early habits of that day, the guests began to assemble before dusk, and the family of Colonel Smithson alone rode in a coach on that occasion; coaches and carriages being then rather uncommon, even in England. And it was a gay and pretty spectacle, that of thirty riders, ladies and gentlemen, advancing along the meadow, or winding round the circular road up the hill, on lively nags. The company were gaily dressed, and laughing merrily or talking socially and cheerfully as they came on; while the heavy coach of Colonel Smithson brought up the rear; lumbering along with the armorial bearings of the owner painted on the panel, and moving at the same time in a gait nearly as slow, and, of course, quite as royal as that of the great mogul, when he appears in his coach drawn by oxen. While the company were thus riding along the meadow, they had a fine view of the plain and strongly built mansion of Pleasant Lodge. The house was nearly square. It was two stories, beside an attic, high, and was surmounted by a steep roof. The external workmanship was very massive; the house being compactly built of the best materials, and by workmen who had served their apprenticeship in England. It was, therefore neither a Roman villa, nor a light maison de bouteilles, with which the campagne of

France abounds; but a substantial English house; such a house as showed that the proprietor had driven his stake down here for life, and did not mean, like some with us who build rather for show than use and durability, to pull up his stake, and migrate still further to the west. Westward ho! then meant to plant one's lodge within the sound of the roar of the Atlantic's waves, and not, as now, where sleep the billows on the Pacific shore. There was no flourish of Doric, Ionic or Corinthian columns in an ostentatious and superfluous portico. Mr. Holt had not made the discovery, which some have since made, that a gentleman's private mansion should resemble the Parthenon. We will pity his ignorance, but must not blame him, as the eighteenth century was more than a century behind the nineteenth. Without a portico or piazza, it was, as stated, a strong and comfortable house; and this remark means a great deal. A low, badly lighted and circumscribed dwelling will do for a pig to fatten in, for a penitentiary convict to repent of his misdeeds in, or for a monk to make his cell of. It is true the Horites and Anakims lived in caves, but the poets tell us that Prometheus was a great benefactor to humanity, in bringing men out of holes and caverns, and teaching them to live in edifices of brick and mortar. For what is so likely to cramp the play of intellect, and shorten the swing of imagination, as a low pitched house, whose chambers are cells, and dark enough to be prisons? We must be comfortable in our lodge to be inclined to stretch out, or ambulate either our physical, moral or intellectual man; unless we are ambitious to be poets, and must, perforce, take a garret; where the closeness of our apartment heats the brain to poetic extravaganees. Old Priam was no fool, when he enlarged his palace to fifty chambers; and Nero never said so good a thing, as when, having built him a house, which covered more ground than did the farm of Cincinnatus, he exclaimed:—"At last I have a house fit for a man to live in."

The large doors to the houses in Barbary and the Levant, their wide and spacious chambers, marble pavements, open and airy courts, and their cool fountains, all so necessary in that country to abate the ardours of a tropical climate, and so favourable to thought and comfortable musings, indicate likewise that, if they are barbarians in their ignorance of Christianity, and backwardness in the utilitarian arts, they surpass us in what so greatly contributes to the comfort of

life, pleasant and commodious private edifices. Servants in livery met the company at the steps. Mr. Holt felt not half the consequence that these sable ushers did. Black ebony shone not brighter than their polished skins. Their woolly and curly hair was most carefully combed, and their faces were radiant with glee, or solemnized with an affectation of dignity that would have become a king at his coronation. Pity it was that Cuffy did not know what a wretched state slavery was! In the hall the guests were received and welcomed by Mr. Holt, and in the hurried question and answer, and in the warm pressure given and returned, civility had a part, and heart a share likewise.

Now that the company has been admitted, let us walk in and report what we see. The interior was plain. Mr. Holt was a plain Englishman in his taste, and it has been well said, "John Bull has as furious an antipathy to bright hues as his brute protonyme for scarlet." The upper part of the drawing room was adorned with stucco-work. The ceilings were wainscotted, of oak, and not painted, a neat but grave coloured wood, and perhaps with propriety here, as gilded ceilings, with heraldic blazonnes and painted windows, belong to Gothic architecture, and would have been unsuited to the house. Hence, though the company looked cheerful, and bright candles were

"Shining o'er fair women and brave men,"

still on a rainy day to be shut up in a room which is in a grave colour is as depressing to the spirits as the murky atmosphere out of doors. Such a room, in wanting the numerous lights and lively draperies of a drawing room to animate and enliven the visitor, is wanting in "the flowers and sunshine of artificial life." We love not the Puritans for banishing the harmonies of beauteous colours as well as of sweet sound from merry England, and almost envy the days of Queen Bess, when the chambers were hung with arras, and both the ornaments and architectural decorations of them were coloured and gilded. And these same Puritans, in affecting to be wiser than their forefathers, affected to be wiser than all others. It is mentioned that Solomon, the wisest of men, had in his palace curtains which were comely and beautiful, while it is stated that the tents of Kedar, Ishmaelites, were black, and as the Psalmist said, "Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have

my habitation among the tents of Kedar." Who would not echo the sentiment if doomed to live under the black flag? even the Kedar tents of Puritanism, where the sombreness of death shuts out cheerfulness and life?

Among the company in the drawing room were our acquaintances, Emma, Julia, Mrs. Annie Jones, Miss Evelin, and Miss Euphy among the ladies, and Parson Gordon, Colonel Smithson, Lawyer Brief, Darnell, and Mr. Holt, and others besides, a few of whom will be mentioned in good time.

Some might have said that Emma and Julia were pre-eminent, while others would have termed Mrs. Annie and Miss Evelin the cynosures of the room. It will be remembered that Mrs. Annie was a brunette, that her eyes were very dark and full, and that her stature was low but remarkably genteel, tidy, and elegant. She had more than half put off her widow's weeds, and it was, perhaps, hardly proper that she should have put them on. Life had not past very evenly with her. A few years before she was much admired by a then youth. Augustus Shepard, nephew of the Shepard whom Parson Gordon mentioned in his letter to Dean Aldrich, and who formerly, as was said, was an admirer of Emma; but Annie's father could have had no faith in Goldsmith's doctrine that, as liquors become muddy before they brighten, so the best wits ferment before they ripen. He broke off the intimacy with Shepard, and forced her to receive the addresses of a Mr. Jones who was old enough to be her father.

"True," said Annie's father, "the child don't love Mr. Jones, but then love's a very silly thing, 'twill do for rhymers and romancers, but can't keep off poverty. Ah! when that comes in at the door, love goes out at the window. I didn't marry your mother for love, no indeed, and we've never known the difference. I was rather pinched for property. Your ma had some, and my wise old father said to me, John, Jane Yeo is pretty and smart. Them's two things enough to make a silly youngster try to get her; but she has got what's worth a sight more. Ah! my boy, her father, Parson Yeo, left her a snug little estate at his death. I am her guardian, and can tell to the halfpenny how much 'tis worth. You are a youth of some parts, and won't find it hard to get on the weak side of Jane. Go, make your love to her, and 'twill be so convenient for me to pay over to you this money.

I was obedient," continued Annie's father, with a face which showed that he thought he had done a very meritorious act. "Your mother, child, was quite too young, and, by the way, too well raised, to have fallen in love with any one. She was told by my father that the family had arranged a match between us, and all went off exactly right. Now, Annie, you've never known your mother and I to have had any very serious squalls, though sometimes every thing didn't move on like a boat with a nice little wind down St. Mary's river, so, child, be advised."

Annie heard all this fandango; how much she believed is another question. She could not be satisfied that her father's experience was a safe guide to her. She had besides rather a penchant for Shepard, and when affection at all inclines one way, and a parent's orders force the other way, the will may submit, but the effort costs pain. She heaved many sighs, lost her appetite, and felt, like Iphigenia, about to be sacrificed. But in Mr. Darnell's family the iron rule prevailed. The knot was tied. A large party were making merry on the occasion, and none seemed so happy as the bridegroom. As well he might at an acquisition, which, if it brought the maiden's heart along with it, in value would have weighed down his fortune, rich as he was, ten times told. Poor Annie, amidst all the glare of dress, looked like any thing but a bride; pale, trembling, and heart-sick. "All will be right," said the avaricious father; for money is a wondrous panacea, and setter to rights in the opinion of a certain class. "'Tis mere girlishness. 'Twill wear off." They were playing blind man's buff. The groom was blindfolded. The room rang with laughter. The groom stooped for a moment. His apparent awkwardness gave general satisfaction. He fell to the floor. The laugh was still louder. The bride looked as a statue all the time. The groom lay still. Two or three ran to help him up, and one person was heard to say, "Poor old man! Your ankle bones are too weak for a bridegroom." "He can't move," said a voice, and the next instant the alarm was given that he was dead. The grim monster had more compassion on Annie than her father. He left a will giving his entire estate to his future wife. Of this Annie then knew nothing; but those soulless pieces of flesh and blood, who are prepared to sell themselves for money, even to wrinkled decrepitude, should have seen the young widow's indifference,

and heard her involuntary, remark, "I am now free—oh what a riddance!" Perhaps they would realize, or might think it possible that there can be a state of life worse than single blessedness; and that a poor and honest female is happier in her loneliness than a wife, who is tied to a husband, feeling as a living body would with a corpse fastened to it—unable to love corruption, and loathing in her soul this thing called a husband.

The new married couple among the Hebrews bore garlands of flowers; and the first Christians crowned them; but marriage is now so much a thing of convenience, that Hymen's chaplet should be at times a garland of thorns, stinging nettles and hellebore. On this evening, however, at Pleasant Lodge, there was much about Mrs. Annie to attract and awaken affection. Her deep brown eyes, glossy black hair, perfect brunette complexion, the rich fullness of her eyes, and the fire, animation and soul that kindled in them, played about her lips when she smiled, or which lit up with occasional flashes her whole face, all gave to her appearance a winning warmth and tenderness. And the religious cares which now perplexed her, while they rather saddened that sweet face, and gave a melancholy softness to the flashings of her eyes, made her rather more beautiful. If Mrs. Annie's life had been prosperous, and no cloud of anxious thought had darkened her pure sky, she would have seemed as the Venitian, whom an old dramatist paints, "brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor." But all this was chastened down. She seemed of earth and yet not earthy. She endeavoured to enter into the festivities of the evening, and yet in the expression of her eyes, solemn and religious, sweet yet subdued,—her heart appeared to thirst for other joys. If a seraph from heaven had mingled in the throng of that evening, how empty would its pleasures have seemed to him! Mrs. Annie appeared to have something of the same feeling.

Miss Evelin, the belle of St. Mary's, was a more ambitious and showy beauty. The roses bloomed upon her cheeks. Care cast no cloud over her sunny face. Her look was free, open, and bold. Long curls hung about her neck in pretty and fantastic forms, though overmuch powder concealed the colour of her hair. Her attire bespoke care,

attention, and even much cost. Her lip curled imperiously, while her small ears and classic features gave token of patrician descent; and her manner clearly bespoke consciousness of superiority. It was evident that Miss Evelin considered the young ladies about her as inferior stars to herself in the galaxy of beauty, and that she looked upon the gentlemen as belonging to a class a little above that of serving men, whom she would sufficiently honour by allowing them to pick up her handkerchief, and who might deem themselves everlastingly her debtors, if she should so far condescend as to hold a tete à tete with any of them.

Our acquaintance, Miss Euphy, the niece of Snarler, we said, was there also. She was pretty, tall, and stout, without much dignity or grace, rather flung herself about than moved, felt awkward, and seemed to be more so in endeavouring to make others think she was perfectly at home, and she would even have been more passable, had she not been tricked off in a dress that was ridiculously gaudy. Like most persons in the lower orders, Euphy did not fancy the staid colours of puritanism. In her simplicity, she loved colours which rival "the gorgeous hues of sunset, and the lustrous splendours of a poppy field;" and rarely seemed peacock prouder of its plumage than Euphy of her finery. It would have been cruel to have denied her the means of parading it; as it would be cruel to tie up the tail of a peacock, and thus not allow the vain creature to exhibit it.

These were the greater lights that shone forth this evening; gemming the parlour of Mr. Holt, and only shining less brightly than the stars which set off the coronet of night. The dress, which was then worn by the ladies, doubtless appeared to a beau or gentleman of that day, not only unexceptionable, but in the very best style; and best adapted to the wearers: they the wearers being the pictures of which the dress was only the gilding and framing. To our taste, which, we admit, has been puritanized, some of the ladies would have seemed to have been inappropriately dressed; and, most so of all, the belle of St. Mary's. Her dress was in the extreme of the fashion then dominant. She could not have been surpassed in the lowness, with which she wore her tucker, except by Henrietta of England, the queen of Charles II., and by Nell Gwyn, the Duchess of Cleveland; and other fair but infamous beauties of the court of the

merry monarch; whose fair frailties are so well hit off, and vividly too, by Count Hamilton: and who are indebted to their great painter, Sir Peter Sely, for perpetuating

"The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.

Miss Evelin, however, being a beauty of a more imperious character, may have designed in her queenly humour to awe the lords of creation into a most reverent homage of her charms. Possibly she had not seen Ovid's description of Daphne, in which, after praising her golden hair, beaming eyes, tempting lips, and fair arms, hands and fingers, he wisely adds,

"Et nudos media plus parte lacertos,
Si qua latent meliora putat:"

and which Dryden paraphrases:

"He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen the best."

To this indecorous nudity, let the reader imagine the fair Miss Evelin with a head-dress quite as lofty as the mural crown of Cybele; her dress spread out by immense hoops; her hair profusely powdered, and her whole person so perfumed by musk, that, as she moved, she seemed to be breathing and giving out odour, and he will see her as she appeared this evening.

Among the gentlemen was one Darnell. He belonged to that too large class, who will leave on the roll-call of the army of mankind little else but their names; and these names will only record that they lived and died. As he stands not alone, some may think his place is one of honour. Doubtless Darnell and his compeers may be all heroes in their own estimation. That they are tolerable models of physical humanity, no one will doubt. Their heads will do also for blocks in barber-shops to dress wigs on, and to learn hair cutting by; and their proportions will answer for tailor's signs to exhibit the latest fashions upon, and, when they are charged with morning dreams, or fresh from the steams of a groggery, they strut and swagger as if the whole nation rested upon and looked to them.

Shepard, however, was of a stamp greatly superior. He seemed to be made to leave his mark on the age, should means be presented. He was audacious and resolute, ambitious to climb aloft by the ladder of fortune; like Pistol

esteeming the world his oyster which he would open; keen, penetrating, a Bolingbroke in brilliancy and fascination; and a Swift in sarcasm, without the coarseness of the Dean. His dress was unique, being like the man extravagant, costly, and singular; not unlike that of Sir Harry Wildair, the model of fantastic fops of that day. He was conspicuous by a big periwig, even larger than the capacious ones then generally worn, by a black velvet coat, a long and richly brocaded waistcoat, yellow velvet shorts, pearl buckles to his stockings, and gold buckles to his shoes, and by showy red heels to his shoes: the whole being made yet more noticeable by a black beard of exorbitant length and fullness. Conscious of the observation he was attracting, he entered the last of the company, with a bow which Chesterfield might have made, and then made a circuit of the parlour; beginning of course, at the opposite end of the room, where sat his fair hostess, Miss Julia, and managed to say something witty, original, or that passed as peculiarly apropos, to each lady in passing. Shepard loved to walk a gauntlet of this kind, each new female face acted as an additional challenge to put forth his best faculties, and he generally found himself at the end fresher, keener and brighter, than when he began. His appearance so impressed Montrose, that he resolved to make his acquaintance. Shepard was now in his neighbourhood, and had stopt just before Miss Evelin. Montrose and Mr. Holt were near enough to hear what passed between them.

"I have not the honour of your acquaintance," said Miss Evelin, bantering Shepard on his beard. "I know no gentleman who dresses so much like a—" and she hesitated. "You are not the Mr. Shepard I have seen once or twice."

"Oh, yes," replied Shepard, twirling his moustache, and displaying a set of teeth that outshone the porcelain, "but the Mr. Shepard improved."

"Disguised, you mean," she said, "and, pray what character are you personating?"

"I'll answer with very great pleasure," Shepard bowed profoundly, "if Miss Evelin will be so obliging as to say whether I am to recognize in her the belle of St. Mary's, or some gay beauty from the Court of Venus, who means to dazzle us with her charms."

"I always appear, sir," curling her lip, and looking as if she would annihilate him, "without disguise."

"Possibly," and there was a sardonic smile that said more than words, "it would be well if Miss Evelin were a little disguised. If she will allow me, I will show her how a mouchoir can set off the charms even of the lady of Evelinton manor."

Quick as said, he took from her unconscious hand her highly scented handkerchief, and laid it over her bosom and neck. In an instant the fair one's face and neck were crimsoned, and, if a lady's eyes could have shot lightning, hers would have blasted him.

Mr. Holt now touched Shepard, and introduced him to Montrose; and, then giving his hand to Miss Evelin, said:

"I agree with you, Miss Jane, that our friend's beard so disguises him that he hardly appears in propria persona. Though Perseus speaks of Socrates as magistrum barbatum, —a philosopher with a long beard,—yet Mr. Shepard cannot mean to pass for so grave a character. Unless," turning to Shepard, "you have adopted the eastern opinion, that the beard is the greatest ornament of the person. Though I am so old-fashioned as to think the beard is in inverse ratio to the brain. Wherefore I think you should be obliged to Miss Jane for reminding so sensible a gentleman of his departure from good taste."

Shepard smiled and bowed, understanding Mr. Holt's remark as a well intentioned and dexterous method of relieving Miss Evelin from her embarrassment; and fearful, lest he might have transcended the bounds of gentlemanly courtesy, acknowledged his obligations to Miss Evelin, and by a well turned compliment endeavoured to dispel the cloud from her brow. But Miss Evelin had either made the important discovery that pretty phrases were mere breath,—or her wrath was not to be appeased so easily; and Parson Gordon and the three gentlemen mentioned were speaking of the customs of antiquity, and the parson remarked, that shaving was accounted ignominious by the ancient Hebrews; for that David's men were so disgraced by being shaved by Hanun, that the king directed them to tarry at Jericho till their beards were grown.

"That would have been a heavy penance," said Shepard, looking significantly at Brief, who heard his remark, "on a friend of ours, who has not had even beard enough to

consecrate the boyish down to Jupiter Capitolinus, as did Nero."

"Never fear on that score," replied the attorney, aware it would not do to dodge the shot, and being very sensitive and resentful, as it might lower him in Miss Evelin's opinion. "I shaved many years ago; but wanting a Jupiter to whom to present my boyish down, as Mr. Shepard seems anxious for a good supply of the article, by his great cultivation of it, if he'll accept it, 'tis at his service."

"I dare not presume to such an honour," said Shepard, "but there is one who may, and that the present may honour alike donor and donee, I will furnish you with a gold box to hold it. In me it would be arrogance even to touch the first shavings of one whose very hair is venerable," (the attorney's hair being quite grey,) "I will, therefore, as the valuable relics may be as precious as are the parings of St. Anthony's toe-nails," (alluding to Brief's Romanism,) "with a set speech bear the offering to the queen of your affections."

"Perhaps," said Montrose, "Mr. Brief thinks a cleaner face would better become the ambassador of so grave a matter."

"The matter being grave," joined in Mr. Holt, jocularly, "Mr. Shepard is the man to act in it; since a clergyman, who stood high in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being asked, why he wore the longest and largest beard in all England, replied, 'I wish no act of my life may be unworthy the gravity of my appearance.'"

The sound of music was now heard, and Colonel Smithson, advancing to Julia, asked her to walk with him the minuet. Our grandmothers, who remember the colonial times, may remember with regret that this stately dance has been abandoned for the vulgar jig. The minuet required great dignity and grace to execute it well: for which Colonel Smithson's dignified and easy manners admirably fitted him; and hence Julia, aware of this fact, and diffident of her own performance, was afraid of a juxtaposition in which she might lose by comparison with her partner, and therefore firmly declined the colonel's request. He then bowed to Emma, who accepted his proffered hand for the dance, and as the two took their place on the floor, conversation was for a while suspended. Emma moved

along the floor as gracefully as a swan does on the water, and with as much ease as if she were in her native element. The figures were executed also without a solitary mistake, embarrassment, or precipitancy. The two did their parts with the regularity of clock-work, and in perfect time with the music. The colonel's bow was worth half a dozen speeches, for the much, inexpressible any other way as well, that it said; while the slow, ready, and finished curtesy of Emma showed how gracefully a lady's form can bend, and how well the carriage of the body can be made to convey whatever is courteous and complimentary.

"Can you surpass that bow in England?" asked Shepard of Montrose. The latter shook his head.

"The old dramatist," continued Shepard, "said correctly of one of his heroes, 'He being gold, needs no stamp of grace to make him current;' for, with the colonel's stamp of grace, if a man was brass intrinsically he would pass current any where; and, without that stamp, which so many want,—being rough diamonds, or gold in the mine unwrought and uncoined,—merit often fails to circulate in the mart of the world."

Montrose soon thereafter found Emma at liberty, and embraced the earliest occasion to seat himself alongside of her; and endeavoured to play the agreeable, (as under such circumstances, who will not?) in the best way he could. The playful and excited colloquy of a young lady and gentleman is exhilarating as champagne, and at times no less sparkling; but, like champagne, it is transient, and leaves a void, and perhaps a heaviness after it. While the more sober and quiet tone of conversation, where the mind is under less excitement, and rather rills forth than bubbles up the thoughts, which are uppermost, comes forth pure, bright, and healthy. And Emma was not sorry to find under the heydayness of Montrose a well of thought deep and pure. Triflers may force a laugh, but they soon become bores. Not far from them sat Julia with her harpsichord in hand, and Mrs. Annie and Shepard were standing by, conversing with her, and were urging her to sing with the promise of accompanying her.

"He can't turn a tune, or sing a note," whispered Annie to Julia, and the latter said to Shepard:

"Annie sings, but can you?"

"I have long endeavoured," bowing and smiling, "to be

au fait in every accomplishment that makes the gentleman. If singing be one of the marks of a chevalier, sans peur and sans réproche, I will even undertake to sing."

"Will you?" replied Julia eagerly, her eyes sparkling.

"On one condition," he said, "provided you will sing the ballad which you composed on the history of the late Indian Chief Croshaw, and the remarkable echo in the cove where he died. Mrs. Smithson has a copy of it, and sang it for me at the castle."

"Do sing the ballad, Julia," urged Mrs. Annie, who, aware of Shepard's great audacity and address, mischievously wished to see how he would extricate himself from a promise he could not literally keep.

"Do sing," joined in Miss Evelin. "I know that so charming a man as Mr. Shepard must sing most charmingly. What think you, Annie?"

Mrs. Annie did not express her opinion; while Shepard with mock gratitude thanked Miss Evelin for the high opinion she expressed of him. Miss Evelin then said, addressing Mrs. Annie, and lowering her voice:

"His singing must be as charming as that of the frogs in St. John's pond."

Shepard heard the remark, and, smiling most graciously, said:

"I feel that I am some inches higher since Miss Evelin deems me a charming man, and considers that my vocal powers are only equalled by her favourite serenaders in St. John's pond."

"The song—the song," now cried out a number of voices. Montrose and Emma joined the group, while Julia, with her arm around the harpsichord, and Annie standing by her, and taking part, sang as follows:—

"The winds blew loud o'er Lulla's stream,
The briny waves rolled high,
Mildly shone the moon's pale beam,
While in the gloomy wood
A maiden of the forest stood,
And thus spoke out her bosom's sigh.

"'Great Spirit! oh, the red man save!
Croshaw, from Ogees drear,
Thou lov'st the warrior true and brave,
For his country battling;
Who, amidst the arrows' rattling,
Seeks an honoured death and grave.'

"Still howled the wind, and out the wood
— Came forth a doleful cry;
A fitful light blazed high, then stood
The winding cove midway;
As Adaratha thus did pray,
She saw it move on gloomily.

"No living wight may tell how cold,
Like ice upon her breast,
Sank the sad news, now surely told,
Croshaw no more would come;
Nor speak the darkness of that home,
His presence-light so oft did bless.

"And ever since o'er Lulla's stream,
Echo an answer gives;
And in the echo Croshaw seems
On earth to live again.
E'en so do all good men,
In after times a witness leave."

No sooner had Julia begun the ballad, than to the surprise of all present, and of Julia particularly, Montrose joined in; and both chimed in with the tune, and repeated the words with a familiarity, indicating that the air and words were alike known to him. With amazement depicted in her face, Julia asked him to tell her how and when he learned this tune and the words.

"Certainly," replied Montrose with ill-concealed embarrassment. "I obtained the words and tune from your brother at Oxford. He showed me the ballad you sent to him, and mentioned to what air you had adapted it."

"That may be," said Julia, thoughtfully, "but Charlie was ever at some trick, and I have half a mind to ask him if he aint Charlie. But, no," soliloquizing, "he could not be so cruel as to carry his hoax thus far."

Several voices now demanded that Shepard should sing, or pay the penalty. Shepard smiled, remarking he had taken part in the ballad; but that his voice was on the same key with that of Mr. Montrose; so much so that only the most practised ear could have detected that he sang at all.

"Then," replied Julia, thinking she had fairly entrapped him, "you will sing it now by yourself. Come, I will give you the air on the harpsichord, and we will judge how perfect you have become in the ballad." And she seemed to enjoy the dilemma to which she had forced him.

Shepard saw the exultations of Julia, and did not fail to see the very evident satisfaction of Miss Evelin at his appa-

rently inextricable position. To be cornered is at all times unpleasant, by ladies especially so.

"Really," replied Shepard, "my great modesty could not carry me through such an ordeal."

"He has forfeited," was the cry, and it was unanimously agreed, Shepard excepted, that he should pay the penalty.

"Let this be a song," suggested Julia, "of Mr. Shepard's composition, and let us have it now," looking mischievously at their supposed victim.

"You forget, Miss Julia," he said, beseechingly, "that I have not wet my feet in the dews of Parnassus, nor drank of the fountain of Hippocrene, as you seem to have done. A song comes not from me so readily as from yourself. But, if I must, I must. You ladies are inexorable."

Seating himself, and looking hard at Mrs. Annie, as if he would drink in inspiration from her face; so much so that Annie blushed, and dropt her head, he wrote, and then read as follows:

"Oh! touch for me that harp again,
It stills my bosom's maddening pain,
And makes me dream, tho' dream in vain,
That thou art mine. It must not be,
I hear no more thy minstrelsy.
Then touch for me thy harp once more,
No Druid priest had e'er such power
To stir the soul. I seem to be
An angel blest in hearing thee.

"For, when I hear thy magic strings,
My heart with joy and gladness rings
As water gushing from the springs,
It bounds to meet thee, and to be
Where flows thy voice of melody.
Then touch for me, &c.

"Less sweet at evening hour the hum,
Which from the groves and waters comes,
More fragrant would it make a home,
Than odours in the quiet dell,
Which wafted rise from mossy cell.
Then touch for me, &c.

"For what is wealth? and what's renown?
A king's no king without a crown;
Unwed he's poorer than a clown,
Who has a wife to sing to rest
The cares and troubles of his breast.
Then touch for me, &c."

Compliments poured fast on Shepard; and Julia, asking a copy, promised to find an air for it; and then in an under-

tone said to Annie, "You must help me to sing it, as you were the muse he called upon."

Next followed a dance, that was then much in vogue, the Javolta. It was not unlike the modern waltz; resembled it in the whirling motion, but differed from it in being more decorous and decent. Lawyer Brief found room on the floor, but, not securing Miss Evelin as a partner, stood up to dance with Miss Euphy, who was much larger than the attorney. In executing this dance, the gentleman turned his partner round a number of times, and then assisted her to make a lofty spring. In activity the attorney answered very well. For few persons could leap equal to him, and he expected by this endowment, of which he was not a little proud, to supply the want of momentum. Our hero of the forum therefore was not conscious that, while he was taking such fearful leaps to the admiration of the young, and amazement of the old folks, he was in danger more and more, as the dance went on, of taking a leap too far or too much; like other knights, whose ambition betrays them into dangers and scrapes. For awhile all continued well enough. He whirled round in the giddy dance, as if each touch of his partner infused into him an additional charge of electric fluid; for, observing that Miss Evelin was looking all attention, and, as he supposed, all admiration, he bounded off and away, and spun round merrily, till the room, and every thing in it, whirled in mad confusion. And when he came to the vault or cabriole, required by the dance, he would summon all his strength, and up he would spring and off again he would dart. His partner seemed to be in ecstacies. Dancing to Euphy was the most exhilarating of enjoyments, and hence, as she saw the old negro fiddler lay his head back, and, drawing his fiddle bow with a sort of inspiration across the strings, make the instrument talk most eloquently, all so acted on her, that she sprang to Brief so furiously, that if the spirit of dancing had been embodied, it would have taken Miss Euphy's form. As on, therefore, swept the fiddle bow, on they whirled; the louder twanged the sable minstrel's strings, higher bounced Brief, and round and round more fleetly whirled his partner and himself. But, as they went, spinning like a top, with fearful velocity, Brief's foot was caught in the long dress of an aged dame in the room, to the sad rending of the dress, and greater vexation of its owner. In a moment he lost his balance, shot off in a tangent, and

pitched headforemost into the lap of Mrs. Muchado, a garrulous old woman, where his fall was nearly as much broken as it would have been by a feather bed. Confusion ensued. Brief was mortified and vexed. Mrs. Muchado broke out upon "the impudent presumption," as she termed it, "of the fellow, taking such liberties, and before so genteel a company too." Peal upon peal of laughter rang in the room, then came jibe, and joke, and jest. The black fiddler laid aside his bow and violin, wiped his dewy brow and said:

"Neber hab I seen Massa Brief dance so sarvigously. Ky, him leap like a swimmer into Mistress Muchado's lap."

To retire with dignity after such a catastrophe, necessary and proper as it may have been, was a difficult feat. The attorney was not equal to it. He was not a man to take a joke, and laugh with the loudest. Crestfallen he rose from his soft repose, and, looking up with shame and vexation to Mrs. Muchado's cloudy face, he gathered up his little person, and folding his arms, retired, as he hoped, with dignity, from the room.

This scene was not witnessed by Parson Gordon and Mr. Holt, who withdrew to the library soon as the minuet began; and they were discussing affairs of the parish, when a figure, that neither of them had before seen, entered the library; accompanied by Mr. Doolittle, a vestryman of Mr. Gordon's parish, and whom the latter introduced as the Reverend Mr. Allgrace. Parson Gordon had time to scrutinize him, and whispered to Mr. Holt, "This must be the man I overheard praying at Mrs. Doolittle's the night I mentioned to you." But how came he here? What was his business? were questions which the rector and host asked themselves, and could not answer. Homer says:—"All strangers and beggars come from Jove," and Mr. Holt was too imbued with the sacred duty of hospitality to receive them discourteously.

Mr. Allgrace was dressed nearly as much unlike the company present as he could be. While they wore periwigs, his hair was cut as short and round as if a gourd had been used in trimming it. While they had shoe buckles of gold or silver, he wore a plain black string to each of his shoes. While their faces looked cheerful; the wrinkles and furrows being smoothed out in compliment to their host, and the corners of their eyes and mouths were turned up good-humouredly, and an expression of good fellowship lighted up the features of all Allgrace's face was drawn out into a most

lachrymose expression, and seemed to be under a cloud; looking as if he were, not at a feast, but a funeral. He was hardly introduced, before, in a tone low and soft, as if his words came up from the depths of a heart full of the searchings of the spirit, (alas! how many persons are homines multæ religionis, nullius pene pietatis, and their words come up from the bathos of darkness and emptiness?) Allgrace said:

"I did not suppose that you would have been present at dances and assemblies, where the wicked love to haunt."

Parson Gordon was surprised, but resolved, however, to hear him out.

"Ah! I fear," and the figure rolled up his eyes, "that no good cometh to the flock, where the shepherd holdeth to the righteousness of ungodly meetings, and banquetings, and revellings, and the such like."

"Explain yourself," replied the rector, waxing warm at this unwarrantable salutation; and yet, perhaps, feeling anxious to shake him off, as St. Paul did the serpent at Melita.

"God forbid!" continued Allgrace, "that mine eyes should look upon iniquity. I saw, however, a lovely maiden in the other room in an unrighteous employment—dancing, sir, like the wicked daughter of Herodias, and I was told she was the daughter of Parson Gordon."

"My daughter's name and character are sacred," quickly and sternly replied the rector. "If you wish to rebuke what you think to be wrong, implicating myself, I will hear you, though the time and place are unsuitable."

Allgrace was for a moment awed. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Holt both exchanged glances,—and the former asked if it was to dancing that he objected so strongly?

"Woe is me! if I did not," replied Allgrace, opening his eyes wide, and throwing himself into an attitude for declaiming. "Amazed! amazed! amazed! am I, that a preacher of righteousness don't know we are commanded not to be conformed to this world."

"Ah!" said Parson Gordon, surveying him with mingled pity and contempt, and saying to himself, "He either needs a straight jacket, or he acts the pharisee to perfection."

"I am amazed, you don't know," continued the puritan, "we are commanded, under the pain of damnation, to come out from the world, 'and be separate; yea, to touch not,

taste not, and handle not the unclean thing.' Ah me! sadly, desperately, beyond hope almost, utterly gone from original righteousness is the human heart. It is but filthy rags and an unclean thing."

"That may possibly be the case with some," said Parson Gordon, mildly. Allgrace seemed not to have heard him. "I thought," he continued, "these commands were yea and amen to all who love the Lord Jesus. For we must confess Him, or He will not confess us; but a fire to the bottom of the pit will burn out our iniquity. But that a minister should attend the gatherings of the wicked—" he wished to add, "a minister's daughter," but he caught Parson Gordon's eye, and came suddenly to a halt. Mr. Holt looked very uncomfortable. The good man was struggling between a wish to show the unmannerly intruder the door, and his repugnance to order any one out of his house.

Allgrace's texts had no more connexion than beads on a string; break the string, and they would never again be strung in the same order. Parson Gordon knew this; but contented himself with remarking:

"As your texts have no bearing on what you witnessed this evening, your denunciations of it as a sinful conformity, a denial of Christ, and gatherings of the wicked are far fetched conjectures; proper stuff, sir."

"Do you presume to say," asked the puritan, "that the Bible does not say that dancing is sinful? Why, sir, it is plain enough to the spiritual man, who discerneth the things of the Spirit;" and he looked as if he thought himself to be vastly superior to Parson Gordon in spiritual apprehension. The rector could not help smiling, and said mentally,

"It is a waste of words to talk to him."

But Mr. Holt was anxious that Allgrace should be rebuked, and he, to effect this object, said:

"I have always understood that dancing was not malum in se, bad in itself; and that, while it is spoken of in the Scriptures it is never spoken of in dispraise or in condemnation." Allgrace appeared to be in a brown study. Doolittle looked as if he would help him if he could. At length Allgrace said that the catechism denounced pomps and vanities, and that dancing was a pomp and vanity.

"Dr. Bray, in his admirable lectures," replied the rector, "on the catechism, does not so interpret the catechism, and the great Dr. Hammond did not, with all his learning, dis-

cern that dancing was a pomp and vanity." And Parson Gordon smiled as he continued. "Good honest old Thomas Fuller says, 'Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises.'"

"I care not," said Allgrace, in a mood not the best natured, "for such writers. Go to the Bible. Did Abraham or Job dance? Did the early martyrs dance? Answer here."

Parson Gordon smiled, and replied, "I am obliged to you for referring to the Scriptures. But, I fear, you read the holy book through glasses that must hide much. Jeremy Taylor says, it is written within and without, and besides the light shining upon it, there must be a light shining on our hearts, unfolding the leaves, and interpreting the mysterious sense of the Spirit, or we read it in vain. Now dancing was the usual concomitant of music among the Hebrews. Miriam, the sister of Moses, and the women in dances and songs glorified God for rescuing them from Egyptian bondage. David danced before the Lord after the ark, and Jephtha's daughter came to meet him returning from the battle with timbrels, and with dances. The daughters of Shiloh danced at the feasts of the Lord. The psalmist renders thanks that God has turned for him his 'mourning into dancing.' The prophet Jeremiah, predicting the restoration of Israel, says that Israel will again be 'adorned with tabrets, and go forth in the dances with them that make merry;' and adds, 'then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together.' Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, says, 'There is a time to dance.' Now these authorities need no comment."

Allgrace breathed hard and hurried. He was evidently unprepared for this testimony. He threw his head back, and heaved a deep sigh; shocked possibly at the unevangelical character of the Old Testament Scriptures. After awhile he was able to say: "The Gospel, sir, the New Testament, teaches a purer doctrine; I stand upon it. The Old Testament is all types and figures."

"Nothing of Holy Scripture," replied Parson Gordon, solemnly, "came of man or man's wisdom, but 'holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' The Old and New Testaments are alike the word of God; and what Old Testament saints did without offence, and what the Spirit of holiness then sanctioned, cannot be a grievous offence

now. But the New Testament also is against you. What say you of the prodigal son?"

Allgrace was aghast. "There is nothing of dancing here," he attempted to say, with boldness.

Mr. Gordon turned to St. Luke's Gospel, and read, "Now his elder son was in the field; and, as he came, and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing." "This parable," continued the rector, "came from the lips of Christ. The dancing was in the house of the prodigal's father; and by that father God is represented. Consequently dancing and music, as expressions of joy, seem to have had the sanction of our Lord Himself; and, according to Him were, in His house, tokens of joy that a prodigal son, returning to Him penitent, was dead no longer, but alive again, lost no longer, but found. You are equally mistaken," proceeded Parson Gordon, "as to the opinion of the early church on this matter. The ancient canons, and the ancient doctors in their writings, say nothing against dancing as wrong in itself. They condemn, however, and very justly too, the impious dances that were then practised—not among Christians, but among the heathens. And it is a fact worth preserving that we can find in the canons of our English Church canons on games, hunting, hawking, theatres, chess, dice, and football; all of which are forbidden to the clergy; but none on dancing. Now, as dancing has existed from the days of Job, and continues to this day, if it be, as you would have it believed to be, so greatly repugnant to God's word, and so outrageously sinful, be so kind as to explain why neither His word, nor the church has condemned it in any age?"

"It is all right then," replied Allgrace, with a sneer, looking at Doolittle, and muttering, "I have not found for some time a minister so full of the pomps and vanities."

"Dancing," continued the rector firmly, "becomes sinful by the company which may attend it, and, when it does, it will come under the condemnation of the ancient canons. Like every thing else, it is criminal if carried to excess; for we should 'be temperate in all things.' It is criminal, also, if it be sought as the only vent of pleasurable feelings. For, while the young are allowed to relax themselves with music and dancing, as did David and the ancient people of God, they should remember likewise that we are told: 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms.' And dancing will certainly be sinful, like any worldly employment, carried to the same

extent, if its influence should beget or foster in us a love of the world,—or engage us in its amusements, to the neglect of the things that make for our eternal peace."

Allgrace looked amazed.

Parson Gordon continued, "I am neither an advocate nor denouncer of dancing. We are not all alike constituted. Persons of a melancholy or austere temperament may honestly consider dancing a very unchristian act, and I blame them not for refraining from it. Others with hilarious dispositions, as my worthy host here, when he is in a pleasurable mood, can see no impropriety in it, and I must, with the charity that hopeth all things, believe he is not the less piously inclined because his feelings occasionally carry him in this direction. A David could dance before the ark without sin, as well as a Jeremiah please God in lamenting the sad state of Israel."

"I must hold my peace about dancing then?' asked the nonconformist.

"Cry aloud and spare not," replied the rector, "against a world of unbelief, scoffing, and ungodliness; expose the anti-christian hierarchy, whose head is seated on the seven hilled city; do this as much as you please. But, if you wish to advance the cause of Christ, do not denounce your brethren whose tempers are less morose than your own. Against the waves of the world on one side, and those of Rome on the other, do our best we can do no more than keep the ark of Christ erect, and push her onward. Or, if you conceive dancing to be sinful, put it down as much as you can; but do it not to gratify a gloomy and hypochondriac temper; do it, not because you feel in no mood to dance yourself, and thus reprove in your neighbour a cheerful spirit which you ought also to cultivate; but condemn it when you find it absorbing the affections to the exclusion of holy joys, and such things as enter into a Christian's consolation."

"A Christian ought to weep and lament," interrupted Allgrace,—"to rend his heart and not his garments."

"True," replied Parson Gordon, "at certain times and on fitting occasions, but not always; for an outward cheerfulness of temper our Saviour seems to require us to exhibit, even when we fast, that we may 'appear not unto men to fast.'"

"You'd have all to dance, then?" interrupted Allgrace.

Parson Gordon smiled, and then said: "No, but so to live that, as the apostle advises, we may rejoice evermore. Alas! sir, we often mourn and repine when we should sing and rejoice. All nature laughs and shows a smiling face. God's book shines in promises sufficient to dispel every gloom that can gather about us here. And it would be well if our affections, taking the wings of the morning, went soaring upwards;—that we, animated by a hope that renders our path a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, found in our homely duties, our chiefest pleasure; and, like the Eunuch, seek to do what we are commanded, and go on our way rejoicing."

The loud roar, which was occasioned in the other room by Lawyer Brief's disaster, startled the speakers at this stage of their discussion, and produced a pause of a few minutes, when Mr. Holt availed himself of the opening to remark, with a smile, that the Egyptians, no less than the Jews, had their solemn dances, the chief dance among whom was the dance astronomical, and of which the sacrilegious and idolatrous dance around the golden calf by the Israelites was an imitation.

"I should say as much," interrupted Allgrace, glad to find the shadow of an argument on his side. "Dances are idolatrous, heathenish, the vile capers of the old beast himself, the revels of Satan; in them he dances,—and wo! wo! to those who give in to such abominations." And, as he spoke, he became so transported he fairly capered about the room, and threw his arms wildly about.

"This, I suppose," said Shepard, (alluding to Allgrace moving about,) who, unknown to the parties had joined them in time to hear Mr. Holt's last remark, and Allgrace's reply;—"this is a dance of the furies, which was once so celebrated on the stage at Athens, as to strike the spectators with terror. I would suggest to your reverence," looking at and addressing Allgrace, "not to carry in your features so much distortion when you dance next time; unless you mean to put us out of conceit with dancing, by showing how ugly and frightful it is."

The cool impudence and irony of this remark startled the rector and Mr. Holt, and threw Allgrace off his guard. Shepard enjoyed the confusion of his victim.

Allgrace, recovering himself, hastened to say,

"I dance! I dance! Ungodly man! Do you charge me with dancing?" throwing his eyes up. "No! never!"

"Most humbly I crave your pardon," said Shepard, with affected humility, bowing low.

"No, no, sir," gruffly responded Allgrace, anxious to say more, but wanting breath or courage to accomplish it.

"Perhaps," said his tormentor, looking significantly at Mr. Holt, "you only meant to show us the opera dance."

If the charge of theft had been made against Allgrace, he would not have been more indignant. Boiling with emotions too strong for words, he rushed from the room. Shepard opened his eyes wide as if he had acted most innocently, and Parson Gordon knew not exactly what course to pursue; but Mr. Holt let himself out in a hearty laugh, and the rector could not keep his countenance.

"He is a nondescript," said Shepard, pointing to the retreating figure of Allgrace. "Where did he get his breeding, or his ideas? The first among hostlers, and the last in a conventicle. A solemn prosaic simpleton. Yes, he is a pretty fellow. What would he have said, if he had been at the coronation dinner of Richard II., when the king, bishops, nobles, knights, and all the company assembled danced so heartily in Westminster Hall, to the music of the minstrels, who were deemed worthy to touch their harpsichords on this grave and festive occasion, that the old hall rang again?"

"No," said Parson Gordon, "he is sincere, and only doing what his creed and party ever have done."

"Father, dear father, do come here," said Emma, hastily entering the room; and then withdrawing with some confusion, as she saw Shepard, and colouring slightly from the remembrance perhaps of the regard she once entertained for him.

Parson Gordon left the room, and Emma said, "Excuse my calling you; but Adaratha is surely beside herself. Look," pointing to the Indian girl, who, it seems, was in an adjoining room when the dance began, and who appears to have heard the music, and looked upon the dancers with some indifference, till the lavotta began, in which the counsellor became notorious; when, savage-like, forgetting every feeling in the excitment of the scene, she had at first taken her seat on the floor, and almost lay there, apparently carried away by the intense feelings awakened in her. And

after the dance was resumed, on the attorney's discomfiture, Adaratha became so excited, that she rose from the floor, and humming at the same time a wild tune—she began to stamp and jump, and clap her hands,—and with gestures, and in a manner the most violent, betrayed immoderate joy.

"Poor child," said Parson Gordon, looking on the frantic movements of Adaratha, "little does she know or dream of sin in the untutored steps she is taking. The infant, overjoyed, leaps in its mother's arms,—the child in a frenzy of joy dances about the room, and this poor child is innocently doing the same."

But these days are gone. We have discarded the harp, lute, and viol from our feasts. I trust we are better than our forefathers who kept them at theirs; better particularly by denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and by living soberly and righteously in this present world. We should exceedingly regret to see a clergyman lower his dignity by figuring in a dance; and we have never known the cause of godliness advanced by balls; but, while we allow ourselves no time for music and dancing—let us bestow the time thus saved, not in mammon seeking, nor in hurtful frivolities of any kind; but in such employments as become those who would pass from things temporal to things eternal; in praising Him who hath called us to be saints, and, by growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, fit ourselves to praise Him hereafter "in His name Jah, and to rejoice before him."*

* The reader may consult Rees's Encyclopedia, Article Dance, and Bingham's Antiquities of the Church. In the latter work, (Bohn's Edition, pp. 1007, and in pp. 1224) Bingham says: "Bare music and dancing, without any immodest or antic tricks, seems hardly a crime worthy a canon to forbid it." And we may judge by St. Chrysostom's sharp invective against this and other extravagances, which were commited at marriage feasts, there must have been something more condemnable than dancing to have provoked this good father's severe denunciations."

After commenting on Isaac and Rebekah's marriage, and Jacob and Leah's, Bingham adds: "From all this it is plain, that it was not a sober entertainment at a mariage feast, nor *bare music and dancing*, nor a modest nuptial song, that the fathers so vehemeutly declaimed against as satanical pomps; but it was the obscene and filthy songs, the ribaldry and lascivious actions of mimics and buffoons brought from the stage, joined with their immodest dancings, and other like vanities, tending to corrupt youthful minds both by seeing and hearing which they justly inveighed against, as unbecoming the modesty and sobriety of Christians."

See also, Hart's Ecclesiastical Records of England, Ireland and Scotland. Cambridge, 1846, pp. 85, 87, 91, 113, 115, 124, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. MR. ALLGRACE—AN ADVENTURE—A DAY AT THE CASTLE, &c.

"The hypocrite is a saint, and the false traitor a man of honour, till opportunity, that faithful touchstone, proves their metal to be base."

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

On leaving Mr. Holt's library, Allgrace and Doolittle encountered Colonel Smithson in the passage, and with him the former had a brief conversation. These worthies then made rather a precipitate retreat from Pleasant Lodge; both evidently, and Allgrace especially, satisfied that Parson Gordon was not a godly minister, and lamenting, in words at least, the woful condition of the parish under such a pastor. So thought the puritans of the parishes and of their rectors and curates in England when they obtained the ascendancy, and they turned out or drove away the clergy to the number of some thousands, and gave the livings to fanatical preachers, and to lawless troopers from Cromwell's army. On entering the library, Colonel Smithson was informed of the conversation reported in the last chapter, and after a hearty laugh he remarked:

"Mr. Allgrace, I fear, is only like his fellows, the self-named godly. He thinks, I doubt not, that grace dispenses with the rules of society. According to him 'the saints' have received a dispensation to show no respect to persons; and are empowered at all times to preach the word." And here the colonel smiled as he proceeded. "Preaching the word means, you know, to speak their minds freely to all, without respect to the conventional rules of an ungodly world. Hence, according to him, your being rector of the parish, and he being a visitor, were mere accidents, and should not be taken into account when sin is to be rebuked. But this is not all. I have news for you," and the colonel put on a mysterious face, as if he had something of great moment to impart. Parson Gordon and Mr. Holt expressed a wish to know what it was. "Allgrace," continued the colonel,

"brings a letter from Governor Seymour. You know his excellency to be a meddlesome, and would-be reformer of the church, after the pattern of Geneva. His excellency writes me about the ecclesiastical court, and, to prepare himself, he says, to act understandingly, (but, as I will add, so as to consult his private views and wishes,) should such a court be created by the next assembly to try the clergy of the established Church; he wishes to know who of my acquaintances among the clergy will be likely to be affected by it. All which seeming deference, to my judgment, and seeming desire to shield the clergy of my choice, I understand, and rate it at its proper value. What it is worth, your reverence and my worthy host need not that I should say. Unfortunately, however, for his excellency, there chanced to be but two clergymen in the whole province, who are justly obnoxious to evil report; and one of these," and here his voice and tone were very significant, "rumour says is Mr. Allgrace himself. But they are of the same religious cast with his excellency; and it would not be kind, nor very brotherly in his excellency to deal rigorously with brethren of his own household. Consequently he would have no objections to the creation of such a court, as it would be an engine of power, he being its president, that he might so wield as to fill every parish with clergymen whose opinions faithfully reflect his own, provided the control of it was left to him, and thus Allgrace and such as are like-minded could come under the broad ægis of his excellency's protection. He counts with confidence on the passage of the bill next assembly, and as confidently with being able to control it. Hence, in view of this event, he has deputed Mr. Allgrace to come here and elsewhere, and hunt up charges against your reverence, and every other rector who is not orthodox by the rule of Baxter, the late Bishop Hooper, and the like. And I should judge, from his excellency's letter, (carefully worded as it is, and well as he has glossed over his true motives,) and particularly from Allgrace's accidental, and perhaps, incautious remarks, (for he feels his strength,) that this worthy has the promise of your parish on your ceasing to be rector. The remarks of your reverence on dancing, therefore, and the fact that Miss Emma, your daughter, danced, will form matter enough for a tragic volume of indictment before this court."

"But whence came this Mr. Allgrace?" asked Mr. Holt. "Who is he?"

"You remember," replied the colonel, "that at the battle of Sedgemoor, the Duke of Monmouth and his army were completely defeated. Allgrace was in the ranks of the unfortunate Duke, and doubtless with Ferguson and others harangued the troops on the godliness of rebellion. Hosts of fugitives escaped in a number of ships to New England. Allgrace came with them; and, as his imagination and that of his companion teemed with Old Testament images, they named the river in Massachusetts, on which they settled, Buttermilk river; judging they had come to a new Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey."

"That cold country, I fear, has not helped his temper or creed," said Mr. Holt. "I remember hearing a remark of your eccentric countryman," addressing the rector, "the Bishop of Sarum, "that the Covenanters knew little of the essentials of religion, and that, while the hot men among them were positive, all were full of contention; and, I fear, Mr. Allgrace and his fellows are no better."

"'Tis so, I am pained to believe," said the Rector thoughtfully. "Truth has a tough contest. Romanism smothers up corruption with the pomp of ceremonial and the assumption of infallibility; and Dissenters and Nonconformists wish to leave nothing that is older than Calvin."

"I would add," continued the colonel, "that Allgrace at heart is a Puritan; and I question whether any of the descendants of those, who came out with Robinson in the May Flower, are more bigoted, more austere outwardly, more morose, and more repulsive in all that makes the external man, and the inner too, as far as we can discern. No unmeet representative, however, of the dreary solitudes, icy and rock-bound coast, and stormy and cheerless country of New England; his creed allows of no pleasures,—has in it nothing that is sunny and warm and comfortable; and wars against quiet and repose, as every way unfriendly to the spiritual growth. Contention, therefore, is his element; persecution his natural bent, and agitation his business from morning till night, and from night till morning. He comes here, therefore, only to act out his character. He comes here, therefore," continued the colonel, "hot and rancorous in his dislikes, yet so insensible as to be chilling

as his Plymouth rock; black as the billows on Cape Cod; and merciless as the north-west storm that howls in December over Massachusetts. And for what? To break in upon the peace of this parish, and when its peace is gone, and you, worthy sir," addressing himself to Parson Gordon, "are driven off, he means to ensconce himself in your place."

Parson Gordon, during the communication of this information by the colonel, had remained silent, and appeared to be weighing deeply what he heard. Looking up at the colonel now, and seeming not to have heard the last remark, he asked:

"Pray, how came he to have orders in the Church of England?"

"Why," replied the colonel, "I knew him by reputation at Annapolis as one of the active agitators there about ten years ago. During a while he flourished well. Allgrace and a number of itinerant preachers from New England were then very busy. Their conventicles were well attended. Converts to the doctrines of Robinson and Calvin were made almost daily. You could hardly go to a house in Annapolis, or a hut on the road side, in the most obscure forest recess, where they had not insinuated themselves. 'Extempore prayers and preachments,' warm, as they said, from the Spirit, and needing not a bishop's hand to give the unction, were all the rage; and never were people so taxed as they, never did money so readily and abundantly fall into the pockets of the Gospellers."

"Yes, yes. I remember the circumstance from report," said Parson Gordon; and then turning to the colonel, the parson continued: "Being so well paid, Mr. Allgrace for one of his shrewdness has made an awkward mistake in seeking orders in the Church of England, where his pay will be almost nominal—a few pounds of worthless tobacco occasionally."

"His shrewdness is not at fault here," said the colonel. "Money and the comforts of this world is the game he is hunting; and now that Puritan preachers have worn their cause threadbare, the people having discovered that, under the wide brim and steeple hat of the Puritan, and the Geneva-cloak, there lurked no less the man of unholy echery than of many texts of scripture, and of godless gain no less than of a prosy declaimer on vanities. Allgrace, to start his game, must sound now another horn. Coming as

a parson, however, if he can get a snug living, (the living here is better than Puritan preachers get now,) he is not a loser by the change."

"But how does he excuse or justify this change?" said Parson Gordon with indignation.

"Why," said the colonel, smiling, "his duty is to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and, if he can't find and bring them to the true fold with the knotty club of a Boston Puritan preacher, should he not go after them with the pastoral staff of a parson? His calling is to save souls, and if they won't heed him as a preacher, may he not turn parson in order to command their attention, and win them to the faith?"

"That is," said Parson Gordon gravely, "provided it be not perjury to seek orders in a church when at the same time you deny their orders. That is so, provided it be no sin to swear obedience to bishops at the same time you deny any obedience is due to them, and mean to render none. That is so, provided a man may subscribe to the creed, liturgy, and articles of the church, while ex animo, truly he subscribes, not to these, but to the Westminster confession. Ah! colonel, it were better that a man should maintain his integrity, and in this world be poor, and of no account; looking to his reward in heaven, than to have fat livings, and worldly honours, at the loss of integrity, and to the loss of soul and body in hell."

"It is a shame," said Mr. Holt, "that dishonesty can so easily attain its ends. But, colonel, I feel obliged to you for this information, and will be still more so, if you will explain how happens this Mr. Allgrace to have fallen upon Doolittle, as his guide, companion, and friend?"

"Allgrace," replied the colonel, "knew Doolittle in Annapolis, and he has discovered, as I knew some time ago, that Doolittle's sister has some property; and he may seek an intimacy with Doolittle, in order to win his sister Dorothy. But, besides all this, he has hit upon the right man to help him. For, when a stand is to be taken, or an opinion advanced in the way of good, Doolittle is slow to act. I never yet knew him to compromit himself in defence of a friend, or for a principle. But, let him be committed in the wrong, as he is most generally, and you may guide or force a mule more easily. Or let the Roman Church be mentioned, and he is like said mule, when he fancies that a

large bee is at his flanks, disposed to bite and kick most furiously."

"But I have never yet understood why Doolittle became so set against Rome. Can you instruct us, colonel?" asked Parson Gordon.

"Doolittle," replied the colonel, "once went to Portugal. There he saw an auto da fe. As usual was conspicuous the procession of penitents and heretics; the former having on black coats with painted flames pointing upwards, and the heretics with the same kind of dress, but having on them besides pictures of dogs, and serpents, and devils, which were painted on their breasts. This sight was enough to make a nervously timid man dread the Church of Rome, but his nerves were subjected to a yet more fearful spectacle. He saw these poor creatures strangled, their bodies burnt, and, while they were screaming with agony he heard the Dominican inquisitor curse them. Hence Doolittle cannot think of Rome, or of any thing or person that in his ignorance has any affinity to it, without regarding the person or thing as he does Rome; and now religion with him is an anti-Roman mania."

"You are probably right," said Mr. Gordon, "but Doolittle now seems disposed to play the Dominican inquisitor himself, on whoever does not give in to the crudities and irregularities of the non-conformists."

"No doubt of it," replied the colonel, "and precisely what we should expect. Ingenious man! He thinks the only way of avoiding the black coat of an auto da fe victim, is to put on the black coat of a puritan; the best plan of escape from the painted devils of the inquisitorial office is, (though he is living among protestants where no such office exists,) to consign to the devil, by his sweeping condemnation, all prelatists and papists. Between the two, he, like every other ignorant fanatic, cannot discriminate, and he seems to be fearful he will certainly go to the flames, if he does not do his utmost to send there all who by any possibility might wish to send him to them."

Supper now was announced; the board groaned with its good things, and Allgrace and Doolittle were soon forgotten in dishes more savoury and palatable than the dissection and reductio ad absurdum of puritans and their infirmities. Even Brief's face brightened up as he saw a vacant seat near Miss Evelin, and love and good cheer seemed to have banished

from his memory the night's disaster. In due time thereafter there was a hurrying to and fro, all was motion about the establishment, and the hive of human bees that were clustered together so agreeably began to separate. When would the same company, neither more nor less, none missing and none added, but all there should the roll be called, meet at the same house under circumstances either the same, or as pleasant? Never! and yet we congregate, and then take leave without thinking that every face before us will not again be seen at one time this side of eternity, and perhaps never, even in that world to which we are hastening. Good evening, or good bye, we say, and with a laugh, or cheerful remark, we mount, and away. The night is cold, the air bracing, the moon shines brightly; many voices of fellow-travellers are heard about us, the tramp of horses is heard likewise; we button our cloaks around us, urge on our steeds, and talk rapidly and cheerily, and the good bye is not only forgotten, but we may never again stand on our host's threshold, and repeat it.

Colonel Smithson's carriage was returning by the meadow, and had reached the ford of Blay's creek. The tide was up, the moon was full, and, before the driver could guard against it, or was aware of his perilous position, the horses were swimming. Screams came from the carriage; and Mrs. Annie Jones and Miss Evelin heard the rushing of the water, felt that the carriage was sinking; drown it appeared they must—effort seemed useless, and nature found in them the same voice and language, crying and tears, it had when in babyhood, helpless, as they were now in womanhood, they cried for help. Colonel Smithson, and the gentlemen, who were riding behind with him, hastened ahead, and tried at the risk of their lives, but in vain, to release the ladies and save them.

"My God!" exclaimed the colonel, "this is dreadful! Can we not cut the traces? Then the carriage will be stationary. It won't do," he added, "the water is pouring in. They must drown." All this time the colonel and Darnell and Brief were about the carriage, spending their efforts to no purpose. And the awful result just stated seemed to be inevitable when two riders coming from Pleasant Lodge dashed into the creek.

"Here's the difficulty," said one, who was Montrose, "I find that the driver, instead of crossing directly over, has

turned his horses too much to the right in the deep water. Now," speaking rapidly to his companion, Shepard, "if the horses can move the carriage but a step or so, the place may be forded."

No sooner said than he ascended into the carriage box, giving his horse the while to the driver, cracked the whip sharply, Shepard urging at the same time, and the carriage was seen to move. A shout went up from the other gentlemen, and the carriage moved a little farther. "We are nearly out of deep water," shouted Montrose. Crack went his whip. "Go! go!" shouted many voices; the belaboured and urged steeds strained themselves to the utmost. "All right!" said Colonel Smithson, and he laughed and cried by turns.

Montrose hastened to open the door, and taking Miss Evelin in his arms, wet, cold, and frightened to insensibility, bore her on his horse, Selim, back over the ford, through the meadow to Pleasant Lodge; no other house being within five miles.

Shepard extricated Mrs. Annie, a prize to him, and bore her, as he thought the most precious burden his arms had ever supported, over the ford and meadow, likewise to Pleasant Lodge. Mr. Holt's hospitable mansion accommodated that night all the persons just mentioned, and, besides, the members of the house; Parson Gordon, Emma and Adaratha having returned to the Glebe by the forest road. For, like the tent spoken of in Arabic fiction, Pleasant Lodge could accommodate few or many according to circumstances, and, though we cannot say,

> "And now the midnight draught of sleep,
> Where wine and spices richly steep,
> In massive bowl of silver deep,
> — The page presents on knee,"

yet, as Mr. Holt had not learned the new commandment, "drink no wine or strong drink," at his instance his guests quaffed moderately of the warming grape, and found that and a large hickory fire both comfortable and wholesome after their wetting. The ladies received no injury from the accident; and the casualty became only an event to be talked about, and meditated over. The next day, attended by Shepard, Montrose and the colonel, Brief and Darnell, they rode to St. Mary's. On arriving at the castle, all the

gentlemen but the two former retired. The accident seemed destined, however, or likely to be more than an accident.

Montrose and Shepard had only done what every other man would have tried to do under like circumstances. But such a service on minds rightly constituted leaves the fragrance of a grateful remembrance. Mrs. Annie could not think of her singular preservation by the united address and boldness of Shepard and Montrose, without the very natural feeling of gratitude, and hence had a further reason for liking Shepard. His passion for Mrs. Annie had not slept, since he had abandoned all thought of Emma, and he availed himself of this opportunity of pressing his advantage. And few men possessed equal powers of pleasing. He was not handsome, nor, unless he meant to be, agreeable. There was at times an expression about his face which few understood, and few persons besides could be as repulsive, when he chose to make himself disagreeable. He was now in an agreeable mood, and his homely features, and his face, expressionless as it was occasionally, brightened, kindled, and shone with uncommon radiance and attractiveness. He himself was, perhaps, not unconscious of his varied talents; for who is? If we were, we should not use them. If we are, it may be doubted whether we have any. In the way of accomplishments, Shepard could do almost any thing but sing. Still he had the soul of music and poetry. Indolence was his chief fault, and his mind, active in devising whatever he asked, cared not to put forth an effort till goaded to it by some cause external to itself. Mrs. Annie, however, was at this time, as generally, stimulant sufficient to arouse him, and call into active and engaging development his rich powers. He seemed now to breathe in an atmosphere both entrancing and exhilarating; and an atmosphere that seemed to relieve his mind from every clog and give it wings; and Montrose, who was near him, conversing, playfully, with Miss Evelin, was both pleased and amazed at the colloquial affluence, which Shepard exhibited, without seeming to parade it. He, Montrose, was less under the influence of the mischievous god, and also less in danger from him through Miss Evelin. Still, Montrose was not altogether free from his influence, nor wholly safe, when he shot at him, through the charms of the belle of St. Mary's. On this occasion the imperious beauty laid aside her hauteur, and putting on the cestus of Venus, became dangerously attractive. And, as

Cupid is said to be so potent as to ride at times the fierce lion as his steed, and again to break the thunderbolts of Jove, he had tamed down the haughty Miss Evelin. A day in the country has been said to resemble an Idyll; sparkling and singing itself away in a light song; and this day at the castle seemed to be one. The party were light-hearted, free from care, and abandoned to the enjoyment of the moment. Where they were sitting, they had from the windows of the castle a fine view of St. Mary's bay, its silver sheen, and the deep blue woods beyond; while the rural and sweet, soothing aspect of every thing out of doors reflected on the company its own comfort and cheerfulness. They talked of love, poetry, mountains, torrents, cottages and courts. Montrose sat in the bow of the window, and contributed his part to fill out this rhapsodical explosion of youthful feelings, and of a dreaming heart. And, as he gazed upon Miss Evelin, he was surprised and pleased to observe how the generally statue-like, and soulless character of her face now was touched into softness and a glow. "She is really charming," thought he. "What a change." And then checking himself, he added, "But she is not equal to Miss Gordon."

How common is it for young persons, so situated, to deal in hyperbole? and how apt is the mind under the gentle stirring of the spirit of love, to bubble up, and sparkle! breaking out occasionally in notes of melody, and glittering with flashes of light; like a sylvan lake which is touched by a gentle breeze, and lighted up by sun-beams. Shepard felt all this, and, while Montrose was singing with the ladies, Shepard took a pen he found near by and wrote the following:

"Our life is as a river,
Flowing on, flowing on.
A light on it is breaking,
A boat on it is shaking,
The waters play around it,
The breezes gently fan it;
Hope as helmsman trims the sails,
Dreaming not of coming gales,
Blithely sings merrily on.

"Our life is as a river.
Flowing on, flowing on.
The white sail is bending,
The boat is swiftly wending,
The waves around are foaming,
And off we fly a roaming;
Wanderers bold and free,
Eager for the distant sea,
And blindly hurry on.

"Our life is as a river,
Flowing on, flowing on.
Rocks are under lying,
The winds are sadly sighing,
Clouds begin to gather,
Look out for stormy weather!
The seagull wild is screaming,
And we of peace are dreaming;
The sun is going down.

"Our life is as a river,
Flowing on, flowing on
And we can stop it never,
Since onward it is bound,
Far out to open sea,
Where is no land, nor tree,
No shade, nor rosy bower;
But storms do ever lower
Upon the wanderer's way.

"Our life is as a river,
Flowing on, flowing on.
Then let us take our pleasure,
Without stint, or measure;
And wait not for to-morrow,
Lest there will be sorrow;
And stranded on the shore,
Our journey shall be o'er,
On life's narrow sea.

"Our life is as a river,
Flowing on, flowing on.
But what care we for weather,
If we take it together?
We'll wander slowly in the coves,
Listen to concerts of the doves,
Bathe at night in the moon's ray;
Then, gliding gently to the bay,
Make our life a holiday."

Having written these lines, Shepard passed them to Mrs. Annie, who read them, blushed, and fearing lest Miss Evelin and Montrose might see them, put the paper in her bag. Shepard and Montrose past some days at the castle in such good company, and the latter at length was almost unable to define his position with regard to Emma and Miss Evelin: being not unlike a piece of steel, which is placed equidistant between two magnets of the same powers of attraction.

The next Sunday Montrose, at the risk of displeasing his unknown friend, attended service at the Roman Chapel. After mass he and the ladies with Shepard spent the day by invitation at Mr. Durford's; and there they met Father Canon and Lawyer Brief. During the afternoon, as is common in the families of some members of the Roman Church even now, cards were introduced; and Montrose was pressed

to make one of the party. Mrs. Durford was the partner of Father Canon. A relative of Mrs. Durford, who was present, was the associate of Mr. Brief, who however, would have preferred Miss Evelin; and this last signified to Montrose a wish that he should assist her in the game. "This won't do," thought Montrose, "I am proof against this solicitation." And he firmly declined. In this act conscience had a share, and perhaps also the fear lest the news of this sinful profanation of the Lord's day might reach the ears of Emma and her father. For our characters, like our lives, are a mingled yarn of good and ill together.

"Some protestant scruple, I presume," said Father Canon, half ironically. "But a scruple, Mr. Montrose, is a small matter; only the twenty-fourth part of an ounce; or, as some say, the third part of a drachm. Well, now, one's conscience must be shaking in the balances, if the twenty-fourth part of an ounce will make it kick the beam; and one's throat must be unreasonably small, if his conscience cannot swallow the third of a dram!"

"Conscience indeed!" said Mrs. Durford, "what has conscience to do with it? Mr. Montrose surely means to make fun of us," and the good lady laughed, as if she had discovered something extremely ridiculous. "Conscience about playing cards on Sundays. Why, what can be more harmless?"

"'Tis a very great matter," joined in Shepard, smiling, "this thing called conscience. It doth make cowards of us all."

Miss Evelin turned to Montrose, and, with a look that came nearer shaking his resolution than an argument might have come, she said, in a tone half reproving and half inviting, "Surely, you see nothing very wrong in cards, where there is no gambling?" A simple question this.

"I have played," he replied, evasively.

"You play still," she continued, and he was hardly proof against her archness; "and if it be a sin to play cards at all; why not on one day as well as another?"

"There is no sin in eating meat," replied Montrose, "yet according to your church it is a sin to eat it on Fridays. However, I stand ready to do whatever is courteous and honourable. For my own sex there are many things I would not do, which I could not refuse at a lady's command."

Father Canon was about to explain, but Montrose gave him no time.

"If scruples," he continued, "may be easily swallowed, and are but dust in the balance, I happen to have a protestant conscience, and hope you will excuse me for having a smaller throat, and less swallowing capacity than a Catholic. A sin which might choak me, you might wash down easily as a trifling crumb with usquebaugh or ale."

Father Canon seemed anxious to reply to this remark. The slightest cloud passed over his face. He changed his position in his chair, shuffled the cards in hand, and hemmed twice, as if clearing his throat. But after a pause of a few minutes he concluded to let pass whatever was unpleasant, and with a bland smile said:

"If you belonged to our order, Mr. Montrose, you would see the propriety of an occasional relaxation. Your Protestant Bible tells you it is wrong to be idle all the day, but not to work all the day. Esop says the bow must be unbent sometimes. If there be an unpardonable sin in dealing or handling cards after mass in the morning, why it must be a discovery of bright Dr. Calvin."

Shepard looked hard at Montrose, as if he would know why he refused, and said, ironically, "Surely your education embraced a part at least of the various and profound arts, which are played by fifty-two square pieces of pasteboard?"

"I can play at primero, picquet, and ombre," replied Montrose, "but prefer not to play on Sundays."

"On Sunday! Sunday!" said Father Canon. "You forget, Mr. Montrose, that while in Jamestown and the Virginia province, card playing is punished by fine, or whipping, we in St. Mary's, thanks to Lord Baltimore, are not so tied to a judaical sabbatizing of Sunday. I'd undertake to absolve you of any sin you may commit here."

"Thank you," said Montrose, ironically. "Doubtless you think a primero particularly a very Christian game, when that saintly man, the defender of the faith, Harry VIII., loved it well. Card-playing cannot be scandalum magnatum, when that self-denying man, Jack Falstaff, boasted his love for it,—and penitent for having neglected it, said: 'I never prospered since I foreswore myself at primero.'"

The cautious priest felt this caustic reflection, but said nothing.

Shepard looked up, both amused and gratified, and whispered to Montrose, "A thrust most skilfully made."

The playing went on, and Montrose hoped he would be no further importuned. Mrs. Durford, however, a very woman in one thing at least, ignorance when to yield a point, opened upon Montrose her battery again, and laboured to make it appear that his dignity in some way might be lowered by yielding.

"I see no dignity," he replied, beginning to feel a little sore, "either in playing, or in refusing to play cards. I have made my apology to Miss Evelin, if she accepts it, I hold myself excused. I now repeat it to Mrs. Durford, and if she insists, I must obey."

"Oh no! by no means," replied Mrs. Durford.

"Indeed!" said Miss Evelin, and this acknowledgment of her sway seemed to make atonement for his refusal.

"Dignity," said Father Canon, "is a habit to be put off or on according to circumstances. Count Grammont found Cardinal Richelieu jumping with his servant, and, in order to make his court to the cardinal, offered to jump with him, and allowed the cardinal to beat him."

"Which means,"—joined in Shepard, waggishly, laughing at Father Canon as he spoke,—"that you must jump cards with our good cardinal here, and be the courtier to play very badly."

There was then a laugh, and Montrose, addressing himself to Miss Evelin, was glad to be able to pass the time in conversation, while the rest were playing. Still Montrose's attention was often caught by the interest which the priest showed in the game of picquet which he was playing with Mrs. Durford. One moment he was calling out, "Carte blanche; come discard." The next, striking on the table at the time, "Ah! see here; tierce, quart, quint, and sixième." And then, pushing back the chair, "Give me joy. The tricks are mine."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Durford. "Ah, father, we poor women are always tricked by you"

And then followed a hearty laugh, and the jolly priest began to deal out again.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Annie, who was playing with Brief, thought painfully of her own want of courage to

refuse taking part in what she feared was wrong. Few, when Satan woos to sin, have the moral nerve to say, "No." We are apt to shuffle off, not cards, but holy responsibilities, and well established principles; and, instead of looking at and acting upon them, to evade them. Montrose himself, though brave, was not brave enough to tell that Roman priest, card playing was a desecration of God's holy day. Ridicule sharper than a spear he feared would pierce any breast plate he might throw before him; and he did not wish to appear ridiculous before the ladies too.

After the card party, Father Canon drew his chair close to Montrose, and seemed anxious to establish between them the best amity, and Montrose did not turn his back on the flag of truce. But the father wished to do more. He seemed anxious to know something of the state of Montrose's mind,—

"Miss Emma is —," pausing as if he wanted words, and looking closely at Montrose.

"A charming woman," replied the latter, instantly.

"Quite a confession," said Miss Evelin, hearing the remark.

"No doubt, no doubt," said the priest, "for you must know, sir, that, although our celibate vow denies us the privilege of appropriating any of the daughters of Eve, still we do not any the less admire their loveliness." And there was an earnestness and con amore manner in Father Canon which said that he would not have objected if he, like St. Peter and the Apostles, could have been, as St. Paul advised, the husband of one wife. "Even I have often admired Miss Gordon's force of character, and have asked myself, where did she get it from?"

"You forget," replied Montrose, courteously, "that Parson Gordon's whole person, manners, and conversation, indicate great strength of character."

"No, I forget no such thing," quickly said the priest. "The parson is one of the best specimens of a Scotch clergyman I have seen. We do not agree in all things, but our barks are sailing on an ocean big enough for both of us to make a harbour without either running each other down, or getting in each other's track. Some men, Mr. Montrose, are like dark lanterns. Their light shines but in one direction. They can see but in one way, and all else is dark to them. They have no sense of the outward, and certainly

none of the inward, and no sympathies but in the narrow line where their feeble light extends. Tell them of any thing else, because, forsooth, they do not see it, they will not allow it to be true. They are practical believers in the saying, all truth is in a nutshell; but they claim to have cracked the nut and ate the kernel, while they maintain that you and I and others can get but fragments of the shell, over which, they say, we are ever wrangling."

Montrose smiled, and remarked that Father Canon must have been drawing the likeness of Mr. Allgrace, of whom he had just a glimpse at the party; and the priest explained that he had encountered this worthy the day before in the State House yard. His long cassock, cap, and girdle, let him know who he was, and added the priest:

"If the arch fiend himself had been near, the creature could not have seemed more put out. He hurried out of the yard, and I, taking him for no mean representative of Satan, began devoutly to cross myself, which he no sooner discovered, than he quickened his pace, apparently more frightened by the sign of the cross than my priestly undress."

During this conversation, the attention of Montrose was called by a remark which Miss Evelin made to Mrs. Annie, and evidently intended for her only:

"Oh, Annie! Father Hunter has put on me such a penance that I want to play with you to get rid of a part of it at least. What say you?"

Before Mrs. Annie could or did reply, Lawyer Brief, who, during the evening had envied Montrose the company of Miss Evelin, heard this question, and caught at it as a means of enjoying her company, and said that he would take Miss Jane's banter with pleasure. With some embarrassment Miss Evelin said,

"Oh! your penance is too heavy. You lawyers tell too many stories. I am afraid to run the risk."

"I'll be answerable for that," replied Brief, in a tone of supplication. "Let the condition be, if I lose I do your penance, and my own too. If I win, I stand as now, in statu quo."

So fair a proposition Miss Evelin could not object to, though the attorney was the profferer. The play began, was carried on spiritedly, and, perhaps by the counsellor's management, Miss Evelin gained the game, and thereby relieved herself of the penance which her confessor had

imposed upon her. Hereupon Montrose turned to Shepard, remarking in a low tone :

"Her sins sit lightly on her. What a farce is this! She obtained from her confessor the promise of absolution from her sins on the condition of certain penances, and she has rid herself of the penances by a game of cards on Sunday!"

"Well," replied Shepard laughing, and continuing the same under tone, "can you blame her? She's wise to shuffle off responsibility on the first occasion."

"Brief is a dotard," said Montrose, "to be willing to be saddled with her sins, for one of her smiles."

"Ah! it is a weight he can easily carry," said Shepard; "he's a packhorse that has to carry so many heavier burdens that Miss Jane's peccadilloes are but a few pebbles thrown into his saddle bags. And besides, the attorney is probably as adroit in letting his confessor as little into his weak points as he would an adversary in court."

They were now summoned to tea, and this delightful beverage was regarded then as a rarity, as it was then just finding its way to the tables of the upper classes, not however without a horror from some who maintained that tea dealers were immoral members of society, and who agreed with Patin that tea was "l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle."

At table, Montrose sat opposite to Father Hunter, and surveyed at leisure this singular and singularly striking man. The points of this gentleman's mind and character were strongly marked in his face. If Goethe was, according to Heine, the impersonation of Grecian art, he may be said to have been the embodiment of Jesuitism. While Goethe's eyes were tranquil as those of a god, from under Father Hunter's heavy brows and lids, as from a pent house, his cold and ever roving eyes looked forth sternly, searchingly, and unquietly, evincing the insensibility of an order that tramples on human ties, and the unquiet ambition that, like the wind, would penetrate every where. His face wore the expression of care, except when he smiled; but Mr. Hunter's smile, like Marmion's showed that

> "In the glances of his eye
> A penetration keen, and sly,
> Expression found its home."

His powers were evidently very superior, and it is prob-

able that, under other circumstances, and generally in his own estimation, they may have been, and were, powers for good; since energy, will, ability, were plainly his by the lines and character of his face and head. But he wanted urbanity—there was a lack of brotherhood and sympathy with his kind. Goethe is said to have carried his head ever proud and high, not so with Father Hunter,—his was generally bent downward. He was too concerned, perhaps, to look up,—either cared not to catch the smiling and happy face of nature, or was unable to lift himself above sublunary cares to Him, who alone can fill our hearts with joy and peace; and who can enable us to go bounding on our way with the wings of the morning, and to meditate calmly and devoutly in the serenity of the eventide. Mr. Hunter was one of the instances, often seen, of men occupying positions which are too circumscribed for their range and grasp of faculties. It would be painful to see a Michael Angelo no more meetly employed than in carving and working on cherry stones. When a youth, chipping blocks in his father's carpenter shop, Hildebrand may have felt and suffered from a portion of that far reaching ambition which he afterwards displayed, when, as Gregory VII., he filled the papal throne; and doubtless it cost Father Hunter much trouble to smother the flames that fired him in his humble station. If, with his ambition and gloomy cast of character, he had been clothed with the frock of a dominican, Torquemada might not, more aptly than he, have presided at the judgment seat in the deep vaults of the Inquisition. But all these powers for good or evil on a large scale were, however, not exactly thrown away in his lowly sphere. The Church of Rome takes human nature as she finds it, and, by giving it scope and play to a certain extent, as Napoleon did good and bad characters under his government, makes it serviceable to her ends. For no one in the province did as much for Rome as Father Hunter; no one made as many proselytes, or intrigued as successfully with the Protestants. Even Dr. Bray, at the convocation he held in Annapolis, spoke of, and deprecated his influence.* We fear, however,

* In the appendix to Dr. Hawks' Ecclesiastical Contributions to the His. of the P. E. Church in Md., pp. 515, Mr. Hunter is spoken of by Dr. Bray, the Commissary, as the chief among the numerous priests at this time in this province; and whose intrigues and activity are said by the Commissary, in his address to the convocation, to have made "more perversions to popery than in all the time Maryland has been an English colony."

as the shrewdest casuists know least the workings of their own hearts, that this diplomatist in religious matters—this negotiator of the interests of souls, and this diver into the secrets of others, never introverted his diplomatic sagacity. He had a glass to look into the hearts of others, but no mirror to reflect to him his own. And it is probable that this knowledge of the deceitfulness of the human heart, never led him to suspect the guilelessness of his own. Some would ascribe this to the school of which he was the embodiment, and others to the practice of the confessional and his life of uniform intriguing. He who believes that the end sanctifies the means, will scruple at no means which he may deem necessary—like Eugene Aram, commit murder to obtain money—or, like the Pharisees, compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte, though hell, not heaven, is the gainer thereby.

But, alas!

> "What a tangled web we weave
> When first we practise to deceive?"

Under the best circumstances of life, poor human nature cannot always stand upright; and it assuredly never will be upright, and see and love the truth for itself, if it is trained in a school whose guidance is not upward, but oblique, and whose training is not in the straight and narrow path, but in the tortuous by-road of dissimulation.

After the company retired, and Mrs. Annie was alone in her chamber, the events of the day had not left on her mind the impress she would have wished. The intellectual conversation of Father Hunter, the facetiousness of Father Canon, the wit of Shepard, and the direct sense of Montrose, had not removed a sort of consciousness that this was a day one too much on the debit side against her in the doomsday book of God. It was a holy day—an oasis in life's desert—and she had not rested from worldly pleasures, and by fitting occupation drank of the life-giving fountain. Still Mrs. Annie felt that Father Hunter's power over her for good or bad was not easily resisted. She felt herself yet in a measure in his toils. His dictum might not make her regard with entire complacency that which all her previous habitudes had led her to condemn as sinful; still his dictum made it seem to be not wholly wrong; and, in common with others of his flock, who, unhappily, were even more under his control, she felt his influence as a secret, all-seeing

and yet invisible oversight follow her into her closet, challenge her secret thoughts, arraign her conscientious scruples, and impress her with fear. It might be wrong, then, to keep Sunday as they had kept it—Father Hunter may have erred in the slavish discipline which she had inflicted upon herself at his instance. He did the Church of England, she doubted not, great injustice in impeaching her orders; but for some time, being her confessor, he had been to her as God—and hence, while she wished she had spent Sunday differently, and felt uncomfortable for it, she could not, and did not, firmly resolve not to abuse that holy day in the same manner again.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ADVENTURE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,
Gleam on the gifted ken; ——
* * * * *
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed."
SCOTT.

AFTER supper, Mrs. Annie and Miss Evelin—attended by Shepard and Montrose, we should have said—returned to the castle, and soon thereafter, Father Canon rode home; and last of all Father Hunter got into a boat that was at the State House wharf.

"Pull the canoe to the Tavern of the Free Briton," said the priest to the negro who acted as the oarsman, "and be quick about it. I must be at St. Inigoes' before moon rise."

"Yes, yes, massa priest," said the negro, pushing off the boat, and rowing it towards the landing near the tavern. The stars were shining brightly, the night was cloudless, and though the moon was not up, yet it was not too dark for some persons, who were on the wharf next to the State House Square, to recognize distinctly the person of Father Hunter, as his boat passed by the wharf, within twenty yards of it. There were three persons on the wharf, and they had watched the boat anxiously from the moment she left the landing at the foot of the State House Square; and close and anxious whisperings and a few heavy mutterings passed between them about Father Hunter.

"There he is," said one, whom our readers will please to recognize as Snarler; "and now, if we gits him into our clutches, we'll have that release the popish son of thunder gagged out of me. Come, friends, hurry after him." So saying, Snarler and his two companions descended into a boat, and began to unfasten it.

Meanwhile Father Hunter's boat was fast gaining on the tavern wharf, which she reached very soon after the boat of Snarler and his assistants had got fairly out into the stream. "Wait my return here," said Father Hunter to the negro; and he hurried to the house. As he came to the door Father Hunter saw that half-a-dozen young men were sitting around a table with bottles before them, and appeared to be as merry as liquor could make them.

"Come, come, my hearties," said one of the revellers, "here's to the pious, glorious"—hiccup—"immortal memory of our late and most—most"—hiccup—"excellent King William, who freed"—hiccup—"freed us from popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes."

"With all my heart," said one of the party, "wooden shoes and popery," and he filled and emptied a glass as quick as said.

"The very thing," said another, "immortal memory," and his head fell almost on his bosom as he spoke, "to—to—to—King William, who's—who's died for brass money, and popery;" and down went his glass.

'Fools," muttered the priest, and he turned away.

"Here's a letter for you," said the landlord, coming out, and giving him a letter, "left here by the mate of a vessel from England direct, which anchored off here near the wharf this evening."

Father Hunter took the letter, and muttering, said, after reading it:

"Sad times in old Ireland. So it seems the Protestants are not willing to be bound even by the Limerick treaty. Dr. Dopping, the usurping bishop of Meath, has denounced the articles of the treaty in a sermon, and advises that no faith be put in Catholics. Well," he continued, "these fools had better, with the well wishers to the exiled son of their late maltreated sovereign, James II., drink to the health of the little gentleman in black velvet—that mole so providentially sent—whose little hillock made the horse of William of Orange stumble, and broke his collar bone—lucky fall was it for the church. Thus Providence, by means of agents most contemptible in appearance, brings even kings to an untimely end." The revellers shouted again, and his dark face looked darker. "Shout on, meet worshippers of Bacchus. Shout on, drunken idolators of a dutch prince. Shout on—if old Tacitus were living he would class you with the barbarous Germans of his day.

They thought that life could have no charm equal to the hope of an infamous paradise of undying drunkenness after death. Shout on—your echoes will reach those vaults, where, with drunkards and the like, you will hold your revels hereafter." He stopped a second, and read the letter over again. "Well, the times are trying to us indeed!—the seething caldron burns here and it is smoking in Ireland. I found it too hot there, and came here. Happy, painful and sad as it was to leave lovely lough Coutra, to work for holy church in St. Mary's, and work I have had, and work I am likely to have. Between churchman and puritan I have my hands full. Be it so."

And the priest with the letter crushed in his hand, from the powerful emotions that shook his heavy frame, turned slowly away from the tavern on his return to the boat, muttering as he went on:

"They used to tell me I was no Celt, for I want the flaxen hair and ruddy complexion of the descendants of the ancient Erse. My blood, and skin, and temper too," he added in a melancholy tone, "bespeak the Milesian. Dark passions and a spirit of revenge belong to my race. For wise purposes doubtless was I so constituted. The ends of Holy Church may be attained, and this feverish blood be cooled in a thirst of revenge on our persecutors. How? is the question. The release is obtained," he continued, with evident satisfaction, "and a merciless extortioner both defeated in his lust of property, and left to champ the bit of unpleasant thought. Good, good! What next?"

At this moment the priest heard the splash of oars, and then the sound of feet stepping ashore to the right of the road to the landing, and evidently but a few paces from the wharf.

"Some more mad bacchanalians," he continued. "Fools! that toast of yours will be changed into groans for mercy."

"Now, friends," said a low voice, speaking quickly and in a tone so nasal as not to be mistaken, being Snarler's unquestionably, "now, brave friends, here's a handful of the yellow fellows, if you nab him."

"Yes, yes," muttered the soft voice of Doolittle, "throw the rope well over his head, and then we'll all hold on."

"Trust me for that," said the third person, in a tone of deep solemnity. "I've no love for the beast or any of her gettings," and the three men stood at an angle of the road

immediately by, and just touching which the priest must pass, and he had reached this point with the word mercy on his lip, with which Father Hunter had closed his last reflection, and was so intent on his own thoughts as to have walked on with his head as usual turned to the ground. The next moment he felt a rope thrown over his head. He threw his hand up to catch it and free himself, when his assailants, being too quick for him, succeeded in getting it around his neck, and being fastened as a noose, they had no difficulty in throwing him down. Strength and resolution, all of which to a very great degree were the priest's, availed nothing, when a noose was tightly drawn, and the tighter too, the more he struggled. To rifle the pockets of the prostrate body, while the sufferer was barely able to breathe, was no difficulty, nor were the unscrupulous assailants slow in availing themselves of their advantage. Some papers, besides a breviary, were seized, and the trio prepared to hasten to their boat with their spoil, when a voice was heard calling to another just following, "Help! help!" and the next instant the strange friend of Montrose, followed by Montrose, fell heartily upon Snarler, Doolittle and company. The first blow aimed with his cudgel, told effectually on Doolittle, who, more scared than hurt, fell, piteously crying, "Oh, don't, don't kill me." Montrose came upon Snarler. He aimed a blow with his short sword at him more hotly than judiciously, and Snarler, like one bereft of his senses, seeing the jeopardy in which he was placed, made no resistance, and Montrose, supposing he had struck him, though his sword merely cut off Snarler's cue, pushed on after the third person, whom he got up with just as this worthy gained the boat, and, with oar in hand, was endeavouring to push it off. He raised the oar menacingly, and Montrose, reckless of consequences, was about to spring into the canoe, sword in hand, when the oar descended upon him so heavily as nearly to knock the breath out of his body. "God of mercy!" exclaimed the strange gentleman, "he is murdered!" and almost breathless, he pressed on, feeling, though a man of years, so nerved by anxiety and resolution, as to be equal to any encounter. He had gained the boat and was about to lay his hand on it just as the worthy in it was getting it off. "This is my place," said the priest, coming up at the moment, with voice half choked; "I'll settle with this robber." Jumping into the boat as he spoke, with force

and vehemence almost supernatural, he wrenched the paddle from him whom he now recognized to be the Rev. Mr. Allgrace. The next moment the priest had thrown the paddle into the river, and held Allgrace pinioned in his arms as tightly as if rivets of iron fettered him. The boat in the meanwhile, from the impetus given to it, glided into the stream, and Father Hunter, with his prisoner in his grasp, sat in the boat, and both were out of the reach of Montrose and his strange friend, as the two were about to come to the priest's assistance.

"These rascals," said Montrose, speaking quickly, and addressing his companion, "Doolittle, Snarler, and I verily believe the Rev. Mr. Allgrace, for who else can look so like him? meant to have murdered this stout priest. Let us hurry to his boat which is near, and go to his assistance."

But the negro, who was left at the boat, hearing the scuffle made when Father Hunter was throttled, ran to his assistance, and came just in time to undo the noose and allow him to repair, as he did, to the assistance of Montrose. In the meanwhile Snarler, minus his cue, though a gainer by the release which he was so fortunate as to have kept hold of, and greatly alarmed, hurried back to his house; Doolittle, with one of his teeth knocked out by the well aimed blow of Montrose's strange friend, rose hastily, and seeing Snarler ahead hurrying into the city, pressed on after him. In the interim, also, the negro, who had been on the lookout, saw enough of the events just related, to discover that the priest was in the other boat, which now, driven by the wind, was drifting towards the landing place below the State House.

"Fore God!" exclaimed the negro, "massa priest and one man in boat—and boat row itself. Massa priest want me for true." And negro Jack was soon alongside of the other boat.

"Here, Jack," said the priest, "take this man, tied as he is, to St. Inigoes' house, and tell Father Canon to put him for safe-keeping to-night in the closet of the private chapel. Do you hear me?"

"Ay, ay, massa priest," said the negro. "Massa den," he continued, as he spoke, lifting the well manacled body of Allgrace out of the other boat into that which belonged to the priest, "want me for hab coffin made for dis man:" for, from the unresisting condition of Allgrace, Jack inferred

that the next thing necessary to be done with him was to bury him:—as the private chapel was used for the burial service of the Roman Church just before interment.

"Do as I tell you," said the priest sternly, "and see that this man does not escape you."

"Ah! he not dead den," said the negro, feeling more comfortable, "me 'fraid for true to take de corpse by mine self home; but de live man no more hurt me dan de hog in a bag. So be quiet you massa dere;" laying Allgrace with some difficulty in the bottom of the boat. The priest then took an oar from the other boat, and, as he was paddling towards the State House wharf, and Jack with Allgrace well secured was making all haste towards St. Inigoes' house, Father Hunter said, muttering to himself.

"Worse and worse. One bold and audacious attempt has wrested from me what it cost me all my tact and resolution to get. The release is no longer mine. Two men, besides this reverend puritan parson, have my papers. The parson has it not about him, though I should judge, from a letter I have from his pocket from Governor Seymour, I hold in my hands a document of some value to be turned to account hereafter perhaps. The other robbers I don't know. They must have escaped. What next?"

The priest jumped ashore, and, climbing the steep ascent to the top of the hill, he walked more rapidly than usual towards Mr. Durford's residence; meaning there to pass the night.

"What next? My rescuers were this youth Montrose, and a stranger that I saw St. Agnes' day at the chapel. Can he be Delafield? that gifted but unfortunate, that generous but rancorous hater of the apostolic see? What does he here? When first we met he was in Dublin, and, being taken suddenly very sick, his landlord, a good Catholic, without consulting him, sent for me. Well do I remember his reply in answer to my interrogatives and suasions about attaching himself to the holy see; some wildness then the effect of disease only removed in part, being still upon him."

The holy see!—Most holy indeed! Holy especially in Ireland where, as you Celts say, "to go to the chapel is to go to the stone; yea worship where the ancient idolators in Ireland worshipped. Beltane fires then were kindled there, and fires like unto Baal are now kindled in your modern idol temples."

"And now," resumed the priest after a pause, "what does he here?" "But, but," and the priest walked less rapidly, "what is to be done with that puritan parson? Father Canon will, with all his ready wit, be at a loss to know how to dispose of him. Well, well, perhaps it matters not. His friends, my assailants, will be too afraid to further commit themselves to move in the matter. So I'll consult with my good friend Durford, and wait here to-morrow; and despatch at once a note to Father Canon."

He had now reached Mr. Durford's; whom he found at home, and with whom he was closeted in serious conversation some time, and then the servant with the note as mentioned was despatched. What were the contents of the note, and what was the disposition meditated of Mr. Allgrace we know not.

While these things were passing, Allgrace, helpless as a log, and in a mood and with feelings not the most enviable, lay in the boat. So soon as he could recover himself to speak, he endeavoured to ascertain from the negro what he meant to do with him, and after much questioning, could only extract the reply: "Why, massa dere, me put you in de closet for true, where de dead man lay; and be still dere, nothing trouble you." Allgrace shuddered at this intimation, and he made a desperate effort to break loose. But his efforts were useless, and he was content to lie still, and submit to the hearty laughs of the negro, who chuckled with no little glee to see as he said: "Dat massa priest tie de white man as massa priest hab niggur tied when he gwine to be whipt."

"Will that priest of Satan have me whipt?" said Allgrace, half choking with passion and fear.

Jack's reply was laconic, and to the point. "Ky! Massa want for steal, and massa want for murder, and den massa dink he no want flogging to make him no steal, and murder next time."

"If that mass priest," said Allgrace, with badly suppressed fear, "lay his ungodly hands on one, who, like me, stands high with his excellency Governor Seymour, he'll rue it, ay! that he will." This was rather muttered than boldly spoken out.

"Ungodly, heh!" said Jack. "Fore God! massa it ungodly to steal and kill; and if you aint den niggur Jack do penance ebery day dis week. Ungodly heh! Look here

massa, niggur like me no steal, no kill, and me aint de devil's man much as dem what does. And you want for kill and rob, and den say you aint de child of de devil! and dat massa priest is, cause he tie you to hab you whipt good for true."

Allgrace gritted his teeth, and cold sweats passed over him at the mention of the castigation which seemed certainly impending. He strained himself to the utmost, and succeeded in sitting up; but he could do no more.

"Come, come, massa," said Jack, laying his hand upon him, and forcing him down on his back, "you be easy dere. Massa priest Canon wont give you more dan one little hundred lashes. Dem no kill you, massa. You take dem, and, like poor niggur, eat your breakfast, like noting happen."

"My good fellow," said Allgrace, softening his tone and manner, "put me ashore any where but where that mass priest lives, and you may have half the money there is in my purse in my left pocket."

Jack stopped, rested his oars on the gunnels, and asked him to repeat his remark, as if he doubted the correctness of his ears; which being done, Jack wished next to know how much there was in the purse.

"Ten crowns and a half, with some pennies," said Allgaace, solemnly.

Jack's eyes glistened, and his teeth, like a row of pearl, became very distinct. "Ten crowns and a heap of siller besides," he muttered, "Jack rich for true. Massa priest no want dis money, and massa priest no know dis robber got it."

This said, Jack's resolution was taken, and his plan formed. He intimated his wish to count the money for himself, and, as the moon was now up, it was bright enough to do this. Allgrace yielded, thinking this was the only chance of escape, and being willing to part if necessary with the contents of his purse, rather than be at the mercy of Fathers Canon and Hunter, and be locked up with the dead, as he feared he should be in the private chapel. Jack took the purse, counted deliberately over and over again each crown piece, and each penny, and more than once asked how much massa say all was.

"Ky!" said Jack, chuckling, and looking at the money. "Dis make niggur heart feel good. Dis buy whiskey; it

buy backy; it buy blanket; it buy lasses; it buy fine clothes for Jack, and Jenny, him wife, and my seven darters and sons; and den money heap arter all left in Jack's pocket," and suiting the action to the word, Jack returned the money to the purse, and put the purse in his own pocket.

Allgrace observed it all, but thought it well enough to let Jack's avaricious feelings work their influence, upon him; as thereby he might be more likely to gain him over.

But Jack was more knave than fool. "Money mine now," said Jack mentally. "No more massa's dere. If niggur let dis massa go, den, massa priest whip me for sartain. Why me not keep money, and let massa, who rob and want for murder, get whipping?" And so Jack concluded, in spite of the intreaties, remonstrances, threats, and even heavy denunciations of Allgrace, who was now worked up to the most ungovernable rage. But Jack knew Allgrace to be powerless, and hastened to row ashore; being now more anxious to have him in a place of safety, than Allgrace supposed a few minutes before he was ready to release him.

"Come git up, massa robber," said Jack, raising him. "Here, massa priest Canon," addressing Father Canon, who, aware of Father Hunter's punctuality, and of his wish to be at home by moonrise, felt some anxiety to know what could have detained him. We may conceive his surprise on seeing Allgrace, and tied too, and on not seeing Father Hunter to explain it; and, above all, on hearing the extravagant tale of Jack, that massa thief and two others would have hung up massa priest Hunter by the rope, with which Allgrace was now tied, but for him Jack, "and two other white gemmen;" and that massa priest Hunter say, "Keep dis here robber in de closet good and safe, whar de dead corpses stay till he come back." For once Father Canon felt neither disposition nor ability to crack a joke; but helping Jack to get Allgrace out, he called a servant, and ordered Jack and him to take him to the closet designated, lock the door, and then bring him the key. His orders were obeyed, and Father Canon revolving many, and not the most pleasant thoughts, returned to St. Inigoes' house.

In the small room or closet, where Allgrace found himself, there was no light, but it was very dark. Forebodings of the worst kind came across his mind, being associated with all that was most fearful which he had read or heard,

or supposed in the dens and caverns of the inquisition; and of which the lashing that Jack spoke of was to be but the first or least part. These fears impressed Allgrace most painfully; and strange to say, yet acting as they did on his callous and singularly constituted heart, they produced no remorse; for not once did Allgrace regret his attempt upon Father Canon; not once did his conscience smite him for the violence he had offered to one who had not injured him, —nor was his conscience so tender as to be hurt by the suggestion, that, in the violence offered to Father Hunter, he was guilty of robbery. His conduct in that whole transaction, with singular obtuseness to every thing, except what favoured previous views and wishes, he believed was precisely what it should have been. It was no sin, he thought, to throttle and rob a Roman priest, but it was a most heinous sin to dance, even when the company present was select, and the motions were neither unbecoming nor improper. We fear Allgrace in some respects resembled the fox in Dryden's Tale of the Cock and Fox.

> "—— full fraught with seeming sanctity,
> That feared an oath, but like the devil, would lie;
> *Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,*
> *And durst not sin before he said his prayer.*"

How long Allgrace had lain there he knew not. Time past on leaden wings. After long, dreary, and painful watching, listening to every noise, and trembling at every sound, lest it might intimate his near injury, Allgrace heard a step in the chapel immediately adjoining, and saw that his closet-door had been unlocked, or by some means came open. The puritan so lay as to see distinctly what passed in the chapel. Judge his horror on finding an altar with lights upon it, a crucifix, and some books of offices; a corpse extended on a bier, the face of the dead covered with a white sheet, and a cross laid upon its breast. Then began the solemn service of the dead, and he distinctly saw and heard Father Canon and his assistant as they were engaged in this fearfully impressive office. Thus the puritan was present at mass.

The chant and prayers in due time were over, a light barely visible was left burning on the altar, and Father Canon and his assistant retiring closed the chapel door. But they left open the closet door, and Allgrace would have been greatly relieved if they had closed it. He would

have looked in another direction rather than at the white, and now frightful sheet, which covered the face of the dead; but, either from inability to move, or from fear, or from both together, he lay looking on the unpleasant, and, to him at such a time, appalling sight. Every thing was still as death. He could hear even the beatings of his own heart. The pale, dim light on the altar made every thing seem more fearfully frightful, especially the stiffened corpse, from which he found it impossible to withdraw his eyes.

Allgrace felt cold tremors pass over him, and each moment seemed to him an hour of agony. Would day ever dawn? The lash was dreadful, but his present state was so wretched that the lash he thought would be preferable. Surely the day-light never penetrated into the chapel; for hours, he felt confident, had passed, and yet day had not come. And it was terrible to be obliged to lay there, and to be forced to look upon what chilled him into horror. At length he heard, or thought he heard, a light step. His heart beat violently. A shadow passed across the room, and so lightly that, if the person were real, he must have walked upon air. Allgrace groaned, and he thought he should have died, when he saw a tall figure dressed in white advance slowly and stealthily to the corpse, and, lifting as slowly the sheet that covered it as if the dead might waken, gaze wildly upon the face of the corpse; and then, in a manner and tone most idiotic, break out into a chuckle or half laugh. Surely an infernal fiend had come there to look upon its victim, and then laugh over its ruin. The figure then turned its glaring eyes to the closet, and, if a goblin damned had looked upon Allgrace, he could not have been more frightened. He wished to scream, but his voice refused its utterance. He sought to call for help, but this was impossible. The poor creature would have prayed, but beyond a sinking of the heart, and a crushing sense of danger, and a horror that froze his blood, he could do nothing; and this state would in a few minutes have extinguished the spark of reason, if not of life, in Allgrace, had not the figure, with a scream that seemed the wail of a lost spirit, darted out of the chapel the way it came. And, notwithstanding, such was the intensity to which Allgrace was roused, that he lay back in a swoon, insensible of any thing.

He had hardly been in this state before the chapel door opened, and Father Canon, followed by two servants, came to the closet.

"The puritan has swooned," said Father Canon, "what has frightened him? Come, quick, bear him hence! Here," he added, taking some water, and sprinkling Allgrace's face with it, freely. Allgrace opened his eyes wildly, muttering indistinctly. "He is not dead," continued Father Canon. "A puritan is not so easily killed as may be supposed. Come, men, undo him, and bear him hence, and see him safe at the State House landing, and hurry back."

In a state of half consciousness, Allgrace was borne down to the boat, and was nearly half way to the State House, before his sensibility had entirely returned. The cool night air assisted greatly to this effect, though even when he landed at the State House wharf, he was not free from some bewilderment, and felt much as we generally do after a distressing and frightful dream.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEETING AT MRS. DURFORD'S—A BOUT BETWEEN PARSON GORDON AND FATHER HUNTER ON THE ROMAN SCHISM.

"Unless to Peter's chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? For now
A ghostly domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow—
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!
Resist—the thunder quails thee! Crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it: whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand."

WORDSWORTH.

As Father Canon stated, there had been no interruption of the harmony externally subsisting between Parson Gordon and himself, nor had there been any between the former and Father Hunter. And, if affairs had been allowed to take their own course, there might have been no formal rupture afterwards. For both the parson and the priest had the right to edify their separate congregations, and if, as was unavoidable, their opinions clashed, while their people arrayed themselves into parties, this disagreement need not set them against each other as two fierce polemics. It is said that the Chinese put two crickets into a small bowl, and then, tickling them with a feather, make them jostle each other, till, becoming enraged, they fight so furiously as to tear each other limb from limb. But only men of the cricket stamp, whose range is a narrow bound of contracted views, can be set on by others to fight for religious differences. However, Parson Gordon was called upon to make the argument in the fifth chapter to rectify the views of Colonel Smithson and Mrs. Annie, by Father Hunter's aspersive remarks on the Church of England; the priest had intrigued with some of his people, and hence, though not wishing, he could not avoid a personal conflict with him.

We mentioned that Father Hunter spent Sunday night at Mr. Durford's, and here the next morning he saw, and had a long conversation with Mrs. Annie, and ascertained to his regret and vexation that he was fast losing his hold upon her, for she not only believed in the orders of the English Church, but almost doubted the regularity if not rightfulness of those which the Roman clergy held in Ireland and the province of Maryland.

"May I ask," said Father Hunter, with forced calmness, for the events of the foregoing day had not improved his temper, "where Mrs. Annie obtained such views?"

"Certainly," said she, with some emotion; and, alarmed at the expression of his face, she was just able to give the substance of Parson Gordon's remarks at Colonel Smithson's.

"Who told you my orders were questionable?" and the priest trembled as he spoke, and his eye nearly froze Mrs. Annie.

"Parson Gordon," was the faint reply, "but at another time."

"Too bad," said the priest. "You must leave the pure fountain of Catholic truth to drink at the turbid puddle of heresy. And he told, heh! that my orders came, not from the Catholic Church in Ireland, but from a schismatic body there? that I was ordained by intruders, and not by St. Patrick's successors? A pretty statement truly! As if St. Peter's vicegerents could be intruders in St. Peter's jurisdiction; as if the shepherd had not the right to gather the sheep into the fold, wherever he might find them. In schism heh! Then the angels, who kept their first estate, were rebels, and Satan and the host, who fell with him, constitute the proper hierarchy of heaven!"

Mrs. Annie knew not what to say, and was not a little pleased when she heard a rap at the door, and Parson Gordon was announced. Father Hunter seemed to be evidently displeased; while Mrs. Durford, coming from another part of the house, advanced to meet the rector, saying mentally:

"The very thing I wished. This parson has wofully corrupted poor Annie. Father Hunter is greatly put out about it, and I mean he shall have a chance to pay the parson well."

In some respects, Mrs. Durford resembled the Dean's lady, as described by Crabbe:

"Miranda sees her morning levee fill'd
With men in every art and science skill'd,
Men who have gained a name, whom she invites,
Because in men of genius she delights.
To these she puts her questions, that produce
Discussion vivid, and discourse abstruse."

The good lady feasted upon the thought of seeing the two divines in hot controversy, and, if her address could bring about such a result, she determined to spare no means necessary to it. So soon as Parson Gordon was seated, and had delivered a message to Mrs. Annie from his daughter, this being the object of his visit, Mrs. Durford, afraid lest he would then take his leave, as he probably would have done, wished to know if he did not admire a new picture which she had lately obtained from Ireland. Now the picture was very harmless, and the parson could not dream that this would open a wide field of controversy between him and Father Hunter; whom he had met occasionally, and whom he did not like on account of his intrigues with the members of his parish. The picture was over the mantle-piece, and in full view of the company. It represented St. Patrick, "the apostle of Ireland," with his episcopal robes, mitre, and staff; and surrounded on both sides by a crowd of people kneeling. Under the saint's feet were a number of snakes, which he appeared to be crushing. The rector observed the picture, made a common-place remark and smiled. "You smile," said the hostess, "You like my picture, eh! Was I not very fortunate in getting it? Or perhaps you've no faith in the patron saint of Ireland, and laugh at me for my Irish partialities?"

"I smiled," he replied, "at the painter's audacity," and he turned to the priest; and pointed out the want of artistic taste in the conception; and then, addressing himself to Mrs. Durford, said, playfully, "you see the saint, madam, does not move a muscle of his face. Do you think that St. Patrick could have trodden even snakes to death so coolly?"*

"Why parson," said the lady, "perhaps you don't fancy this picture of the snakes for another reason? You don't think it is a true story? 'Tis true though, aint it father?"

* In my possession is the life of St. Patrick by an unknown author or compiler; which was printed and published by John Murphy, Baltimore; the frontispiece to which contains the picture referred to in the text.

"We read so," said the priest, warily. "The Catholic Church has not in her holy army of saints one more distinguished than the apostle of Ireland. His works, labours, odour of sanctity, and miracles, are well attested and established."

"Not his expulsion of the snakes," rejoined Parson Gordon, smiling.

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Durford with an extatic start, "Nothing can be more certain. To deny it is to deny the faith—I didn't know, parson, that you were such an infidel," and the good lady laughed outright.

"Good madam," said the priest, slowly, "St. Patrick's expulsion of the snakes may stand or not as a fact established, but it does not touch the Catholic faith. The church has here expressed no opinion. Joceline states that St. Patrick, being on the western coast of Connaught, he gathered together the different varieties of serpents, and venomous creatures, and drove them headlong into the western sea."

"Why all this," said the parson, looking with some surprise at the priest, "is of a piece with other absurdities, that are occasionally palmed on the credulity of mankind. The Irish chroniclers, you know, are not remarkable for their accuracy, nor do they seem to be desirous or careful to conform their statements to the soberness of truth. The English monkish historians have also become ridiculous in tracing back the history of Britain to Brutus, a Trojan, the contemporary, according to them, of Eneas; making the settlement of Britain before the building of Rome. But your Irish chroniclers go back even to Adam, whose grand-daughter, according to them, settled Ireland. We were taught to believe that the first naval expedition, recorded by profane writers, was that of the Argonauts; but the monks of Ireland will have it that the first naval expedition was that of the Milesian colony which came to Ireland, and, with the same recklessness of truth, and prodigality of imagination, they say Niul, son of the first Milseian chief, who was first of the O'Neill family, married Pharaoh's daughter, and gave his name to the great river Nile."

The priest looked incredulous, and returned only a contemptuous smile. Parson Gordon, unabashed, continued:

"You know that St. Patrick's earlier biographers say nothing of this supposed miracle."

Mrs. Durford expressed her amazement, and the priest gave him a searching look, and said :

"You forget St. Patrick is the apostle of Ireland; and the first of that golden chain which connects the Irish Church with the chair of St. Peter; and that, for this reason, and the saint's labours and miracles, we revere him."

"The golden chain, which connects the Irish Church with St. Patrick, did not start from the chair of St. Peter, as you term the Roman see," replied Parson Gordon, slowly and firmly.

"This is news!" said the priest. "Is it a discovery of which you are the trumpeter? or did some one make it for you?"

"The discovery," replied the rector, "is as old as the fact it discloses, and, if it be news, I am happy to be, even to you, the herald of good tidings."

The priest knit his brows, and, with some flurry, said: "The grace of meekness is as much needed in an argument as the skill to parry or return the thrusts of an antagonist."

"Very true," replied Gordon. "No offence was intended. This grace of meekness, better than a well padded doublet, deadens the force of blows. I will proceed then to the proof." Confronting the priest so as to command his attention, Parson Gordon stated that St. Patrick was, by birth, a Briton, and was admitted to holy orders by St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, in France, or by some other Gallican Bishop, and that the orders of St. Martin, or the Gallican Bishop ordaining him, came from St. John, and not from St. Peter.

"I care not," said the priest, speaking quickly, "where the saint was born, or from whom descended, or who gave him the grace of orders. I know St. Patrick received from the apostolic see the confirmation necessary to his episcopal and metropolitan authority."

"This cannot be," replied the rector, "for, according to the spurious decretals of Gregory VII., (which you Roman divines, however, admit to be of authority,) the pall must be given, in order that subjection and obedience to Rome may follow. But the pall was not given till near one hundred years after St. Patrick's day; and it was six centuries later when papal obedience followed. Hence not at all, in this saint's lifetime, could there have been such a confirmation

of his authority in Ireland by the Bishop of Rome, as would have bound him and his successors to own the supremacy of the Roman see."

"The Irish Church then never was connected with the chair of St. Peter?" asked the priest derisively.

"Not from the beginning," replied the rector. "Her orders, through St. Patrick, came not from Rome. Her doctrines and practices also differed from those at Rome;"—and, in despite of the contemptuous incredulity with which the priest received this statement, Parson Gordon then stated, that, for the six hundred years, from St. Patrick's time to the twelfth century, when Ireland came under the papal yoke, infants were baptized on the eighth day—Epiphany was a day for the public administration of baptism. Easter was kept on the Sunday between the 14th and 20th days of the paschal moon. Wednesday, was a fast day; the sacrament was administered in two kinds; and other customs, not known at Rome, and wholly of eastern origin, were observed in the ancient Irish Church. "Nor was this all," continued the rector, waxing warm, "while the members of the Church of Rome bowed the knee to images,—the members of Ireland's ancient Church refused to worship them; and actually went so far as to accuse Rome of heresy in opposing the decrees of the Chalcedon Council about the three chapters; charging Rome with a leaning towards the Nestorian heresy. Now, if her orders, coming through St. Patrick, from the Gallican Church, which traces her orders from St. John—and if her customs, agreeing with those of the Churches of Asia Minor, (whose orders came from St. John,) do not prove that the ancient Irish Church is of eastern origin, and therefore not indebted to Rome for her orders, what will, or can?"

"Ah! my fair friend and myself are greatly edified," said the priest. "How happened it, however, that this papal yoke was thrown over the Irish Church? For we find this independence of the apostolic see, and these eastern customs all melted away in Ireland. Pray tell us;" and this cool insolence, more than an argument, said how little with him weighed the rector's statements. And it demanded no ordinary self-command to pursue, in defiance of it, the even tenor of his way.

"I wish to prove to this poor child Annie," said Parson Gordon, mentally, "that this Father Hunter is a schismatic,

and that she left the Catholic Church in leaving the communion of the Church of England—and her salvation is worth more than the reputation of a skilful fencer in retort." He therefore replied:

"In A. D. 1140, we find the earliest assertion of any thing like papal jurisdiction in Ireland. For the first time, then, the pope was allowed to confirm the authority of the Irish bishops, though even then the right to nominate persons to fill the Irish sees was not conceded to him; and the dues, called Peter-Pence, were still paid the Bishop of Armagh, who was the primate of all Ireland. Fifteen years afterwards, (1155,) Pope Adrian gave permission to Henry of England, 'both to conquer and instruct the Irish people,' and he obliged them to receive Italian monks in place of their spiritual pastors, the Irish clergy, and to profess the Roman faith to the denial of the pure faith of their fathers."

"You admit the apostolic see," said the priest, "had a foothold in Ireland in the twelfth century, and you know it has had one ever since; be so obliging, sir, as to say whether the Catholic clergy there are schismatics."

"Certainly," replied the rector. "By your own admission the apostolic succession there was in St. Patrick and his successors, and the Roman Catholic clergy there have not his succession, but that of St. Peter. A man, for example, living in Maryland, claims to have been sent here by his late Majesty, William of Orange, though all the time he is an agent of Louis XIV. This is an illustration of your position, and that of your ordainers, the Roman bishops in Ireland."

"When you have made out your argument," said the priest, curtly, "it will be full time to end with an illustration. The finish of the column, by giving to it a Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian capital, is only applied after the marble has been quarried, and its proportions worked and chiselled."

Parson Gordon smiled. "The clergy in Ireland in 1560, who were in possession of the sees and cures, threw off the papal supremacy; and the Roman Catholic clergy there, from that time to the present, hold adversely to them and their successors, and consequently are intruders and schismatics. Especially so, since these Roman bishops came there first at the instance of a Roman prelate, Pius IV.,

and ever have derived their functions and mission from a source not in Ireland, and not traceable even remotely to St. Patrick, and not acknowledged by the rightful and true Catholic clergy there. A limb cannot belong to a tree unless it grow from it. A river is not a part or continuation of the same water, when it flows not from the same font with the water to which it is said to be identical. You surely will not maintain that St. Patrick's succession does not reside in St. Patrick's, but in St. Peter's successors! or that St. Patrick's succession, after all the talk about it, is, like a rill, absorbed and swallowed up in the great ocean of St. Peter's vicariate!"

"But could the Irish clergy rightfully cast off obedience to the holy see?" asked the priest.

"Why not?" quickly rejoined Parson Gordon. "The Irish Church was independent of Rome a thousand years. She was in bondage to her only four hundred years, and has been again independent for a century and a half; and which independence she will most probably ever maintain. Through the giving of four palls in the twelfth century to the four archbishops of Ireland you claim that the Irish Church came under the yoke of the Roman see. Be it so. But were not the bishops of Ireland, four centuries later, as competent to refuse the palls, as they did, and by the refusal, disavow all papal dependance. Certainly. Obedience to the Bishop of Rome is no where enjoined in Scripture, or Catholic antiquity; and this claim of Roman supremacy and obedience, being pressed by the Bishop of Rome, produced the lamentable separation of a portion of the branches of the Catholic Church; and in this same twelfth century, when the Irish Church was enslaved, the churches of the East and West parted asunder—not to meet again perhaps for centuries."

"Well, sir," said the priest, "you have found me a patient listener, I hope you will allow. But I fear Mrs. Annie will think that we divines are very, very prosy. Mrs. Durford has wisely retreated. Young ladies would prefer a discussion in which poetry could scatter its roses, and the smart contact of opposing bodies would strike out fire occasionally. We are taxing her benevolence."

Mrs. Annie took the hint, and withdrew.

"I see his drift," said the rector to himself. "He either wishes to remove Mrs. Annie from harm's way, as he

judges my arguments, or we may be coming to the tug of war; and he does not wish to be restrained by her presence. It is perhaps as well for her. More for the present she might not digest."

And, without waiting for him to proceed further, the rector said:

"You know what took place at the Reformation. The Irish bishops availed themselves of the withdrawal of the state's oppression, and the assistance of the civil power, and they returned to their former independence. Thus, in the ritual which they adopted, and in the doctrines and rules which they maintained, they returned, nearly as practicable, to those which their predecessors had anciently holden. You must allow, then, that the Irish Church now, I mean that which is in communion with the Church of England, has St. Patrick's succession, and the doctrines and usages in all material points which in his day prevailed."

"The Irish bishops and clergy," asked the priest, changing his tone to one of unusual blandness, "had, you think, a happy escape from the paternal authority of the Roman pontiff to the authority of the English king. Was it not flying from the wide-spreading shade of the majestic cedar of Lebanon to the pitiful shadow of the bramble for protection? Yea, flying from him, whose outstretched arms and benign countenance showed him intent on his Master's charge, to that cruel secular power, which, vulture-like, employs its talons only to rend and destroy? In this sense kings and queens, I suppose, may prove themselves nursing fathers and nursing mothers to the church!"

The rector saw the petitio principii, the begging of the question, in this remark,—a mode of argument not uncommon, and he also perceived the sneer it carried with it.

"It was a strange display of fatherly authority," he replied, "in Pope Adrian, in the 12th century, to empower Henry II. with fire and sword 'to plant the Christian faith in Ireland,' quoting the Pope's letter. It was as strange a display of the same fatherly kindness to seek to corrupt the fidelity of the Irish to their spiritual fathers, the bishops and clergy of the Irish church! The Roman pontiff may have resembled the majestic cedar of Lebanon in ambitiously extending the mildew shade of his branches, or power, over the Irish church, when it was basking in the sunlight of its own apostolic guides. And the protection of the Roman see

was that of the bramble and thorn, since all in Ireland, as elsewhere, who have fled to it, have been pierced and bled from it, wounded by Roman exactions and bleeding from the evils which the Roman schism caused in Ireland. Great benignity was it in Pius IV. to seek to lure them on to error! But, it seems, according to you, that the secular power is a vulture when it is not made the executor, and, I may say, executioner of Rome's behests! Now Pope Adrian found the sword of Henry II. very convenient to drive the Irish into the Roman obedience. Where were the vulture's talons then? Not there, you will say; but these talons were all outstretched and fatally rending when Queen Elizabeth's sword, against the wishes of Pope Pius and his successors, was wielded to protect the Irish from the intrusion of an Italian prelate. Strange! you forget the service which Constantine, Charlemagne, and others rendered to Christianity, and how gladly bishops of Rome welcomed ever the secular power when their own spiritual thunder was disregarded, whenever 'Holy Church' had to deal with people or princes who knew their rights and were unyielding. No, sir, Pius IV. had no authority or jurisdiction in Ireland. Consequently the priests and bishops he sent there, his titulars especially, were intruders. Their succession was but schism hatched and perpetuated, and from a spiritual ancestry so doubtful came your orders and the orders of the Roman clergy in Ireland and this country."*

* By a change of country schismatics do not lose their schismatic character, for we may say in the words of the adage, substituting ordinem for animum, "Non *ordinem* mutant qui trans mare currunt." The Papists being schismatics in Great Britain, as such came to the United States to establish colonies, and their character continued the same. The ancient Donatists, with all their orthodoxy, became schismatics by refusing to commune with the Catholic church, because the church would not conform to their ideas of discipline. The Romanists will not commune with the other churches of Christendom because the latter will not bow to the supremacy of the Roman see, and, like the Donatists, such non-communion renders them schismatics. The Romanists in Great Britain, who came over to America, are still more schismatical, for, besides non-communion, they have established separate altars in opposition to the bishops there of the Church of England, and the bishops in Scotland and Ireland, who are in communion with those in England; these being the rightful occupants of the sees in these kingdoms, and by coming here and seeking in the United States to establish colonies, they are further guilty of perpetuating their schism. Nor is this all. The first bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Drs. Seabury, Provost, and White, were consecrated, the first in 1784, and the two last in 1787. But Dr. John Carrol, first Roman bishop of Baltimore, was not consecrated till 1789. There is a third difficulty in the way of the Roman orders in the United States. The ancient Synods required that at least three bishops should consecrate, and yet Dr. Carrol's orders

The rector looked excited, and the priest did not seem to be in any better humour.

"Unless," continued the rector, "certain miracles which were reported to have been wrought at the time of this Roman schism in Ireland, will make it all right, canonical, and catholic!"

"Be so kind as to explain," replied the priest, with well counterfeited ignorance. "If you were a young man, I should not wonder at your attempting to refresh a dry controversy with occasional fiction. It is like throwing a flower upon a dusty path. But you, as myself, are a little too old to deal in fiction In place of playing with flowers, which may please the eye and regale the scent, we are expected to handle thorny and not the most fragrant truths, at all events to deal in a more marketable article than Protestant scandal."

"Very Protestant indeed," replied the rector, with a smile, "when the fabricator of what you term a scandal, was your Roman bishop of Ossory. But why tell you? You know that, during this schismatic movement in Ireland, it was said that a Protestant governor, who was a member of the ancient Irish Church, not a Romanist, was heard talking with the devil, that soon afterwards an explosion was heard, and the governor was found awfully mangled, and died raving mad. Neither have you forgotten that, (in order to help on. I must so interpret it, this schismatic movement,) it was said that St. Columbkill took the form of a wolf, and, seizing a fire brand, carried it in his mouth, and, applying it to a magazine of powder, thereby destroyed a large number of Protestants. How far such a movement could have been a righteous one, which needed such ridiculous tales to give it the colour of divine sanction, and whether the devil and a wolf were proper colleagues or allies in the Roman cause, I leave to those to prove who started and circulated such stupid stories."

came from Dr. Walmsley, a single consecrator, and what is more, Dr. Walmsley himself was consecrated, it is believed, by only one bishop. According to Champney, a distinguished Roman divine, where the orders are doubtful, the authority is invalid. Hence, the orders of the Romanists here, being doubtful, or only probable, their bishops here can have no true and valid episcopal vocation. What stuff then is all this too general prating about the Roman Church here being the Catholic Church. Impudence started this assertion, impudence maintains it, and ignorant people believe any thing so started and maintained. (See Palmer on the Church: p. 1, ch. xi; p. 6, ch. v. xi.)

The priest made no reply for some time; at length judging it best not to let the discussion end so abruptly and unsatisfactorily, he remarked that the rector had not forgotten that, after Pope Pius IV.'s time, other bishops were sent to Ireland to keep alive the flame of apostolic grace, as he termed it.

"The titulars of Dublin and Cashel, who were salaried by the Spanish government?" replied the rector. "On their arrival in Ireland in 1617, they found the Irish sees in possession of rightfully ordained bishops, who came rightfully by them, and these bishops treated the Roman titulars as intruders. But, persisting in their wicked intrusion, these titulars raised the standard of revolt, and if your orders came through them, rather than through their predecessors in the same schismatic movement, they are here tainted with schism."

"You speak oracularly," said the priest with scorn. "I pretend not to have drank out of Protestant diggings either into the Scriptures or profane authors. My quaffs have been small, but I confine them to the pure stream of Catholic tradition which wells forth from under the eternal city, and travels down to us in the edicts and canons of the Catholic church."

"Impeturbable man!" interrupted the rector, losing his patience at this dodging of the question, and this falling back on a remark foreign to the subject, and designed to distract by its empty pretension, "I care not where you imbibed your information on this subject, my statement you cannot overturn, and my conclusion you cannot disprove."

"So you would maintain the righteousness of your ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland?" said the Jesuit, scornfully. "You have four archbishops and eighteen bishops in Ireland, and yet of laity who agree with them in creed there are not more than one-fourth as many as belong to the see of the Bishop of London."

"Why not?" replied the Rector, instantly, "the ancient archdioceses and sees continue if the Romanists in their jurisdiction outnumber those who hold the pure and ancient faith. You had no Romanists in China or Paraguay when your church established missions there. If it was proper for the Roman Church to have an ecclesiastical establishment among heathens it is proper that the Church Catholic proper should have one among a people who have greatly erred from

the true faith. Yea more, it is necessary. You cannot be trusted to indoctrinate the people." The rector said this warmly, and as he spoke he encountered the disagreeable scowl and the cloudy brow of his antagonist. "I must be plain," he continued, "my remarks are to our subject, not meant for you personally."

With a sardonic smile of derision and vexation, the priest affected to acknowledge his obligations for the courtesy.

"You cannot be trusted to indoctrinate the people of England," pursued Parson Gordon, "because you have had the masses under you since the schism first broke out there in the reign of Elizabeth, and in place of enlightening them you keep them in such ignorance that no part of Europe is more debased, more abandoned to superstition, and ungodliness." And the rector drew a picture of the moral depravity of Ireland contrasted with the comparative enlightenment and great moral superiority of the people of Scotland and England. The teaching of the Church of England, and even that of the Covenanters, had produced fruits of advancement and melioration, while the teaching of Rome was slavish, bestial and ruinous alike to mind and morals, to the individual and the masses. He then asked triumphantly if Rome alone had the true faith, and the candlestick of the Lord was with her solely, how happened it that what he called the schismatic and heretic Church of England trained up a people who stood first in the scale of intelligence and virtue? How happened it that the wolfish and bearish indoctrinating, as he termed the Covenanting teaching of the Kirk of Scotland, had produced a race of men who, though rough in manners, and behind England in letters, were of hardy virtue, and generally read to a very creditable extent for their times in the Word of God?

The priest winced under the inquiry, and, true polemic-like, denied the facts, clear as they were.

The rector was rather amazed at his assurance, and reminded him of the wretchedly low state of the Irish at the Reformation; when, according to Browne, Archbishop of Dublin, a cotemporary, even the secular clergy could not say the mass, nor even pronounce the words of it, and when the clergy exacted large fees for baptisms, weddings and burials, and were charged by the jury of Clonwell with concubinage, and with having wives and children. "In all this I see cause to rejoice at the Reformation in Ireland," said the rec-

tor, "for, if, as was stated at the time, 'fabulous stories and lying wonders' misled the people, and 'robberies, rebellions, thefts, blasphemy,' &c. abounded, the sooner papal thraldom was thrown off the better."

"Let pass, let pass," said the priest, roughly, unable longer to hold in. "You throw at me very frequently a formidable word, schism, sir. Words are mighty things; creeds are made out of them, and salvation hangs upon them. Pray, enlighten me with your ideas about it," and the affectation of ignorance and derisive scorn were admirably blended together.

The rector was sensible of all this, and resolved to master his indignation, and meet his adversary as a Christian soldier with the panoply of truth, and the grace of patient endurance. He, therefore, referred Father Hunter to 1 Cor. i. 10, where division or schism is condemned, and all are exhorted to be perfectly joined together. He quoted Romans xvi. 17, 18; where causes of divisions are condemned, and schismatics are said not to serve the Lord Jesus. He quoted 1 Cor. v. 11; where St. Paul classes schismatics with fornicators, covetous, idolators, railers, drunkards, and extortioners; and lastly, St. Jude, 19; where he terms schismatics sensual, and deficient in spirit.

"I want proof that we are schismatics in Ireland from the lex scripta of the fathers," said the priest, impatiently.

"All in good time," said Parson Gordon, "you remember a passage of St. Cyprian on this subject in his treatise, 'De Unitate?'"

"Yes, yes," said the priest, repeating it, "Nemo existimet bones de ecclesia pope discedere. Let no one think that good persons can leave the church. Most true; for, as the good bishop continues, Triticum non rapit ventus, nec arborem solida radice fundatum procella subvertit. Hence, sir, the wind scatters you Protestants, who are the chaff; while Catholics, who are the wheat, remain steadfast. Your roots extend only to Luther and Calvin; ours, being those of the Catholic Church, which is as a mighty oak, fasten themselves about the rock of ages; and so securely that the storm—blasts of passion, and the hurtlings and beatings of diabolic hail—pass over its lofty and wide-spreading boughs harmlessly, the noble tree all the time holding itself proudly aloft."

Parson Gordon seemed pleased at this display of life in

his antagonist, and continued: "You remember also that St. Ignatius, in his epistle to Trallus, says, 'He, who is within the altar is clean; but he, who is without, that is, without the bishop, presbyters, and deacons, is not clean."

"To the point, if you please."

"A river must wind its course," replied the rector, "to gather water enough from tributary rills to roll in majesty to the sea. You remember what St. Ireneus says here?"

"May my right hand forget its cunning," said the priest, "if I forget it. 'Nulla enim ab eis tanta potest fieri correctio, quanta est schismatis pernicies.' Hence you reformers, as you styled yourselves, should not have rashly attempted to improve the church; because the schism you committed was a greater evil than all the evils you could hope to remove. Let me thank you, sir, for this charming promenade in the groves of Catholic antiquity. Let us wander about here awhile." There was a cool and impudent complacency about him, which would have disconcerted one who had less self-command (that rarest, most difficult, and first of virtues,) than the rector; who, however, was not wholly unaffected.

"You shall be gratified," he replied. "For you will please leave the study of the martyred bishop of Lyons, where we now are; and walk with me to Constantine's great city. Here are convened one hundred and fifty bishops from the east, and Timothy, Patriarch of Alexandria, is in the chair. They are now about passing the sixth canon, to become in all time to the Catholic Church a rule for guidance and government. Let me translate it. 'We include, under the name of heretics, those who have been formerly cast off by the church, and those who have since been anathematized by us; and, *in addition* to those, those also, who indeed pretend to confess the sound faith; but *have separated themselves, and formed congregations in opposition to our canonical bishops;* or, as some render, *the bishops in communion with us.*'" The rector waited a second to note the effect. "Now," he continued, "apply these quotations. The Roman clergy in Ireland separated themselves, and formed congregations in opposition to the canonical bishops. Consequently the Council of Constantinople stigmatizes them, and, of course, their successors as heretics. Admit that they may have judged it became them to do so, still St. Ireneus says, they are not to be excused, and hence had no right to

attempt it. St. Ignatius next instructs us, that these and like separate Roman congregations, in abandoning their spiritual fathers, the bishops and clergy of the Irish Church, are unclean. They cannot then be a pure church, or pure parts of the Church of Christ. Your Roman congregations can also have no permanence; for St. Cyprian terms them schismatics. Well now, sir, what is the testimony of God's word in support of this opinion? Why, being schismatics, this word denounces you as reprobates, sensual, and reduced to the grade of the worst offenders. Further, you are aware that there can be but one Catholic Church in one place; as there can be but one altar, and one bishop. Hence your altars raised in opposition in Ireland, your bishops created and officiating there, in defiance of the canonical bishops then in charge of the Irish sees, give us reason to doubt whether either your ordainers or yourselves, being so trained, so descended, are any part of the Church Catholic." The priest tried to force a laugh. "Now," continued Parson Gordon, "on the ground of supposed schism, you condemn the reforming movement in England and Ireland; whereas the sin of schism lies at your door, and you have done, and do what you condemn; St. Patrick's succession then, and your boasted catholicity are—"

"Stop, rash man, no more," said the priest worked up above the point of forbearance. The door opened suddenly, and Mrs. Durford summoned the parties to tea. And the good lady had a stock of smiles and courtesies, laid up in bank, to be drawn on occasionally, which, with a good supper before them, could not fail to relax the brows, help the tempers, and relieve the minds of the disputants. Man is a physical being no less than an intellectual and spiritual one, and tea and attractive eatables come in very seasonably, and act as an agreeable diversion after hard study, or a knotty argument.*

* Palmer's work on the Church of Christ, Appleton's edition, vol. I. part II. chap. IX., above referred to, contains much on the subject of the Irish schism that the reader will find it to his interest to know: and Dr. Hook's Life of Archbishop Browne in his Ecc. Biography.

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